

Sight & Sound

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM MAGAZINE



May 11

Volume 21 Issue 5 £3.95



THE THIRD COMING OF WIM WENDERS

PLUS

Kelly Reichardt's 'Meek's Cutoff'

Falling for Hitchcock's 'Vertigo'

New Russian Cinema

Christian Marclay on 'The Clock'

Bertolucci in the 1960s

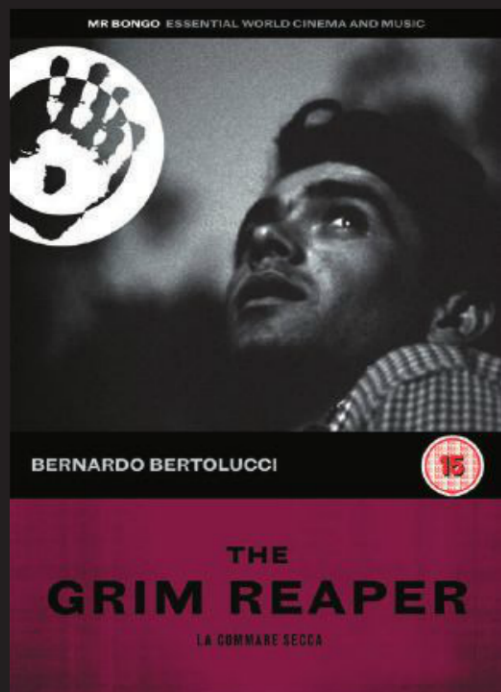
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Bernardo Bertolucci

The Grim Reaper

(La Commare Secca)

Bertolucci's directorial debut masterpiece *La Commare Secca* aka *The Grim Reaper* is based on a book by Pasolini and tells the story of a prostitute who is brutally murdered in a park near the Tiber River in Rome. The police track down people spotted in the park that night in hopes of catching the killer. The story is told in flashbacks as the suspects each give an account of their actions that night.

"Vivid proof of his ability to generate genuine tension in a classic whodunit format"

The New York Times



**Bertolucci Season
at the BFI:**
7 - 30 April

The Grim Reaper:
10 April - 15:30, 12 April - 20:40,
18 April - 18:00

www.bfi.org.uk



At UK cinemas from 3 June 2011

UK Premiere at Empire, Leicester Sq, London.

Justin Mitchell

Rio Breaks

Set against the volatile and dangerous world of the favelas, *Rio Breaks* tells the story of two surf-obsessed friends, 13-year-old Fabio and 12-year-old Naamã. The pair live in Rio de Janeiro's Favela do Pavão, which is controlled by one of the city's most dangerous drug gangs. However, their attention is focused on the waves of Arpoador Beach and on a coming surfn event that may help them become professionals and escape the world of gangs.

"Gentle, touching and gorgeously lensed"

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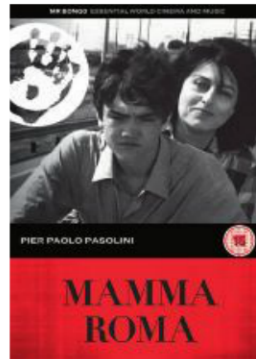
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Pier Paolo Pasolini

Mamma Roma



Pier Paolo Pasolini's masterpiece stars Anna Magnani (Rome Open City) as the ery Mamma Roma, a prostitute who attempts to better her life for the sake of her son, Ettore. But her efforts may be too late: Ettore is drawn to life on the street, and falls, ironically, for a younger prostitute.

"A work of shattering beauty"
Time Out

John Cassavetes

Minnie & Moskowitz



Pioneering director and legendary actor John Cassavetes, wrote, directed and starred in a breakaway from his usual fare, the hilarious romantic-comedy Minnie & Moskowitz.

"Captivatingly witty"
Time Out

Ermanno Olmi

Il Posto (The Job)



Olmi's partially autobiographical Il Posto is a satirical take on the alienation of office life. Domenico, a boy from the suburbs, goes for a job with a big corporation in Milan. Applying with him is Antonietta, to whom he takes a teenage fancy. After a gruelling entry process both he and Antonietta are accepted, and Domenico begins his life as a corporate worker.

"Remarkably simple yet complex, ingenious yet profound"
New York Times

Luis Buñuel

Susana



Susana aka The Devil and The Flesh is a powerful melodrama in which a beautiful, sultry delinquent girl (Rosita Quintana) escapes from a reform school and finds solace in the home of a well to do family. She uses her feminine wiles to tempt the men around her and turns the orderly lives of the locals into a frenzied chaos.

"Engaging steamy classic"
NY TIMES

Luis Buñuel

The Brute



The Brute aka El Bruto is a bold, brutal and blistering melodrama starring two of Mexico's finest actors, and is the highlight of Buñuel's Mexican period.

"Voluptuous"
New York Times

"Powerful...magnetic...unforgettable"
Time Out

Sight & Sound

May 2011

(incorporating Monthly Film Bulletin)
Published monthly by the BFI

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Volume 21 Issue 5 (NS)

ISSN 0037-4806 USPS 496-040

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COVER

Portrait of Wim Wenders

by Fabrizio Maltese

www.fabriziomaltese.com

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Next issue
on sale
3 May

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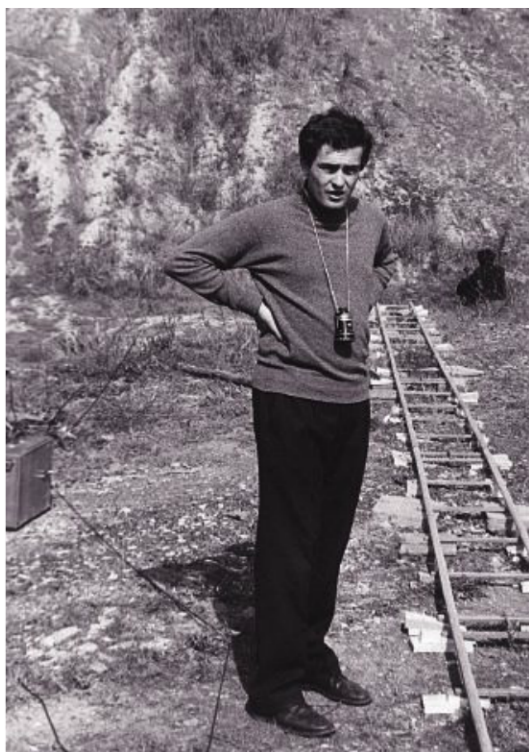
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Welcome. The western may no longer be the dominant genre it once was, but its shadow still looms as large as a Monument Valley butte. This month Kelly Reichardt illuminates the unsung experience of pioneer women in *Meek's Cutoff* (far left and p.38), while in *The Clock* (p.30) the very different work of artist Christian Marclay uses western imagery as seconds tick away towards the showdown at noon. We look back at the early days of Bernardo Bertolucci (p.26), when even he had a hand in *Once upon a Time in the West*, and forward to the 3D experiments of another giant of European cinema, Wim Wenders (p.20). Moving east, we celebrate the latest product of Russia's arthouse revival, *How I Ended This Summer* (p.32). And as our own clock counts down to next year's 'greatest film of all time' poll, we peer over the edge into the bottomless depths of one contender, *Vertigo* (p.44). Hold on tight. ➡ **Nick James**

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FROM THE DIRECTOR OF

FEATURING THE STAR OF

ULTRA CULTURE

ARROW IN THE HEAD

The image shows the DVD and Blu-ray covers for the movie 'I Saw the Devil'. The covers feature a dark, horror-themed design with the title 'I SAW THE DEVIL' in large, white, stylized letters. The background is black with red splatters and a faint image of a person's face. The Blu-ray cover has a blue top edge. Both covers include the text 'UNRATED THE ROAD, THE RAIL, THE WIND' and 'A FILM BY JUNG JAE-IL'. At the bottom, there are age ratings: '15' and '18' in red and blue circles, and the text 'RATING ALL CONTENT' and 'DVD' or 'Blu-ray' logos.

**Institute of
Contemporary
Arts**

DVD &  MAY 9

NICK JAMES

FAREWELL THE ANT WRANGLER



An argument has flared and sputtered for a few years now at *Sight & Sound* about the usefulness of our continuing to print comprehensive credits for every UK film release. These credits were once a badge of honour for

the magazine – we even used to say they were what marketeers like to call a Unique Selling Point. Yet the credits have also represented a dilemma for us, taking up an ever larger amount of space as the number of films released in the UK grew and grew. More than 40 films are now being released each month (in the late 1990s it was around 25). Nonetheless, we were happy to stick with full credits as long as we were the only dedicated source for them. But during the past few years, film credits data has been made widely available for free to all web users through such sites as the IMDb.

Lately, then, publishing the full credits has felt like an indulgent use of magazine space that might better be dedicated to publishing more articles about wider subject-matter. We still remained reluctant to break with a long tradition by reducing them, but circumstances have now forced our hand. For reasons that I explain in full below, from next month onwards we will be publishing a more limited credits list based on the creative heads of departments among the crew, and the headline cast of actors playing named parts (no more first or second policemen).

Since the 1990s this information has been gathered, collated and input by the BFI's Filmographic Unit (a branch of the BFI's library services), by recourse either to the actual credits viewable on a copy of the film, or to a printed credits roll provided by the film's distributor. Other pieces of information, such as exact length and certification, have been gathered with the help of the BBFC (and we will be continuing to provide those elements in the new credits lists). The credits were collected for a dual purpose, to be input into the BFI's database and for publication in the magazine each month. We published them as part of the magazine's function as a journal of record for future researchers, but it was always a nice by-product that we were – however briefly – acknowledging the work of the thousands of unsung individuals who contribute towards the making of a feature film. In the information age that we live in, however, these credits are now more easily accessed elsewhere.

This undeniable circumstance was reflected in the BFI's response to the UK government's decision to cut its grant-in-aid by 15 per cent. The Filmographic Unit has had to reprioritise its work and suffer staff cuts. When they asked us how we could best manage a reduction in their services, it was obvious that reducing the credits list was the only answer. It may be hard to imagine that it is someone's job – nearly every day – to gather such film data and enter it painstakingly into a database. I'd like to give credit here to all the Sisyphean heroes who've worked with our credits researchers Julian Grainger, Patrick Fahy and Kevin Lyons, and to those who will go on providing our slimmed-down credits. A new, improved BFI database is part of the forthcoming offering of the BFI's online services. There you will in future find fuller credits for all British films released – but not, alas, for films from abroad.

So it feels like a moment for permitted nostalgia. Among our favourite credits have been 'Ant

Our favourite credits have been 'Ant Wrangler', and the recent credit on Herzog's *Cave of Forgotten Dreams* – 'Executive Producer for Creative Differences'

Wrangler' (no fewer than three of them on Darren Aronofsky's *Pi*), 'Rough In-betweeners' and the recent credit on Werner Herzog's *Cave of Forgotten Dreams* – 'Executive Producer for Creative Differences'. There's been at least one 'Monkey Fabricator', but perhaps the greatest seeming absurdities come from credits of unimaginable length, such as 'Sweden 2nd Unit Skidoo Chase Aerial Shots Helicopter Focus Puller' (which, Mr Fahy informs me, didn't make it into the magazine). Right now, I feel for that focus puller.

The full credits listings – like all the various elements of the *S&S* review pages – owe their origin, of course, to our sister publication *Monthly Film Bulletin*, absorbed when *S&S* became a monthly 'glossy' in 1991. Throughout the history of these two publications, the amount of credits published has waxed and waned, reaching a peak under my editorship in the late 1990s. Several small trims have occurred since then. The logic and good sense of this new reduction is, I believe, unassailable, but the sentimentalist in me can't help grieving a little. At the same time, I'm looking forward to the extra pages we will have to devote to film coverage.



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Tel: 01895 433800

Bookshop distribution

Central Books

Tel: 020 8986 4854

Sight & Sound is published monthly. In the USA: Periodicals Postage Paid at Rahway, NJ.

US Agent: Mercury International, 365 Blair Road, Avenel, NJ 07001.

Postmaster: send address corrections to *Sight & Sound*, c/o Mercury International at the above address.

Subscription office:

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Annual subscription rates:

UK £47, Eire and ROW £61

£16 discount for BFI members



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THE BIGGER PICTURE



Elizabeth Taylor 1932-2011

"That girl has true glamour," Richard Burton once remarked of Elizabeth Taylor. "If I retired tomorrow, I'd be forgotten in five years, but she would go on forever." Taylor, who died as this issue was going to press, first enraptured the public back in the days when Hollywood could still claim to have 'more stars than there are in heaven'. But

unlike so many of those, her stardom never waned, despite the little film work she did in the last two decades of her life.

Her life story hardly needs recounting: born in England to American parents; child stardom with 'National Velvet'; the first of her eight marriages in 1950; critical acclaim with such films as 'A Place in the Sun', 'Cat on a

Hot Tin Roof', 'Giant' and Joseph Losey's 'Secret Ceremony' (above); a \$1 million pay day for 'Cleopatra'; her great love affair, two marriages and many films with Burton; more marriages, more diamonds... In later years she suffered ill-health and acted seldom, though she used her undimmed celebrity to campaign for Aids research.

PH: STILLS, POSTERS AND DESIGNS (C)

Little Britain

John Samson's documentaries cast the same gentle eye on trainspotters and fetishists, says **Joseph Bevan**

John Samson once told *Atomage*, the magazine that inspired his 1977 bondage documentary *Dressing for Pleasure*, that his aim was to bring "the ordinary to the extraordinary". The documentaries Samson made in the late 1970s and early 80s go some way to achieving this goal, though not in any grandiose sense – they're notable as warm, loose, even superficially slight affairs, made cheaply on film school equipment or with wrangled funding.

Samson found his subjects in down-to-earth ways: via small ads in magazines, cold-calling sex shops, meeting railway-preservation enthusiasts in pubs – or contacting Britannia Air on the off chance they might wish to invest in a film on the restoration of a steam engine named Britannia. The films are curiosities – in the best possible sense of the word – showing a gone but familiar Britain of shabby front rooms, care homes and smoke-wreathed pubs.

Samson was born in 1946 to working-class parents in Kilmarnock, Scotland. He worked at the docks on the Clyde and later as a social worker. He went to the National Film School in Beaconsfield, joining a documentary course run by Colin Young, and there met his friend and collaborator Mike Wallington. That period produced two films, *Tattoo* (1975) and *Dressing for Pleasure*. The latter, which looked at bondage fetishism and its adoption as an aesthetic by the early punks, features unforced, informal interviews with a genteel underground of bondage specialists and rubber-mackintosh enthusiasts – as well as punk icon Jordan, working behind the counter of Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood's King's Road shop Sex.

On leaving film school, Samson went on to make *Britannia: The Last of the First* (1978), about the eponymous steam engine; *Arrows* (1979), about darts player Eric Bristow; and *The Skin Horse* (1983), which records a dating night for the disabled. These films were funded in diverse ways, whether via the creative pursuit of corporate sponsorship (as on *Britannia*) or via patronage by Central Television and Channel 4 (*The Skin Horse*). There were also contributions from the Eady Levy, which until 1985 redirected a small percentage of the cost of a UK cinema ticket into the production of British short films.



'Dressing for Pleasure' features unforced, informal interviews with bondage specialists and punk icon Jordan

Though *The Skin Horse* won a Bafta, Samson's films were largely ignored by an industry into which they and their director could never easily fit. Following Samson's death in 2004, they remained all but forgotten until their recent revival thanks to the efforts of his son Robin and his widow, the artist Linda Samson, who organised a retrospective that played at the 2009 London International Documentary Film Festival.

Samson meant to show outsiders as normal people; he understood and utilised the hazy, affectionate comedy that occurs when non-professional people take part in making a film. These self-deflating, egalitarian documentaries are attempts to show his subjects in the act of making the piece with him. Samson used natural charm and a barrage of genial, offscreen conversation to relax his subjects. He always edited each film around a single controlling cinematic idea, often cribbed from American cinema: the darts player as gunslinger, the steam train as a phoenix rising from the flames.

One almost invisible tactic is deployed beautifully in *Arrows*: through editing, lighting and framing, Samson manages to transform the non-acting denizens of a crowded working-men's club into a choreographed ensemble of character actors and extras, seemingly without their knowledge. The rough alchemy of this passage of film is a triumph of the romantic notion that real life can be beautiful cinema – and of Samson's belief that working people are somehow innately and

unselfconsciously creative. It is as if some grace had entered and unlocked the unattended fiction in the room.

These films are notable for the warmth they find at the margins of things; their fundamental decency has not aged. Samson's exploration of what would soon become known as 'subcultures' predated both their tabloid notoriety and the plundering of their aesthetics by a vigilant mainstream. Any rediscovery of these films would really be the rediscovery of the people who populate them – with whom these films represent expressions of a sometimes amused but always genuine solidarity.

Samson never ridicules; instead he manages a half smile, a mild glee, as Eric Bristow downs the pints and chain-smokes fags as if these were his true sports and the darts a mere sideline – or as a simple cut reveals a middle-aged, middle-class, bespectacled talking-head interviewee to be wearing a full, shiny suit of leather. There's a good-natured sweetness to Samson's work that by its very nature can never truly be fashionable – a genuine interest in the world that's engaged rather than voyeuristic or parasitic. This is the same distinction Samson makes between the fetishists and the punks, about whom he was ambivalent. As one of *Dressing for Pleasure*'s rubber-clad subjects explains: "It's the difference between being interested and just being attracted, I suppose."

■ *'Dressing for Pleasure – The Films of John Samson'* is available now on DVD from Screen Edge

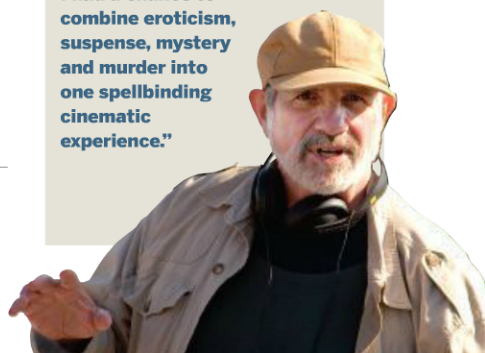
● **Yorgos Lanthimos** – the Greek director of *'Dogtooth'*, which surprised just about everybody when it was nominated for a Best Foreign Language Film Oscar this year – is following that success with a film entitled *'Alps'*, to star *'Dogtooth'* actress Aggeliki Papoulia. Lanthimos has described the film as being "darker and funnier" than *'Dogtooth'*, and "mainly about death and substitution. If you can substitute people that have died with other people – and how difficult that can be."

● **Peter Strickland** is definitely following his Romania-shot feature *'Katalin Varga'* with a project a little closer to home, as first reported last year. Shooting began in March on *'Berberian Sound Studio'*, a story set in a sleazy post-production studio in Italy that specialises in cheap 'giallo' horror-shockers. Toby Jones plays a British sound engineer who finds life horribly starting to imitate art.

● **David O. Russell**, riding high after his comeback from Hollywood-pariah status with *'The Fighter'*, is reportedly eyeing up an opportunity to direct a biopic of Russ Meyer, the colourful director of *'Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!'* and other such exploitation flicks starring busty women.

● **Dave McKean**, the British illustrator, graphic designer, musician and filmmaker perhaps best known for his collaborations with writer Neil Gaiman, is in post-production on *'Luna'*, the follow-up to his 2004 feature debut *'Mirrormask'*. It's a fantasy story about a couple who visit a friend in his isolated seaside house after losing their baby, and see the life of the dead child lived out in a series of dreams.

● **Brian De Palma**, below, has announced that he is working on *'Passion'*, a remake of Alain Corneau's *'Love Crime'*, which starred Kristin Scott Thomas and Ludivine Sagnier as feuding corporate executives, one of whom is driven to murder the other. The film will be De Palma's first since 2007's *'Redacted'*. He says of the project: "Not since *'Dressed to Kill'* have I had a chance to combine eroticism, suspense, mystery and murder into one spellbinding cinematic experience."



Object lessons

Artists' film meets the sitcom in Nathaniel Mellors's 'Ourhouse'. By Isabel Stevens

The films of British contemporary artist Nathaniel Mellors often have a sci-fi feel to them, concerned as they are with characters trapped in strange places – the man imprisoned in a tape recorder in his 2007 film *The Time Surgeon*, the medieval explorers lost in a giant's intestines in 2009's *Giantbun*. The scenario for his latest venture, *Ourhouse*, may sound familiar: a grand house; an upper-middle class family; a strange, unexplained visitor; ensuing havoc... But Pasolini's 1968 *Theorem* was only a starting-point for Mellors's six-part serial – three episodes of which are currently on show at London's ICA. Imagine a sitcom written using the 'exquisite corpse' game – the players being David Lynch, Samuel Beckett, Larry Cohen and Monty Python – and you get some sense of what it's like.

When it comes to television, most contemporary artists prefer to interrogate the medium from a distance rather than actually produce work for it. Mellors, though, admits to becoming frustrated with the hermetic nature of art installation. Part of the appeal of *Ourhouse*, he explains, was to use the half-hour



Omnivorous: Brian Catling as 'The Object' in Nathaniel Mellors's 'Ourhouse'

episodic format and the perennial subject of the sitcom – the dysfunctional family – as a means to explore more theoretical concerns.

When he was writing the script, it was the concept of the mysterious stranger – listed in the credits as 'The Object' – that came first. "I liked the idea of a human figure appearing inside a house that the resident family do not 'read' as being human," he explains. "Then I had the idea that the Object was controlling the environment through language – through the ingestion, digestion and regurgitation of books. The books it

eats affect the story. The family are forced to play out and deal with scenarios that are the product of half-digested texts."

As the Object removes their powers of communication, the confusion experienced by the family is also acutely felt by the audience – the film itself slips between different genres: horror, sci-fi and satire, as well as the sitcom. Mellors deliberately withholds any explanation of the Object. "Initially I thought of it as a humanoid version of the monolith in 2001," he says. "This figure revolutionises its environment,

apparently just through its presence. Brian Catling, who plays the role, is a performance artist with an extraordinary ability to control the atmosphere in a room. With minimal physical movement, he can psych a place out."

Balancing the absurdity of *Ourhouse*, though, are the highly naturalistic performances. "The main character of Charles 'Daddy' Maddox-Wilson was the most difficult role to cast," Mellors admits. "He's selfish and foul, but also entertaining. When I was writing, I was thinking: 'What would Withnail be like in his 60s if he had won the lottery?' Fortunately Richard Bremmer made him into someone you would want to spend time with." Certainly the scenes with Bremmer are the most humorous. Mellors, though, insists he is less interested in belly laughs than in "the point where comedy becomes unfunny, grotesque and disturbing".

Most intriguingly, forthcoming episodes of *Ourhouse* promise to contain a climax and a resolution – conventions not normally found in artists' film and video. What Mellors needs now is more funding – and ideally a slot on the box.

■ 'Ourhouse' and an accompanying programme of films and talks is at the ICA, London until 15 May

THE NUMBERS

Snob stories

Charles Gant wonders why UK audiences don't like to watch the modern moneyed class on film – and how 'Archipelago' bucked the trend

It's long been a puzzle for distributors and exhibitors that the UK arthouse audience will happily watch British films about the moneyed class if they're set in the past (*Atonement*) or if they're comedies (*Tamara Drewe*), and will embrace contemporary dramas featuring affluent characters – as long as they speak French. But will they watch the contemporary British rich? Not so much.

Take the film career of Julian Fellowes: he made his name as a scriptwriter with *Gosford Park* and *Vanity Fair*, but when he followed up with contemporary upper-middle-class crime drama *Separate Lies*, the

film tanked at the box office. Martha Fiennes's *Chromophobia* took two years to reach UK cinema screens after its Cannes 2005 premiere – and evaporated on contact with the market. As for Dan Wilde's *Alpha Male*, there was nothing alpha about its revenue returns.

All of which makes the relative success of Joanna Hogg's *Archipelago* – a challenging arthouse film that has not been universally loved by audiences – all the more exceptional. While her earlier *Unrelated* was considered a pleasant commercial surprise with box office of £102,000, the follow-up has grossed £215,000 in 17 days, looking set for a lifetime of at least £300,000. Not that it's all been plain sailing for its distributor Artificial Eye, as sales boss Ben Luxford says: "I was amazed with a lot of the obstacles we faced from regional arthouses who would book an Andrea Arnold or a Ken Loach

film at the drop of a hat. When it's *Archipelago*, they weren't so keen." The problem was, he adds, that "they didn't think anyone would want to spend time with these characters."

The film's March release was crucial to its success. "We had to let the awards season simmer down," explains Luxford. "We could not take the risk of having this film ripped apart in January or February. It could have been *Blue Valentine* [£635,000], but on the flipside it could have been *Rabbit Hole* [£122,000]." Conveniently, the astonishing success of *The King's Speech* provided a fantastic trailer platform for *Archipelago*, especially in the key Curzon Artificial Eye cinemas, where the distributor could ensure exposure for Hogg's film at every single screening.

Unsurprisingly, early returns saw a significant London skew, with a 70/30 per cent revenue split favouring the capital, and particularly strong

Contemporary affluent British dramas at UK box office

| Film | Year | Gross |
|---------------|------|------------|
| Match Point | 2006 | £2,468,373 |
| Archipelago | 2011 | £215,147* |
| Unrelated | 2008 | £101,899 |
| Separate Lies | 2005 | £50,369 |
| Alpha Male | 2006 | £21,139 |
| Chromophobia | 2007 | £9,031 |

* Gross after 17 days

showings in affluent areas such as Mayfair, Bloomsbury, Richmond and Greenwich.

"We knew we had a challenge to get the audience that will watch those [upscale] French films to come and see it in English," Luxford concludes. "And I'm pleased we have succeeded. I think it was the date, the reviews – and Joanna. She's an incredibly original, unique voice in British cinema."

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Getting the picture

'The Last Picture Show', now 40 years old, stood on the cusp of Old and New Hollywood, as director Peter Bogdanovich explains to James Bell

Released in 1971 amidst the dopamine-fuelled rush of the New Hollywood, Peter Bogdanovich's second feature *The Last Picture Show* was in many ways an out-of-time anomaly. With its black-and-white photography, gentle pace, period setting and formal classicism, it was closer to the work of critic and film historian Bogdanovich's mentors John Ford and Howard Hawks than it was to that of his New Wave-inspired peers at the BBS production company. But it was immediately embraced as a modern classic – *Newsweek* wrote that it was "the most important work by a young American director since *Citizen Kane*" – propelling Bogdanovich at a stroke into the front rank of US filmmakers.

Adapted from a novel by Larry McMurtry, the film takes place in a small Texas town over the course of a year (from October 1951 to October 1952), following the relationships and entanglements of its inhabitants, both school kids on the cusp of graduation – played by then newcomers Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Randy Quaid and Timothy Bottoms – and their elders, played by Ellen Burstyn, Ben Johnson and Eileen Brennan.

The film is an elegy at once for a period in history, for a time in one's life, for small-town America – and for the kind of studio-produced cinema that Bogdanovich loved, but that was ironically being supplanted by the energies of his peers.

James Bell: 'The Last Picture Show' was made for Bob Rafelson and Bert Schneider's legendary BBS, who were the vanguard of the New Hollywood at the start of the 1970s. Did you feel part of that movement?

Peter Bogdanovich: You're never fully aware you're part of something when you're in the middle of it, but I did dimly recognise that we were moving into a new era. What happened was that Henry Jaglom was friendly with Bert Schneider and Bob Rafelson, because he'd helped them edit *Easy Rider*. Henry saw [Bogdanovich's 1967 debut] *Targets*, and brought it to the attention of Bert and Bob. They liked it very much, and said to me that if there was anything I wanted to make, I should bring it to them.

Later on I was told that Bob and Bert had a bit of a disagreement about doing the picture with me after they had dinner with me and my wife at



Instant star: Bogdanovich, centre, cast Shepherd, left, after seeing her in a magazine

the time, Polly Platt, because we were not into grass or cocaine or anything. Bert said to Bob, "They're so square. Are you sure we should do the picture?" Bob said, "Look, we've got enough crazies around. We should do it." They encouraged me to add bad language and all of that, and I somewhat reluctantly embraced that – if I was going to do this story about teenage lust and love, we'd better tell it honestly. Most of the sex in the picture is really funny rather than erotic – as teenage love often is.

JB: In other respects the film is very classical, looking back to an older American style of filmmaking – in contrast to other BBS films, which borrowed from the European New Wave.

PB: I grew up with the classic American cinema. I didn't like all that jiggling camera, jump cuts, zoom lenses – I felt it took the audience out of the picture. But it wasn't a crusade of any kind. One of the things that makes *Picture Show* intriguing is the tension between the material and

the execution. The material is very frank and candid, unlike the classic American cinema, which was more oblique. Certainly the [Production] Code would have prevented the kind of stuff we were doing.

JB: For all its 1950s setting, much of the film plays like a western. Did that arise naturally because you were a fan of westerns yourself?

PB: I guess it must have had some western reverberations with me, but I wasn't thinking of it that way. I did think of it in the sense of what the West had become, and what had gone – so at the end I used the clip from *Red River*, where there's adventure, a frontier to be broken. All that was over and passed, and they're living in this end-of-nowhere place.

JB: Other cinephile directors – Scorsese, for instance – very openly borrow particular shots from their influences. Is this something you did on 'The Last Picture Show'?

PB: Not really. But I learned the technique and craft of making movies from watching classic American cinema. Hitchcock once said to me: "Never use an establishing shot to establish." Why? "Because it has no dramatic meaning. Only use it when it has dramatic meaning in the story."

I took that advice on *Picture Show* – for example in Sam's funeral scene. It's all played in very close shots – until the last shot, when Ellen

Burstyn's character walks away, and we drop back and show what would normally be an establishing shot, with the great open sky above them. It has much more power at that point because you're invested emotionally.

JB: Apparently Bert Schneider was alarmed when he saw you hadn't shot establishing shots, and were cutting 'in camera'?

PB: Well, from watching the masters [at work], I saw that they only shot what they needed – they didn't shoot additional scenes and coverage and so on. I once watched Ford put his hand over the lens and say, "That's enough of that."

JB: You discovered Cybill Shepherd after seeing her photo on the cover of a magazine. What convinced you she would work on screen?

PB: It was a look on her face. She was wearing this shirt which had little 'I love you's' written all over it, but the look on the face belied the sentiment on the shirt – it was more 'well, maybe I'd love you.'

Then when I met her, I remember a gesture she did. We were in a hotel room and she was sitting on the floor, and there was a breakfast tray on the coffee table next to where she was sitting. There was a little vase with a single rose in it, and as we were talking she started flicking the rose around with her finger, very casually. I thought: "That's the way she treats guys." That gesture, small as it was, convinced me that she had this kind of offhand delivery that would work with the picture.

JB: Do you think 'The Last Picture Show' has had a lasting influence?

PB: I don't know. I saw Jeff Bridges recently and we talked about *Picture Show*, and Jeff said, "It's funny, it sort of stands by itself. There's not a picture like it." The actors, of course, all became well known. I remember seeing Emir Kusturica's *Do You Remember Dolly Bell?* at the Venice Film Festival in 1981, when I was on the jury. I thought it looked familiar to me, and I then found out that he'd been very influenced by *Picture Show*. We gave him an award!

JB: Has it ever felt like a millstone?

PB: No, I'm very proud of it. It's the film of mine that people return to. Orson Welles and I were talking about Greta Garbo one time, and he was raving about her transcendent quality, and me being pedantic said, "Yes, but isn't it too bad that there are only two great films?" – thinking of *Ninotchka* and *Camille*. He looked at me for a minute and said, "Peter, you only need one." I have my one.

■ The restored version of *The Last Picture Show* is out on 15 April

I saw Jeff Bridges recently and he said, 'It sort of stands by itself. There's not a picture like it'

Brothers in blood

A few years before Tarantino, writer-director Eric Red was playing bloodstained genres games in his 1988 debut 'Cohen and Tate'. But where is he now, asks **John Wrathall**

Serial killers work alone, but hitmen come in pairs. Or at least they do in the movies. *Pulp Fiction*'s Vincent and Jules are probably the most famous example of a tradition that stretches back to Hemingway's 1927 short story 'The Killers', via the Siodmak and Siegel movies it inspired – or perhaps even to the First and Second Murderers hired by Macbeth to assassinate Banquo (though Shakespeare cheated by having an unexpected Third Murderer turn up to help them on the night). But before Vincent and Jules there were Cohen and Tate; and before Tarantino, there was Eric Red.

In the late 1980s, when I first started reviewing films, US cinema was in a definite creative slump (these were the years when Oliver Stone was fêted as a great white hope). The movie brats of the 1970s had hit midlife crisis, and the Sundance/Miramax generation of the 1990s hadn't quite come of age. We were all waiting for the next big thing to arrive, and for a while I thought Eric Red was it.

In the space of three years, when he was still in his twenties, he wrote three lean, mean movies that reworked and blended genres in exciting and visceral new ways. *The Hitcher* (directed by Robert Harmon, 1986) may have owed a lot to *Duel*, with the truck replaced by Rutger Hauer, but it established Red's blend of gallows humour, expertly engineered suspense and flashes of horror, all in a distinctive road-movie world of lonely service stations and truck stops. Better still was the hugely influential *Near Dark* (1987), co-written with its director Kathryn Bigelow, which unleashed a family of trailer-trash vampires into the same desolate milieu.

Writers with this distinctive a style and vision usually want to direct, and so it proved with Red. *Cohen and Tate* (1988) was his first film as director, and its opening sequence shows off his fluency with mixing genres. The setting – an isolated Oklahoma homestead, complete with whirling windmill overhead – is straight out of a western, and there's a definite echo of *The Searchers* as a child (nine-year-old Travis, played by Harley Cross) runs out of the house, just in time to witness the impending



Stand-off: Cohen (Roy Scheider, at the wheel) negotiates a roadblock in Eric Red's 'Cohen and Tate'

massacre from a distance. But the killers, when they arrive, are heralded by moving POV shots straight out of a horror film.

What Red's in fact setting up here, however, is pure *noir*: Travis, witness to a mob killing, is under protection by the FBI – but not for long. With a burst of gunfire, Cohen (Roy Scheider) and Tate (Adam Baldwin) arrive to escort the boy to Houston, where their bosses "want to talk to him". The rest of the film, until its brutal dawn finale, plays out during the overnight drive, as the two killers get increasingly on each other's nerves, until Travis eventually drives a wedge between them.

Then 55, Roy Scheider is perfect casting as the hardened pro Cohen, who tells his partner he's been doing this job for 30 years; you just have to look at that Mount Rushmore profile to know what he's been through. But Red also gives Cohen two deft humanising touches: a hearing aid – the only sign that he's slowing up – and an envelope, pre-addressed to "Pamela Cohen", which he fleetingly unfolds, fills with cash and mails when it's clear the job is going bad. (If only someone had filmed one of

It plays out during the overnight drive, as the two killers get increasingly on each other's nerves

Richard Stark's Parker novels with Scheider back then, instead of leaving it to Mel Gibson a decade later.)

What Red also gives Scheider, of course, are some killer lines: "In this business," Cohen tells Tate, "they don't give you any social security and you don't get a gold watch. What you do get one day when you're not looking is a brief pain in the back of your head and a quick glimpse of your brains flying out before they scrape you up off the sidewalk." In the showier psychopath role of Tate, meanwhile, Adam Baldwin (Animal Mother in the previous year's *Full Metal Jacket*) holds his own, with verbal riffs – about what it feels like for bugs to hit windshields, and "why they print this shit they got on matchboxes" – that beat Tarantino to the punch.

In 1992 America wasn't ready for *Reservoir Dogs*, which only took \$2 million on its original big-screen release; four years earlier, it was even less ready for *Cohen and Tate*, which took a fraction of that. As a result, Red's film went straight to video in Britain – though there was enough of a buzz about it for the Everyman Cinema in Hampstead to resurrect it for a brief run in 1989. And VHS is where it has remained – to my knowledge there has been no DVD release, though the Screen Archives label in the US apparently has one in the works, hopefully complete with the bloody final shootout heavily cut on the film's original release.

Kathryn Bigelow, with whom Red went on to write the worthwhile feminist cop movie *Blue Steel* (1989), is now an Oscar winner. Tarantino is a brand. Even Adam Baldwin has a cult following for his TV roles in *Firefly* and *Chuck*. But what of Eric Red? I kept the faith through his second film as director, *Body Parts* (1991), a hokey Boileau-Narcejac adaptation featuring an unlikely but chilling turn from British thespian Lindsay Duncan as a sinister surgeon; and through *The Last Outlaw* (1993), a western he wrote for television, in which the then out-of-fashion Mickey Rourke effectively blurred the boundary between gunslinger and serial killer.

Since then Red has worked only intermittently, as writer-director of one TV film (*Undertow*, 1997) and two low-budget horror features (*Bad Moon*, 1996 and *100 Feet*, 2008). I haven't seen any of those, but the fact that *Undertow* stars Lou Diamond Phillips and *Bad Moon* Michael Paré gives the impression that Red's talents have been underused. He turned 50 in February. Let's hope there's a late Red flowering still to come – *profundo rosso*, if you like.

What the papers said



"Eric Red scripted 'The Hitcher' and co-scripted 'Near Dark'... however this film owes a more direct allegiance to the crime movie than its predecessors, with specific echoes, in the eponymous partnership between the grizzled veteran and unstable

subordinate, of Don Siegel's 'The Lineup' and 'The Killers', while the brevity of running time, compact narrative and minimal exposition summon up the spirit of bygone B-pictures." **Tim Pulleine, 'Monthly Film Bulletin', June 1989**
 "Despite tight scripting, occasional violence and some tense scenes, this pic... is too much of a one-situation story to hold interest to the end." **'Variety', 19 October, 1989**

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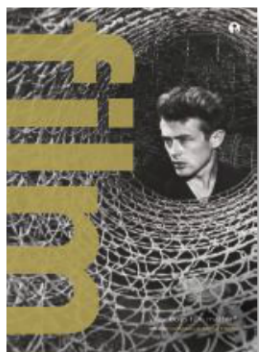
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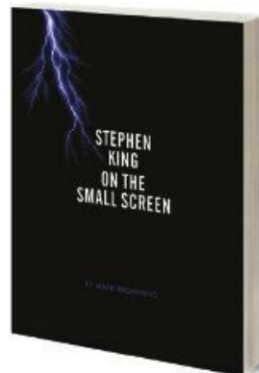
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The Cinema of Mika Kaurismäki
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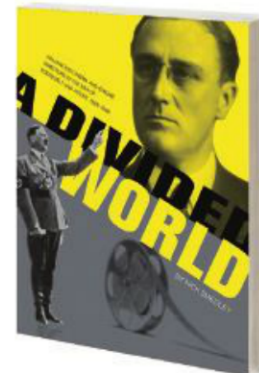
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A Divided World
Hollywood Cinema and Émigré
Directors in the Era of Roosevelt
and Hitler, 1933-1948

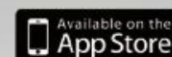
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Big society, little clue

Here follows a number of current clichés about the film business.

1) Film festivals are a massive growth industry: each year there are at least 3,000 around the world and rising.
 2) Film festivals are now a crucial part of the modern independent (and especially foreign-language) film business, where the rubber (or, as we might say, individual creativity) hits the road (ie money).
 3) Film festivals now constitute an alternative 'distribution network' – a slightly misleading term, since the only alternative is non-distribution.
 4) Film festivals are about discovery, revealing to the world films that the existing distribution mechanisms fail to reach.
 5) The future holds the promise of a vibrant film-festival culture across the regions in the UK. Look upon the provinces, ye Odeons, and despair: a new dawn is coming. Where once there were post offices, there shall now be film festivals – because this point is not so much a current cliché as a (more or less) direct quote from a bouncy new government policy document entitled 'Creative England', which lays out the blueprint for the brave new world that will blossom out of the ruins of the UK Film Council. It is a document full of bright new ideas and lots of Big Words in Capital Letters. 'Regions' is one of them, a sexy term for the Provinces and designed, at the same time, to send a message to those other Places (sorry Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland) that they are not invited to the party and will have to wait a little longer for their own bright creative dawns to break.

Oh my Lord. Let's just, for the sake of balance, shade a little reality into some of these clichés.

1) New film festivals are indeed springing up all the time, particularly in North America, which has discovered them big time, but the established ones are under severe financial pressure. This year's London Lesbian & Gay Film Festival was cut from two weeks to six days for what may well be its swansong. The Edinburgh International Film Festival (all right, not England, but the oldest film festival in the UK) is also struggling financially and is betting the farm on a new, situationist-tinged model that may or may not hold the key to the future. All film festivals rely on three revenue sources – ticket sales, public money and sponsorship – in an era when the latter two are shrinking while the number of festivals increases. Figure that one out, Spock.



There is an underlying assumption that the market will somehow rush in to fill a void that it has so far failed to address

2) All film festivals rely, like seasonal fruit picking in Herefordshire, on a number of poorly paid short-term staff, backed up by a small army of unpaid volunteers. Since long-term employment prospects are bleak, one has to assume the latter are doing it for the sheer pleasure of the job – or, should we say, to give something back to film culture? In which case, the Big Society has been in operation for years. No wonder the coalition gives them such a juicy role to play in the Creative Future of England.

3) Film festivals may be an alternative distribution network for a certain type of film, but one entirely devoid of a business model: apart from the occasional screening fee (sort of like the administration fee my bank charges me for the pleasure of speaking to them), no money is generated for the film's maker. Ticket revenue goes to the festival. This seems to be not so much a new means of distribution as the filmic equivalent of self-publishing.

4) There are not nearly enough good films to go around. I have been to more film festivals than usual in the past six weeks – three in three different countries – and the quality deficit has been striking at all of them. To put it bluntly, if film festivals exist to encourage some of the films I've been watching, I'd rather they didn't.

All this, however, is not to say that there isn't a grain of truth in the government's document. For most film lovers it doesn't matter whether Berlin stops Rotterdam from getting films, or whether Cannes makes sure it gets the pick of the crop, or even whether there are 300 or 3,000 film festivals worldwide; what matters is

what films are available to be seen within walking or driving or bus-route distance. And here, I begin to agree just a little with 'Creative England': it is the excessive top-down structure of the film distribution system that has got us into the present situation – one in which we see what films Warners or Paramount (or Momentum, Artificial Eye or, indeed, Picturehouse) decide we should see, when they decide we should see them and for as long as they decide we should see them. Behind the government's document lies a world melding the infinite potential of the digital realm with an old-school belief in the market, but with the emphasis shifted towards demand rather than supply. Goodbye 'show it and they will come'.

There is also, lurking behind the document, a rather touchingly mid-20th-century evocation of the world of the film society, vaguely reinvented for the digital era: if the local cinema closes, there's always the village hall. Above all, there is an underlying assumption that the market will somehow rush in to fill a void that it has so far failed to address – or, for that matter, shown any interest whatsoever in filling.

To a degree, of course, any serious film lover is already a mini-festival in his or her own right, putting together retrospectives on DVD or download, or tracking down new films that fail to cross the M25. But festivals as (I think) 'Creative England' understands them are not going to be the saviour of film culture – or only if, like the RSC or ENO on tour, film culture becomes a once-a-year binge. Life may be a cabaret, old chum, but I doubt it's a film festival. ♦♦ Nick Roddick

● **Kraszna-Krausz Foundation's And/or Book Awards**, which gives prizes to the best books on photography and the moving image, are announced on 27 April. John Baxter's 'Von Sternberg', Philip Brookman's 'Eadweard Muybridge', Matthew Solomon's 'Disappearing Tricks: Silent Film, Houdini and the New Magic of the 20th Century' and Richard D. Pepperman's 'Illuminations: Memorable Movie Moments' make up this year's shortlist.

● **Cambridge Super 8 Film Festival** celebrates all things related to the 8mm film format, with screenings, talks, education events and panel discussions. Squeaky Gate, Cambridge, 28 April to 1 May.

● **The British Silent Film Festival** this year explores the use of music and sound in the presentation of silent film, with the BFI's Bryony Dixon hosting a debate on the relationship between radio and film. It also looks at cinemagoing in World War I, and boasts screenings of films including Cecil Hepworth's 'Helen of Four Gates', Richard Eichberg's 'Pavement Butterfly' (with Anna May Wong) and Paul Fejos's 'Lonesome'. Barbican, London, 7-10 April.

● **The Celluloid Curtain – Europe's Cold War in Film** collects together 11 European features made either side of the so-called 'celluloid curtain' during the Cold War, including a number of rarely screened films that will show alongside such classics as 'The Spy Who Came in from the Cold'. Riverside Studios, London, 6-9 May.

● **Patrice Chéreau, the French director of films including 'La Reine Margot' and the London-set Hanif Kureishi adaptation 'Intimacy', is making his debut directing for the English theatre with 'I Am the Wind', which opens at the Young Vic, London, from 26 April.**

● **East End Film Festival** this year opens with a screening of Roger Sargent's access-all-areas doc on The Libertines. There are new features and shorts from British filmmakers, archive selections such as Ken Russell's 1971 film 'The Devils' (pictured below) and the UK premiere of the newly digitally restored version of Scorsese's 'Taxi Driver'. Various venues across East London, 27 April to 2 May.



ILLUSTRATION BY IAN JACKSON

Nine shots of Tindersticks

Since 1996 members of UK band Tindersticks have scored films by director Claire Denis, as documented on this month's free CD. They tell **James Bell** about a unique collaboration

'Immersive' is a word that's often used when describing the films of Claire Denis. It's more than just the narrative that draws you in; instead they impact on you in a sensory way, the flow of sound and image creating an engulfing whole. Since 1996, a vital part of that whole has been the brooding, atmospheric music of the British band Tindersticks, with members of whom Denis has now collaborated on six films.

The collaboration began after Denis heard the band's song 'My Sister', and approached them about working on the soundtrack for her 1996 film *Nénette et Boni*. Though the band's music had often been described as cinematic, they hadn't worked on film scores before. But inspired by Miles Davis's approach to scoring Louis Malle's *Lift to the Scaffold* (1957), they improvised to an early cut of the film, in the process finding a real kinship with Denis's images.

The various members of the band all worked together once again on the score of Denis's 2001 film *Trouble Every Day*, building musical themes around the eponymous title song, whose lyrics the band's singer Stuart Staples wrote after watching the film. But this marked the last time the full band worked together on a score; by the time Denis was making her next film *Vendredi soir* (2002), Staples was preoccupied with writing for the band's sixth album *Waiting for the Moon*, and so violinist Dickon Hinchliffe worked on the score alone – thus embarking on a successful path as a solo composer for films including the *Red Riding* trilogy and Debra Granik's *Winter's Bone*.

By now the initial line-up of the band had fractured, and music for Denis's next film *L'Intrus* (*The Intruder*, 2004) was composed solely by Staples, who then reunited with founding members David Boulter and Neil Fraser to work on *35 rhums* (*35 Shots of Rum*, 2008) and *White Material* (2009), shot back to back by Denis.

The collaboration has clearly been a rewarding one on both sides. "I've learned so much from working with Claire – the way she works with everybody, from actors to cinematographers to editors," says Staples. "Deep down she's really



sure of herself, and because of that she lets other people have freedom to bring things to her. She's able then to take what she wants from them, and make the whole thing richer, rather than making people work within boxes of her vision."

Hinchliffe takes up the theme: "Claire encouraged us to write in a much broader way, to respond to the themes of the film – the sensual, emotional aspects, the atmospheres. You have to give yourself up to her films, and it's a little like that with our music – you can put it on in the background, but to get something out of it you have to engage and become an active listener."

Band members Stuart Staples, David Boulter and Dickon Hinchliffe talk us through the tracks on the CD 'Claire Denis Film Scores 1996-2009'

● 'Opening' ('35 rhums')

Stuart Staples: I went to see Claire in Paris and she showed me the opening montage, which she'd put together roughly. My mind jumped back a few weeks to something David had been working on. The piece went perfectly: the perfect tempo, the perfect length... It was something more than coincidence.

David Boulter: It was a bit of a happy accident. Myself and Stuart had been working on an album of children's songs, and this was a piece I had written for that.

● 'Train Montage' ('35 rhums')

DB: We wanted something that had this sense of progression, and suggested a train moving. But it's also mournful. I felt the film had

'We'd just be playing along to a VHS – we didn't have any fancy equipment. It was crude and naive, but it was interesting'

some connection to *Nénette et Boni* in that it had themes of children growing up and things ending – careers, relationships, people's lives. We used melodicas, which do sound a little like accordions, so that gave it a particularly French feel.

SS: The breath that runs through the film because of the melodicas was something we really liked.

● 'La Passerelle' ('Nénette et Boni')

Dickon Hinchliffe: We used this theme in several different places in the film. It evolved in a very natural way with the band, rather than it being one person's idea. With *Nénette et Boni* we worked in a very loose way: we'd have something basic like a melody, which we'd play over different parts of the film and see what happened. We'd just be playing along to a VHS – at that time we didn't have any fancy

equipment or anything. It was crude and naive, but it was interesting, because we really got a feel for the film as a group of people.

DB: With *Nénette et Boni*, Claire had already used a couple of our tracks over rough edits, so the template of sounds and feelings was there. We didn't see the point of completely wiping that away and starting afresh – we just adapted those ideas so they weren't straight songs.

● 'Opening' ('White Material')

SS: The African landscape was the starting-point, and it was almost making abstract, non-musical sounds in response to that. The score grew as we found the different sounds for it. One of the most important was the sound of this old harmonium – this sense of something dying came off it.

DB: It immediately struck me that, although this is a film set in Africa, the music shouldn't have anything to do with African music. The film is about Europeans who are somewhere where they don't really belong. Even though generations have lived there, in some way they're still the invaders.

The first scene I saw was where the Boxer [Isaach de Bankolé's character] walks through a church and sees all these people lying dead, and it made me think of the first Europeans going into Africa, and how many of them were missionaries. It made me think of using a harmonium. Also, the fact



that it's the end of the Isabelle Huppert character's life in that place, and she's looking back, allowed this dreamlike quality. The music could live and exist in her head, rather than be the soundtrack to the scenery.

● **'Children's Theme' ('White Material')**

SS: When she came back from filming, the first thing Claire was thinking about was the children in the film – in particular the child soldiers. We tried to find a certain kind of lyricism and naivety in the music. It was able to stand up as a moment of release within the film.

DB: Playing an electric guitar over this African scene was another way to get that feeling of European invasion, and giving the sound of the menace of what was happening on screen. There's a strong development in the music throughout the film, which made the editing very important – the score had to be allowed to grow through the film to reach this kind of end, and then come back round on itself.

● **'The Black Mountain' ('L'Intrus'/'The Intruder')**

SS: It was a strange time for the band, and a tense time personally: the band – in its previous form – was coming to an end; I decided to give up smoking; and on top of that I got faced with working on *The Intruder* alone. It's one of Claire's more abstract films. We'd just made an album [*Waiting for the Moon*], which was very layered and considered and arranged, and *The Intruder* was a reaction against that.

I didn't feel any melody in the film, or from Michel [Subor]'s character. In the discussions I had with Claire, we both recoiled from the idea of melody. Starting from that point, the music became a real challenge. This track is probably the only melody in the film; it comes over the penultimate scene, a two-minute shot of a landscape.

● **'Trouble Every Day' ('Trouble Every Day')**

DH: Originally this was an instrumental piece of music we'd written for our album *Curtains* (1997). It was a track that we liked but didn't really know what to do with. We worked on it in two ways: Stuart wrote lyrics and we worked it into a song, and also I took it apart and used it to work up different themes for the score, so that it would work as a thread, a backbone through the film.

Claire said to us that the film was about when a kiss becomes a bite. She would say something like that about each film, which would really stick in your mind and help with the music. It's quite an abstract comment to take on, but I found



'Nénette et Boni' (1996)



'Trouble Every Day' (2001)



'Vendredi soir' (2002)



'L'Intrus' ('The Intruder', 2004)



'35 rhums' ('35 Shots of Rum', 2008)



'White Material' (2009)

it to be amazing direction musically – it told me all I needed to know.

● **'Le Rallye' ('Vendredi Soir')**

DH: One of the first things Claire said to me was that she wanted the music to feel like it was floating in the air, drifting on to the streets at night through people's car windows and from cafés and restaurants to create this strange, slightly magical, eerie world. It was to say that a night like this only happens once a generation. I responded to that by using a lot of high strings and celeste and piano.

I wrote this track without any specific scene in mind. Ironically, given what I've just said, this probably has more rhythm than any other piece in the film. Claire used it at a point in the film where things start to shift in the relationship between the two main characters. I

wanted the track to suggest that sense of progression, and also the sensuality – things are still quite fragile, and you're not sure where they're going, so it has that suspended feel.

● **'Rhumba' ('Nénette et Boni')**

DB: With *Nénette et Boni*, Claire said she didn't really know what the film was about, but the two things she felt strongly about were bread and water. I think it had some connection with filming next to the sea in Marseille – and with a woman having a child, because while the child is in the womb it's surrounded by water. There are always a lot of different things you could take from what she says. It can be vague, and you have to make up your own mind. But that freedom is one of the great things about working with her – being able to express yourself, as

well as hopefully complementing her expression.

■ *The Tindersticks CD 'Claire Denis Film Scores 1996-2009' is free with UK issues of this month's Sight & Sound. Non-UK readers can listen to the tracks at: <http://cstrerecords.com/cst077/>. This CD is a sampler for a five-CD box-set – featuring all six complete Denis scores by members of Tindersticks, four of them previously unreleased – out on Constellation Records on 25 April. Band members are in conversation with Claire Denis at BFI Southbank, London on 27 April, followed by a screening of 'Nénette et Boni'. Tindersticks perform the scores at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, London on 26 April, and in Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Basingstoke, Coventry, York, Northampton, Brighton and Gateshead in October*

Reader offers

COMPETITIONS

STANLEY KUBRICK: Two copies of book on 'Napoleon' to be won

A new book from TASCHEN pays tribute to Stanley Kubrick's unmade film *Napoleon*. Slated for production after 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, the film was to have been a sweeping historical epic, for which the director embarked on two years of intensive research. Alison Castle's mammoth study,

Napoleon: The Greatest Movie Never Made, makes Kubrick's valiant work on *Napoleon* available for the first time in an unlimited edition, including correspondence, location scouting photographs, research material, script drafts and much more. We have two copies to give away.

To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. As part of his research, Kubrick conducted interviews with which Napoleon expert? (clue on taschen.com)

- a. Frank McLyn
- b. Felix Markham
- c. Philip Dwyer



WIN

LUIS BUNUEL: DVDs of 'Susana' and 'The Brute'

Mr Bongo films proudly presents on DVD two key films from Luis Buñuel's Mexican period of filmmaking, *Susana* (1951) and *The Brute* (1953). In the former, Susana escapes from a reformatory for delinquent girls, subsequently finding shelter in the home of a contented family, where she gradually uses her powers of seduction to undermine the stability of the household. In the latter, a brutal landlord hires a labourer to evict unwanted tenants, but things get complicated when he falls for the landlord's wife. We have five pairs to give away.

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Q. The lead actor in 'The Brute', Pedro Armendáriz, starred in which James Bond film?

- a. Goldfinger
- b. Dr No
- c. From Russia with Love



WIN

ANDREI TARKOVSKY: Two collections to be won



Andrei Tarkovsky's catalogue of seven feature films brought him acclaim internationally and in his homeland – and marked him as one of the most famous Soviet filmmakers of all time. All seven of his feature films are now brought together in one deluxe box-set by Artificial Eye. It includes his feature debut, *Ivan's Childhood* (1962), along with *Andrei Rublev* (1966), *Solaris* (1972), *The Mirror* (1975), *Stalker* (1979, above),

Nostalgia (1983) and his final film, *The Sacrifice* (1986), which completes the set. We have two collections to give away. To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. Which one of these Tarkovsky films was shot in Sweden?

- a. Nostalgia
- b. The Sacrifice
- c. The Mirror

WIN

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To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. In 'Rear Window' what is the profession of James Stewart's character?

- a. Journalist
- b. Detective
- c. Photographer



WIN

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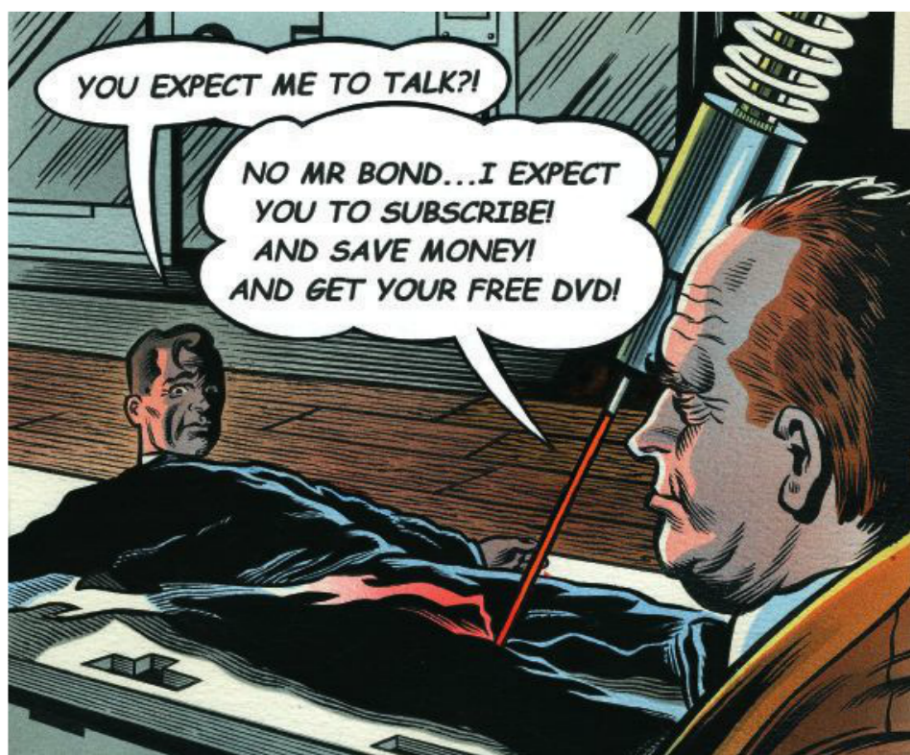
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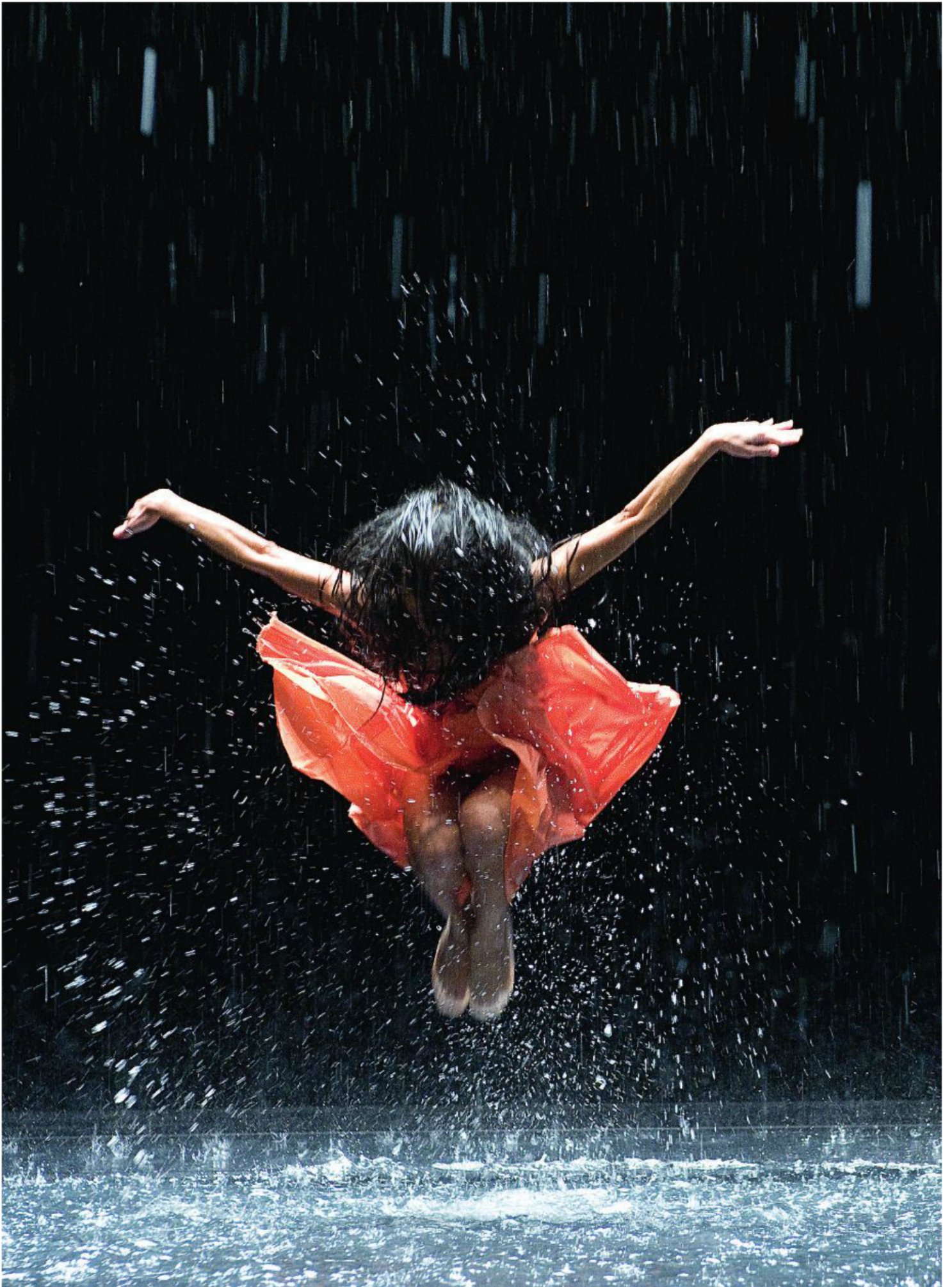
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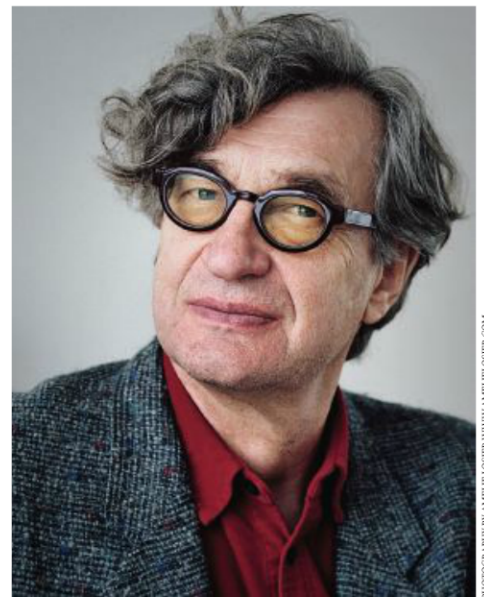
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Wim Wenders's new film 'Pina' marks not just the culmination of a 20-year quest to film the work of choreographer Pina Bausch, but also a bold leap into the world of 3D. He talks to **Nick James**, while overleaf **Nick Roddick** examines the director's life in documentary

MOTION PICTURES



GETTY IMAGES (2)

FARAWAY, SO CLOSE
Pina Bausch, above, died in 2009, days before Wim Wenders, top right, started shooting her work – including the dance piece 'Vollmond', left – for his film 'Pina'

It would be hard to find a more central figure in modern European cinema than Wim Wenders. A key director of the New German Cinema of the 1970s, he has been making films all over the world for 44 years, and is nowadays the president of the European Film Academy. Yet of late his critical reputation has reached its lowest point. Even though his most recent dramatic feature *Palermo Shooting* (2008) was in competition in Cannes, it was very poorly received by critics (myself included). Apart from a brief flurry of excitement surrounding his 1998 documentary *Buena Vista Social Club*, he has generally come to be regarded – at least among UK and US critics – as a once-important director who has lost his way.

That reputation does not, however, dim one's memories of the period when he was, at the very least, an important – and very fashionable – creator of road movies and other films that seemed to capture the zeitgeist, especially for rock-music fans whose taste extended, like his, from The Kinks and Ry Cooder to Elvis Costello and U2. His run of features that includes *The Goalkeeper's Fear of the Penalty* (1971), *Alice in the Cities* (1974), *Kings of the Road* (1976), *The American Friend* (1978), *The State of Things* (1982), *Hammett* (1982), *Paris, Texas* (1984) and *Wings of Desire* (1987) provides a vivid catalogue of the junkyard of cultural fascinations in those years, especially the shared European notion

– stated in *Kings of the Road* – that the Americans had "colonised our unconscious".

By 1990 Wenders was so successful that it was already fashionable to knock him. In a then-definitive documentary about him, Paul Joyce's *Motion and Emotion: The Films of Wim Wenders*, the German critic Kraft Wetzel nailed the director's tendency to marvel at whatever he didn't understand, saying that Wenders's attitudes could be summed up as follows: "Aren't women mysterious? Aren't children wonderful in their innocent wisdom? Let's put on another record." Amusing though that quotation is, it demonstrates the suspicion that's often aroused by any filmmaker who shows too great an enthusiasm for the work of others – and Wenders's career can be seen as a series of tributes to figures he admires (see p.24) as much as a pursuit of his own aesthetic.

That boyish aura of the fan who can't quite believe the tremendous things he's experiencing persists in Wenders today, at the age of 65 – and it has now led him to make what is, for me, a thrilling 3D movie: *Pina*. Initially conceived as a collaboration with the German dancer-choreographer Pina Bausch, it became instead his tribute to her following her untimely death in 2009.

A member of the same generation as Wenders – and as much an international cultural superstar as he is – Bausch studied dance in Essen in the early 1960s under the tutelage of Kurt Jooss, a veteran of the Weimar Republic's expressionist school of

◀ dance. After stints studying and performing in the US, she went on to join Jooss's Folkwang Ballet Company. Eventually she became a choreographer herself, succeeding Jooss as the artistic director of the Folkwangschule. But it was after Bausch transferred her skills to the Wuppertal Opera Ballet (later renamed the Tanztheater) in 1972 that she began to make an international impact, especially with her two early signature pieces, 'The Rite of Spring' (1975) and 'Café Müller' (1978).

'The Rite of Spring', set to Stravinsky's still startlingly modernist ballet score of 1913, consists of two explosive yet impressively synchronised tribal groups – the men stripped to the waist, the women wearing shifts – stomping a sacrificial ritual into brown earth. 'Café Müller', set to parts of Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas*, has female dancers with their eyes closed tottering their way through a café scene while male dancers do their best to remove impeding tables and chairs before collisions occur. I've seen these pieces performed at Sadler's Wells and, while I'm no ballet aficionado, I can testify to their remarkable power – and appreciate how strong the temptation would be to capture these events on film. But this was a lure that Wenders resisted for some time, as he testifies below.

Long before she finally persuaded Wenders to document her best pieces, however, Bausch herself had strong connections to the cinema in her own right. Excerpts of her performance at the Nancy World Theatre Festival feature in Werner Schroeter's characteristically eloquent documentary record *Die Generalprobe* (*Dress Rehearsal*, 1980) – a clip from which appears in Wenders's film. She played the part of a blind princess in Fellini's *And the Ship Sails On* (1983), and her pieces 'Café Müller' and 'Masurca Fogo' form an important element in Almodóvar's study of communication between the sexes, *Talk to Her* (2002). She herself directed just one film, *The Lament of the Empress* (1990), which – as we shall see – proved crucial to

Wenders's decision to take her dancers outside the auditorium for the second half of his film.

Pina is made up of two separate elements: the first a 3D record of four of Bausch's major stage pieces ('The Rite of Spring', 'Café Müller', 'Vollmond' and 'Kontakthof'), the second a series of solo and duet dances filmed outdoors in Wuppertal and the surrounding area. The film is not entirely free from some of Wenders's characteristic peccadilloes: it is sometimes sentimental and reverent in a way that the austere Bausch, one imagines, might not have felt comfortable with. Purists may also quibble with the freedom of interpretation that the director allows himself. Yet what's most exciting about *Pina* is the way you can experience Wenders and his team feeling their way towards an expression of movement and space that has not been technically possible until now.

Nick James: When you first set out to make this film with Pina Bausch, were there any ground rules you set yourself for how to approach her dance pieces?

Wim Wenders: There were a few ground rules that Pina established herself. First: no biographical approach – she wanted the emphasis to be on her pieces and on her work, not on her as a person. And the second: no interviews! Pina was never at ease explaining or interpreting her work. When she talked, you always felt like she knew she was betraying her real gift.

NJ: Am I right in thinking you'd never shot any dance sequences before making 'Pina'?

WW: I never did. When we started talking about the film we wanted to do together, and I contemplated how I could possibly shoot it, I looked at a lot of dance movies. Pina and I also looked at the works of hers that had been recorded already. I couldn't help noticing that she wasn't happy with them. She felt that there should be some different way to do it! I had to tell her honestly that I didn't know how to do it much better. I could do wide shots and travelling shots, the camera could be handheld or

shoot from a crane – I could perhaps do a little better here and there. But I couldn't do it essentially better than what there was before.

But I realised she had higher expectations. That really scared me, especially because we were good friends. I didn't want to disappoint her. So I ended up telling her I needed more time, until I understood how her art could be filmed.

NJ: Were there films of other people's dances she liked?

WW: She figured we should start from scratch with the whole business of recording her work. Of course I saw everything she'd done – and in Pina's pieces there is something special going on. I don't know if you ever saw one live?

NJ: Yes, I saw 'The Rite of Spring' and 'Café Müller' at Sadler's Wells in London 2008.

WW: Those are the classical pieces, but already with 'Café Müller' – let alone in any of her newer pieces – there is something about the sheer physicality of her dancers that is so contagious! You can feel everything they're doing in your own body, much more than you can when you're watching other types of dance. Even though 'Café Müller' is such a sober piece, to say the least, there is such an existential intensity – behind all that pain – that I felt I couldn't really capture on film. There was this unique quality in her pieces – even more so in her newer works like 'Vollmond' – that really jumped at you as a viewer. I always felt that whatever happened on stage really concerned me, really dealt with *me*, with all of us sitting there watching. And I told Pina that my cameras could not touch that – could never convey that immediacy, that joyfulness, that complicity. I felt I was in front of an invisible wall I could not cross.

Pina was saddened by my saying so, but she pushed me to continue thinking, so the next time we saw each other she would look at me hopefully and say, "And have you figured out how to shoot it?" And I always had to admit I still did not know how. At any given moment during these 20 years I would have dropped everything I was doing to make this movie with her, but I was waiting for that breakthrough that didn't come. I felt it was my own 'director's block'.

But Pina didn't give up on me. And it became a more and more urgent matter, because she was overburdened by the amount of pieces she had created and the fact that these pieces would only continue to live if she continued to perform them. Dance theatre has no other life – you can't write it down. Her desire for us to make a movie was also her desire to find out if there was a way to preserve a piece other than by always continuing to perform it.

The revelation finally did not come from anything I made up conceptually, but from technology – from a place I had expected it least. When I saw the first [live-action] digital 3D film, *U2 3D* – the precursor of the new craze – I realised that was the answer! I'd never thought of 3D as a solution in all these 20 years, but there it was. With this technology one could do justice to dance – one could enter the very realm of the dancers: space. One could finally shoot Pina's dance theatre in an essentially different way! From that moment on, in the summer of 2007, we started preparing actively.

NJ: Was this before the 3D piece 'If Buildings Could Talk' you made for the Architecture Biennale in Venice?

'With this technology one could do justice to dance – one could enter the very realm of the dancers: space'



WW: We did that piece after my *Pina* shoot, immediately before the Biennale in June 2009. After a year of shooting *Pina* we had finally developed a prototype of Steadicam equipment for 3D that was so light and flexible it allowed me to do that little film in which my cameraman walked and ran through that building [the Rolex Learning Center in Lausanne] for two days.

NJ: One thing that's very beautiful in '*Pina*' is the way certain moves that are specific to certain dancers look like levitation – you do a little edit sometimes to accentuate that movement. It must have been an exciting thing to discover.

WW: That was my job, to accentuate Pina's work as much as possible and film it so it would look its best in this new 3D medium. It meant we had to know every second of the pieces by heart, so as to position the camera at the one angle that would show that second off to the best advantage, without us having to cut like maniacs.

NJ: How did you find shooting in 3D?

WW: I'd never shot anything in 3D except for the tests we'd done. When we finally started to shoot, Pina was no longer standing next to me. She could no longer view it as we had planned or give her opinion or advice, so all the time I had to look over my shoulder and ask myself, "Is that what I promised her? Was it good enough?"

We made a lot of discoveries with 3D. We started shooting very conservatively, in front of the stage. Only then did we slowly allow ourselves to move on to the stage. Our equipment was still very heavy – this huge techno-crane – but we learned how to move it and slowly the point of view got closer to the dancers. When we started to move the camera and to fly it over and into the stage I discovered a whole different architecture to the pieces. I had seen 'Cafe Müller' countless times, but I did not know how perfectly it was constructed – it had an interior logic that I hadn't really grasped before. I became more and more in awe of Pina's gift. That was the privilege of 3D: you could take the viewer to these positions from where you're not usually allowed to watch.

NJ: In '*Pina*' there's an astonishing freedom of camera movement in relation to the bodies. Classically, in 2D films, you're supposed to let dancers dance, and you just hold the shot on them, whereas with this film there's a dynamic between how the camera is moving and how the dancer is moving.

WW: But Pina's art has such freedom anyway, and 3D was so new there was an inbuilt freedom. And of course there was *space*. That discovery of 'space' was part of the film, and the physicality of those dancers was part of the discovery. I could not have had the freedom to make this film without 3D. In 3D there is this other dimension: the film is *inside* the dancers' very own realm.

NJ: Has '*Pina*' been shown at an IMAX?

WW: They're playing it on a gigantic screen in one IMAX in Nürnberg. You're just not supposed to sit too close. You have to sit in the middle ground, otherwise it gets just too overwhelming.

NJ: The IMAX in London has a terrific sound system.

WW: We worked hard on the sound. The toughest thing was to get a studio big enough to have a real theatre feeling, where we could also watch it in 3D while we were mixing it. We prepared the mix in a 2D mixing stage and then, in the final week, a



BREAK OUT
In the second half of '*Pina*' Wenders takes Bausch's dancers outdoors, left, after filming '*The Rite of Spring*', opposite, and other pieces inside the theatre

theatre with a console put in a 3D screen for us. All of a sudden we realised that in 3D – because the eye is guided so differently – you need to hear more from where your eye is guided to. So we had to remix the whole thing – to invent a whole different approach. Wherever you were guided to look, you wanted to hear a little more.

I had never mixed in 3D, and when I've seen 3D movies I had the feeling that their mix was not done specifically for 3D. I'm not even sure about *Avatar*. It's probably the same mix as the 2D version. But then again, I don't know. I'd like to find out. Back then I couldn't ask anybody, anyway.

That was one of the funny conditions of the film. We had started shooting months before *Avatar* came out, and when it did it was such a relief. We were thrilled, because it meant we weren't doing our film in no man's land. James Cameron had put the whole medium on the map, and I'm eternally grateful that he did. And we did learn a lot from *Avatar* for the second half of the shoot. But I never read anything about how he mixed it. Let's try to find out, especially as the magazine is called *Sight & Sound*.

NJ: I'm curious about the second half of the film: the desire to show the city of Wuppertal through these individual dances.

WW: The courage to take the dancers out into the street was based on the only film Pina ever made herself, *The Lament of the Empress*. I had promised to help her with it, but that was the year I did *Until the End of the World*. *The Lament of the Empress* is probably very rarely shown because, at the time, a lot of people felt Pina should stick to her guns – should do dance and not start doing movies. Pina liked it. I saw it again recently and remembered she did the whole film off stage, in the city.

So I developed the idea that the second half of *Pina* should continue her own method, because Wuppertal is really an essential part of the equation. The city sustained her for 40 years. She could not have done this body of work in any big city – not in Berlin, Paris or London. She needed an anonymous city like Wuppertal. Pina often described how she would watch people in her city – in the supermarkets, on the *Schwebebahn* [monorail] lines or the bus stations – how she always felt she was inspired by the people in the area. So the city needed to be in.

The film that we would have done together would have included scenes where Pina was just watching people. That film we never got to make had as its subtext or subtitle *Pina's Look*. It would have been about the way Pina looked at the world. ➔

◀ But I never was able to shoot any footage with her – not even a single close-up.

NJ: Wuppertal, of course, features in one of your earliest features, *'Alice and the Cities'*.

WW: Yes, it's very funny that I shot in Wuppertal in 1973 at exactly the same time that Pina took over what was still the Ballet Wuppertal – a couple of years later it became the Tanztheater. But we didn't know about each other then. We never met until 1985. But 1973 was an important year for both of us, and we spent it in Wuppertal. And Pina had shown *Alice in the Cities* repeatedly at her festivals.

NJ: Was she really as tough as her reputation has it?

WW: She was a strange mixture of fragility and toughness. She was tough mainly with herself, and that gave her a right to be demanding with others. She really wanted to get the best from everyone, and you don't get the best by just being kind. Elvis Costello sang about that: "You've got to be cruel to be kind."

NJ: Is your next film going to be 3D?

WW: Absolutely. I feel I have only scratched the surface. We had to learn it all – nobody really could give us any advice. My stereographer Alain Derobe had experience: when we started shooting our first test in 2008, there wasn't any equipment in Europe that didn't already have his name on it – he had handmade each and every rig that was circulating. But his main asset was not that he knew the technology – it was his interest in the physiology of seeing! Probably a lot of people can tell you how to shoot 3D, but Alain's great gift is that he really was interested in how two eyes see and how two cameras come close to translating that.

NJ: Have you read Walter Murch's objections to 3D?

WW: Yes, but I entirely disagree, and I hope that *Pina* will convince a few of those people who think it's a passing gadget to take it seriously as a medium. That's also James Cameron's concern: he's quite pissed off that nobody really took 3D seriously after *Avatar*. They took it as an attraction, and it's really the only [3D] film so far that stands as a huge masterpiece. He put the bar up high, but since then they all just ran underneath it. Nobody even tried to jump over it...

NJ: One of the problems with *'Avatar'* for Hollywood must be that it took so long to make that it doesn't look like a viable model for an industrial process.

WW: Yeah, but now 3D is there and it's available for documentary filmmakers, and there are small rigs you can shoot relatively quickly with. And it's not just an attraction. I was grateful to Alain Derobe that he took me seriously when I said, "Let's make a film where people forget after a few minutes that it's in 3D. Let's not use any of the effects. Let's keep the dance itself as the attraction!"

I think 3D deserves to be taken seriously as a medium – in documentary most of all! I feel that's where 3D can really make a quantum leap, and vice versa: 3D will help documentaries to a whole different level. You can take your viewers into the world of your characters in such a complete and immersing way! In storytelling, I don't know yet. I want to finally write something where the story itself has an affinity to space. I don't know quite what it could be yet, but I'm eager to do it.

■ *'Pina'* is released on 22 April, and is reviewed on page 67

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLACE

Less famous than Wenders's features, his documentaries show an emotional response to the world, says Nick Roddick

In Hollywood, only mavericks like Scorsese, Demme or Stone have the ability – or inclination – to switch between fiction and documentary. In Europe, it's more normal: with Godard, the line is often difficult to draw; with Herzog, the quizzical eye is as likely to settle on something real (underwater, underground) as it is on a fictional character. (Even then, with Kinski and Bruno S, the character is only partially fictional.) But Wenders is a special case: almost a third of his output – rising to nearly a half over the past two decades – has involved looking at the real rather than manipulating the fictional.

For him, music has been the focus since the start. 3 *American LPs*, the 1969 short he made immediately before his graduation feature *Summer in the City* (1970), is made up of tracks by Van Morrison, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Harvey Mandel. The visuals consist of shots through the windows of a moving car, and there is a discussion between Wenders and Peter Handke about how American music is about emotion rather than sound.

Wenders's great strength – and sometimes his weakness – as a filmmaker is his openness to emotional stimuli

That, really, is the key: when he's at his best (and even when he isn't), Wenders's imagery is above all an emotional response to a place – Berlin, Texas, Tokyo, Lisbon, Havana, Los Angeles, Palermo or Butte, Montana – rather than at the service of a plot, which hardly seems to interest him. His greatest films, like *Kings of the Road* (1976) and *Paris, Texas* (1984), are almost plotless. Similarly, what he appreciates in the work of the directors he venerates – Nicholas Ray, Ozu, Antonioni – are responses to the world, rather than directorial signatures. Sometimes it is a single phrase that inspires the emotions: "Until the end of the world..." are the final words spoken in Ray's *King of Kings*, an efficient but journeyman 1961 epic about the life of Jesus that could hardly be more different from the mix of metaphor and metaphysics that Wenders erected around the phrase in his 1991 feature of that name.

There are, of course, some almost 'straight' documentaries, like *Buena Vista Social Club* and *Willie Nelson at the Teatro* (both 1998). But *The Soul of a Man* – Wenders's 2003 film about blues artists Skip James, Blind Willie Johnson and J.B. Lenoir –



ODE TO HAVANA 'Buena Vista Social Club'

is, in his own words, a "poem" rather than a documentary: not a record of but a response to the emotion in the music. And that music is mainly American; the only film about a German artist before *Pina* is the little-seen (but well worth seeing) *Viel passiert – Der BAP Film* (*Ode to Cologne*, 2002), about veteran German rock band BAP, which is a lot more than a concert film.

If Wenders's later career has often suggested a director searching for a subject, his work as a whole has confirmed him as a filmmaker with an almost boundless curiosity. *Pina* is as good an example as any: a film embodying an emotional response to the work of another artist, filtered through but not dominated by the technology of 3D. The film it echoes most is *Tokyo-Ga*, Wenders's 1985 film 'about' Ozu. Here, his commentary on his own website is revealing. "My trip to Tokyo was in no way a pilgrimage," he says. "I was curious as to whether I still could track down something from this time, whether there was still anything left of this work. Images perhaps, or even people..." Substitute 'homage' for 'pilgrimage' and you have the key to Wenders's non-fiction work: not to record but to respond, at the risk of offending the purists (which has happened with *Pina*). Wenders's great strength – and sometimes his weakness – as a filmmaker is his openness to emotional stimuli, triggering a need to find an onscreen equivalent to what he has felt. Credibility, even characters, are secondary to this – as they are in later features such as *The End of Violence* (1997) or *Palermo Shooting* (2008).

There is a certain paradox here: Wenders's films undeniably have a voice, but that voice comes from an artist whose response to the world is almost sponge-like, soaking up a place or – as with *Pina* – the work of another artist. Something else Wenders says about Ozu sums this up quite neatly: "For me, never before and never again since has the cinema been so close to its essence and its purpose: to present an image of man in our century, a usable, true and valid image, in which he not only recognizes himself but from which, above all, he may learn about himself." A cinema of contemplation, then, but based on a great deal more than mere observation, recreating – as only cinema can – a moment that is at once fixed in time and timeless.



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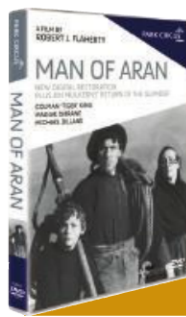


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*To mark a comprehensive Bertolucci retrospective, **Tony Rayns** looks back at the early 1960s, when the great Italian director hit his stride and emerged from the shadow of his mentors, Pasolini and Godard*

JUST LIKE STARTING OVER



There must be an elegant way of summing up a moment of transition in a film culture – a moment when a new spirit or attitude asserts itself – but I haven't found it. The mission I rashly chose to accept was to look back 50 years to the arrival of Bernardo Bertolucci on the Italian film scene, and to examine how he came to terms with influences from two disparate spiritual mentors, Pier Paolo Pasolini in Rome and Jean-Luc Godard in Paris. Easier said than done: even without the gargoyle of Berlusconi to muddy everyone's view of Italian culture and politics, it's a daunting challenge to get a fix on the time when the young Bertolucci emerged. Factors in play include the political uncertainties of Italy's post-war recovery (the residual taint of fascism), the way that regionalism and factionalism prevailed (running counter to the image of Italian unity), the disputatious intellectual climate of the day and the surprising developments in Italian pop-genre cinema in the 1960s (horror movies, muscle-queen exotica, westerns) – all on top of Bertolucci's own desire to establish a distinctive voice of his own. ➡

INTO FOCUS
Released when Bernardo Bertolucci, left, was still only 23, his second feature 'Before the Revolution', right, is full of autobiographical references

RT STILL: POSTERS AND DESIGNS (3)



Bernardo Bertolucci the 1960s films



PUT THE BOOT IN
Clockwise from above:
Bertolucci's debut
feature 'The Grim
Reaper'; his 1967 short
'Agonia'; 'Partner'



By contrast, the biographical facts are pretty easy. Bertolucci was born in Parma in 1941, son of the poet/critic Attilio Bertolucci, who numbered Cesare Zavattini (writer of De Sica's most famous movies) among his former pupils – and, later, the gay poet/novelist/screenwriter Pier Paolo Pasolini among his friends. The young Bertolucci showed the symptoms of precocious cinephilia: he shot small movies in his early teens with family and friends, while avid cinemagoing equipped him for his later work on the screenplay for Leone's *Once upon a Time in the West* (1968), where he and movie-buff Dario Argento (born 1943) pooled their memories of archetypal western plots and motifs.

The Bertolucci family moved to Rome in the late 1950s, and when Pasolini turned director in 1961 to make *Accattone*, Attilio asked his friend to hire his 21-year-old film-mad son as an assistant director. Bernardo Bertolucci has always described the experience of working on *Accattone* as his film school, and his association with Pasolini (who had already dedicated poems to the young man) led directly to the opportunity to direct his own debut feature the following year.

Our present-day sense of Italian cinema in the 1950s, shaped by what's available on DVD, is defined by the work of the major directors: Rossellini, Visconti, Antonioni and Fellini, none of them much given to genre movies, and all with roots in the neorealist aesthetics of the late 1940s. It's obvious enough that none of them felt limited or constrained by the tenets of neo-realism – their 1950s films are equally rooted in whatever else engaged them, from melodrama and sentimentality to Catholicism and opera. But it's also clear from the 1960 films *La dolce vita* (Fellini) and *Rocco and His Brothers* (Visconti) that neorealism remained an important element in their work.

Pasolini's street-life novels of the 1950s were also marked by neorealist impulses – specifically, a fascination with the virility of young working-class men – and it was this aesthetic/sexual orientation that smoothed his way into film circles. Fellini was one of the first to seek his help (Pasolini worked on the script for *Nights of Cabiria* in 1956), while Pasolini's five-film collaboration with director Mauro Bolognini in the late 1950s

included an adaptation of his own novel *Ragazzi di vita* under the title *Le notte brava* in 1959.

Thematically, Pasolini's own *Accattone* picks up where the Bolognini films left off: with a homoerotic focus on male bonding and rivalry between street toughs, plus more ruminations on the resilience and psychological dependency of the girlfriends forced into prostitution. But from the opening plangencies of Bach on the soundtrack, *Accattone* committedly redefines the neorealist aesthetic. Pasolini's filmmaking is marked from the very start by his argument that cinema can be either 'prose' or 'poetry,' and his clearly sets out to be poetic.

Gradual revelation

Pasolini's poetry doesn't in itself mark a radical break with the Italian cinema that preceded it, and no one thinks of Pasolini as the progenitor of an elusive Italian 'new wave'. On the contrary, Pasolini seems always *sui generis*, while the impulse to sweep away old culture and start afresh stems from what was happening in French cinema in 1959/60. As a bright, poetically inclined cinephile in his early twenties, Bertolucci was naturally entranced by the *nouvelle vague*, and most particularly by Godard's *A bout de souffle* (*Breathless*, 1959), with its blend of informality and gravity, its out-of-control cinephilia and its liberating jump cuts – not to mention its amoral closeness to a charming, cop-killing sociopath. So it's not surprising that references and homages to Godard soon turn up in Bertolucci's work when he becomes a director. It's more interesting that graduating from the 'film school' of *Accattone* helped to prevent the young filmmaker from morphing into an Italian Godard.

Bertolucci inherited *The Grim Reaper* (*La commare secca*, 1962) from Pasolini, who had intended it as his own debut feature before turning his attention to *Accattone*. The producer Antonio Cervi acquired the project, hoping that Pasolini himself would return to it, and offered it to the younger man when Pasolini went on to make *Mamma Roma*. Bertolucci collaborated on the shooting script with another graduate from *Accattone*, Sergio Citti. The film is framed as an investigation into the murder of a prostitute in a park at night, but Pasolini seems to have conceived it as the antithesis of a *giallo* thriller, and Bertolucci's reworking of the script removes whatever traces of mystery or suspense may have been left in the original. The structure is episodic: an unseen cop questions a succession of men who were in the park that night, each testimony contributing to a broad picture of the various interactions and transactions that took place. (A gay cruising element is present, of course, but somewhat muffled in Bertolucci's treatment.) There's no misdirection or deduction involved, just a process of gradual revelation. The film is interspersed with images of the prostitute's last hours of life, unrelated to the testimonies: woken by a downpour, she prepares to go out in search of a client.

In one way, this is all still very Pasolinian. Bertolucci takes up Pasolini's visual syntax of formalised static portraits and panning shots, adding only the tracking shots, which Pasolini would have avoided; he also echoes *Accattone's*

patterns of repetition and variation. Equally, most of the characters and settings could have come straight from *Accattone*. What isn't Pasolinian is the absence of a central protagonist, the absence of an imposed 'sacred' dimension of the kind provided by Bach, and the general sense that young people are aimless and unformed.

It's the last of these that looks forward to Bertolucci's next two features. Because of the casting, the most striking episode in *The Grim Reaper* is the one about Teodoro, a soldier on leave – he's played by Allen Midgette, who also appears in small but crucial roles in *Before the Revolution* (1964) and *The Spider's Stratagem* (*La strategia del ragno*, 1970). (Midgette was the man later hired by Andy Warhol to impersonate him on a lecture tour; he acts in Warhol's *Nude Restaurant* and *Lonesome Cowboys*, and even puts in an appearance in the Godard/Dziga Vertov Group *Vent d'est*.)

Bertolucci's second feature *Before the Revolution* (*Prima della rivoluzione*) is generally thought of as the movie in which he found his own voice. Everyone who has ever commented on it makes much of the director's admission that it's crammed with autobiographical resonances, even though it's notionally modelled on Stendhal's 1839 novel *The Charterhouse of Parma* – and spiked with homages to favourite films and filmmakers. But if we take the protagonist Fabrizio (played by Francesco Barilli) as a self-portrait, it's a remarkably unflattering one. Fabrizio spends most of the movie jilting his pretty but dull fiancée Clelia (Cristina Pariset), in order to pursue a quasi-incestuous liaison with his emotionally unstable aunt Gina (Adriana Asti from *Accattone*, Bertolucci's real-life partner at the time); when he finally marries Clelia in the closing scenes, it signals an abandonment of his rebellious impulses and a passive acceptance of bourgeois conformity. Although it features a scene at a Communist Party fair, neither the film nor Fabrizio himself has any defined political thrust; the final capitulation to bourgeois values makes the title doubly ironic.

Bertolucci pays homage to Godard (Fabrizio goes to see *Une femme est une femme* and then sits down in a café to discuss screen heroines) and to Pasolini (Fabrizio denounces the unholy bond between church and state). But the overall emphasis on individual psychology prevents *Before the Revolution* from feeling either Godardian or Pasolinian – although both directors are sometimes evoked in the frequent close-ups of faces. The

If we take the protagonist Fabrizio as a self-portrait of the director, it's a remarkably unflattering one

autobiographical aspects, rooted in the settings and the reflections on cinema (the two come together in a sequence in the *camera obscura* in Fontanellato) in fact anticipate Bertolucci's later immersion in psychoanalysis, not to mention the divided self at the centre of his third feature *Partner* (1968). The unflattering similarities between Fabrizio and Bertolucci himself bespeak a palpable desire to externalise and exorcise the aspects of his own psyche that he fears and distrusts.

It's therefore curiously fitting that the film is both lyrical and disjointed; its stylistic jolts have no parallel in the film with which it's often bracketed, Marco Bellocchio's *Fists in the Pocket* (1965), another dysfunctional family romance that uses a Verdi opera to underline its climactic turning-point.

Respect nothing

After those first two features, Bertolucci loosened up. His next two fictions, the short *Agonia* (shot in 1967 but released in the omnibus *Amore e rabbia/Love and Anger*, 1969) and the feature *Partner* are both founded on theatre, but only as a way of giving their content a Brechtian objectivity, while freeing the director to explore ideas of cinema. *Agonia*, a collaboration with Julian Beck and Judith Malina's Living Theater, is a sardonic parable about the death of god and the manias of mankind, aggressively shot and cut. *Partner*, inspired by Dostoevsky's *The Double*, is about a timid, academic drama teacher who encounters or imagines his own doppelgänger (both played by Pierre Clémenti) and watches as the double tries to foment revolution with his students.

Partner seeks to include everything from the Vietnam War to soap-powder advertising – and respects nothing. The teacher Jacob is flaky from the start (in the opening scene, perusing Lotte Eisner's book on Murnau in a coffee shop, he imagines shooting the neighbour whose piano-playing has disturbed him) and the best joke in a film full of droll inventions is the increasing interchange-

ability of Jacob I and Jacob II: in later scenes, it's often impossible to tell which one we're watching.

Partner is frequently described as Bertolucci's 'most Godardian' film, but it disses Godard along with everything else, and anyway has a breadth of reference unmatched in any Godard movie. Bertolucci reports that Clémenti made regular trips back to the riot-torn streets of Paris during the shoot, returning each time with new slogans and ideas to be incorporated in the film – which is no doubt why the result feels closer to the Belgian situationist writer Raoul Vaneigem than it does to Godardian cinema. Like *Before the Revolution*, though, it is a story of defeat – of bourgeois norms reasserting themselves and prevailing. (Jacob I even has a pretty, brainless fiancée, just as Fabrizio had, but Jacob imagines doing away with her on a streetcar named desire, and ends up alone with his double.) It's not until he makes *The Conformist* (*Il conformista*, 1970) and *The Spider's Stratagem* that Bertolucci finds more insidious and less confrontational ways of undermining the middle-class consensus. But that's another story.

In *Partner*'s most notorious scene, Jacob II shows the drama students how to make a Molotov cocktail. It's a bomb that the film itself cannot detonate, but the film certainly succeeds in lighting the blue touch-paper under Bertolucci's two artistic mentors – this is the film in which he shakes off influences and becomes his own man, however contradictory and divided he may be.

Just before the revolutionary act that is fated to fail, Jacob I eagerly asks Jacob II how events will play out. It will begin and end in theatre, says Jacob II. "Theatre!" they call to each other, exultantly – until Bertolucci's own voice whispers on the soundtrack: "Cinema!" A shining example to us all.

■ *'Before the Revolution'* is rereleased on 7 April. A Bertolucci retrospective plays at BFI Southbank, London until the end of May. *'The Grim Reaper'* is out on DVD on 25 April

SPIRIT OF THE TIME
Bertolucci was an assistant on Pasolini's *'Accattone'*; right: *'Fists in the Pocket'*; far right



BFI STILL & POSTERS AND DESIGNS (4) KODAK COLLECTION (3)

A 24-hour montage of film clips showing the measurement of time, Christian Marclay's 'The Clock' has hooked viewers in London and New York. He talks to **Jonathan Romney**

WHAT TIME IS IT WHERE?

On my way to a one o'clock interview with Christian Marclay, I receive a text message from him: "Running 10 mins late sorry." I immediately realise I have a neat irony on which to open this article: if Marclay can't be bang on time, who can? For surely few people know as much about time-keeping as this American-born, Swiss-raised artist and musician, creator of the extraordinary video work *The Clock*. This is one of those rare pieces – along with certain Turbine Hall installations, and Douglas Gordon's *24 Hour Psycho* – that have achieved genuine crossover status, becoming popular beyond the art world. Towards the end of its debut run last autumn at London's White Cube Mason's Yard, queues ran around the block; when it went to the Paula Cooper Gallery earlier this year, *The Clock* stirred New York critics (of art, but also of film and music) to rapturous descriptive fugues. It can currently be seen (until 17 April) as part of *British Art Show 7* at London's Hayward Gallery.

First some simple description: *The Clock* is a single-screen assemblage of film and TV clips, sometimes as short as a second, from several thousand films, both celebrated and obscure, high- and lowbrow (a single moment might source Bresson's *Pickpocket* and a *Columbo* episode). The key criterion for these clips, gleaned by Marclay's six researchers, is that they contain references to time. If a character looks at a wristwatch or glances up at a clock, the clip qualifies. *The Clock* also uses moments indirectly referring to time, or involving the relation of people and things to time: from characters nervously awaiting an appointed moment (a tryst, a courtroom hearing, their own execution) to markers of passing time such as candles burning or the progress of a stylus over a record. The film is an exhaustive typology of timepieces – fob watches, sundials, hourglasses et al – in a hierarchy topped by Big Ben, which recurs with haunting regularity as a marker of London location realism, while also serving as prop for Harold Lloyd-style derring-do in the 1978 remake of *The Thirty Nine Steps*.

But the crucial thing about Marclay's assemblage is that it is time-specific: if you walk into the gallery at 5.15pm, the timepieces on screen show 5.15. Come at midnight, and Big Ben will be striking twelve. *The Clock* is perfectly synchronised and calibrated – it is itself, to all intents and purposes, a fully functioning clock.

This precision yields several extraordinary effects, some of which may be fully evident only to a hypothetical viewer watching the film in its 24-hour entirety. (There have been 24-hour screenings, but to Marclay's knowledge, the longest stint by any viewer has been eight hours.) One effect is a strangely addictive, mesmeric quality; the first time I visited *The Clock*, two hours slipped by like a breath. As happens when you watch any involving

film, you lose your immediate sense of duration, and yet – here's the wonderful paradox – *The Clock* constantly reminds you of the exact time. Your watching time is metered by the piece itself.

What's more, *The Clock* is extremely entertaining, partly because Marclay has crafted it with a strong narrative (and comic) sensibility, partly because the selection of clips based on the single criterion of time-reference yields startling new meanings. Beneath the meticulously contrived semblance of narrative continuity run various discontinuities – for example, between the actual time when a film was made and the time at which its story is set. In one sequence Romola Garai, driving a car in *Glorious 39* – set in the 30s but made in 2009 – is chased by Burt Reynolds in the 1970s; elsewhere, Jean-Pierre Léaud in 1970s Paris pursues the doomed 'Kolley Kibber' in the 1947 *Brighton Rock*. Some juxtapositions yield conceptual puns: "the sound of actual time arriving" invoked in an obscure 1980s science-fiction film is a noise of motors that heralds the arrival of bikers Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper in *Easy Rider* (1969).

Thus film and television history is co-opted into a promiscuously goofy *Hellzapoppin'*-esque collage. But *The Clock* is also a film of considerable philosophical density. It invites us to examine the way time – or the effect of time – is created and structured in film. We become aware of different intensities of film time. There are moments of heightened tension ('hot' time, you might say) in which events happen, or are keenly anticipated: notably the run-up to midday, a moment awaited in *The Clock* by a heteroclite mob including Moritz Bleibtreu, Gene Hackman and, of course, Gary Cooper in *High Noon*. Then there are the slow, seemingly vacant moments – 'cool' time – in which characters lounge around or emerge from late slumber (3pm, we learn, is a prime waking hour for artists and drunks). We too become acutely aware of time in the outside world; emerging from *The Clock*, you can expect your sense of the passing minutes to be curiously heightened for a good hour or so.



CLOCK MAKER
Christian Marclay, above, used researchers to help him find the film clips, but he edited all 24 hours of 'The Clock', opposite, himself

When he embarked on the two years it took to make *The Clock*, Marclay – now resident in London, but long associated with New York's art and experimental-music scenes – was unaware of the conceptual complexities the project would yield. "The material comes first," he explains. "Then I project into it ideas and themes and things that I've been thinking about over the years."

Sitting in a cramped, sober studio in Clerkenwell, the soft-spoken Marclay speculates on reasons why *The Clock* has captured imaginations: "People like numbers – it's 24 hours, and 'How long did it take you?' and 'How many films?' and 'How many hours a day did you work?' It has this marathon aspect. It's almost like an ambient piece that you visit once in a while – you don't have to pay attention to it for 24 hours."

The Clock is very much a handmade artefact, in that the visual edit was entirely done by Marclay himself. But he also worked with six researchers. "What they did was rent movies, watch them and bring me all the time-specific references and anything that had any connection to time," he says. "There was an element of chance – a lot of it was from films I hadn't seen. We structured the search, so one was watching westerns for a while, and one woman was really into chick films. I'd forget where a clip came from – it became a piece of the puzzle, and it became very easy to take it out of context and create something else with it." There were unexpected cultural discoveries too: an investigation of Bollywood films yielded next to nothing in the way of time references.

Marclay assembled his edit in hour-long chunks, the 24-hour cycle giving him enormous scope, but also confining him to a minute-by-minute grid. "A 10.01 clip has to be within that minute, at 10.01," he says. "But within that minute I can place it anywhere – a minute is long in film, or it can be very fast. Then, in between, I have these joints – scenes that are not time-specific, but have to relate to the previous clip and the next one and articulate those fragments and create a flow. What I put in those joints is very much personal interests. Then there's the more general idea of time – so someone waiting has a body language that expresses impatience or longing or boredom. Sometimes it can be more symbolic – *memento mori* images, like a flower wilting, a petal falling, the sun setting."

Flow and momentum

The Clock is Marclay's latest essay in visual collage, following the seven-minute *Telephones* (1995), a quick-fire volley of phone calls in film, and the 14-minute four-screen *Video Quartet* (2002), which placed clips side by side to make musicians in different films perform in unison. From *Video Quartet*'s simultaneity, Marclay shifts to a strictly sequential form in *The Clock* – but at wildly ambitious length. *The Clock* might be compared to a range of collage films – the works of Gustav Deutsch or, in the exhaustiveness of its



‘What makes it work is that you become part of the experience. You are aware of when you started looking at it’



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appropriation, Godard's *Histoire(s) du cinéma*. But perhaps the film it most immediately resembles, with its exaggerated focus on a single theme and content, is one Marclay hasn't seen: Thom Andersen's *Los Angeles Plays Itself* (2003), in which the meaning of Hollywood cinema is reduced specifically to the multiple incarnations of a single city. Thus an arbitrarily chosen element that was subsidiary in the original becomes the fundamental theme of the new product; like Anderson's film, *The Clock* is poised between scholarly focus and fetishistic obsession.

What's remarkable about *The Clock* is the way that, from extreme fragmentation and multiplicity, Marclay has created a smooth continuity – or at least the illusion of one. That smoothness may seem at odds with the hyper-fragmentation that Marclay has celebrated in his work as an experimental turntablist, whether solo or collaborating with the likes of John Zorn, Elliott Sharp and Sonic Youth. But, he says, "I've grown tired of the jump cut – the fast edit – that we see in everything. The false continuity that I was trying to create [in *The Clock*] is, to me, more connected to the way time flows. There can be a seamless flow and momentum of a gesture from one film to the next, but it jumps from colour to black and white, and you know it's not true, but you still believe in it. It deconstructs cinema – you see all the tricks, and you understand the vocabulary."

A key element in *The Clock*'s seamlessness is the contribution of sound designer Quentin Chiappetta. His restructuring of the clips' soundtracks, running certain sounds over extended sequences of montage, sutures the disparate material into brief micro-narratives. Take the explosive chorus of clocks striking at noon, culminating in a toll of bells from Charles Laughton's *Quasimodo*. Or the juxtaposition in which a clanking sound that worries Ed Asner in a recent US film turns out to be

made by Lee Kang-Sheng banging a watch on a rail in *What Time Is It There?*, Tsai-Ming Liang's 2001 film about the existential problems caused by the time difference between Taipei and Paris.

There is, Marclay admits, an element of cheating in *The Clock*, required by the fundamental need to sustain a continuous present. Voiceovers posed a problem, as they imply the past tense. So in scenes with voiceover – or obtrusive music – Chiappetta would strip the sound off entirely and create new Foley effects. "We recreated certain sounds from scratch," says Marclay. "I'm talking about one per cent of 24 hours, but just that is a lot of work." As an example, Marclay shows me the original and reworked versions of a moment from *One Night at McCool's* (2001), in which Matt Dillon's character steals a Rolex. In the original there's a score, and Dillon narrates the events we're seeing; the new version, with only diegetic sound effects framed in silence, makes for much more dramatic action.

The Clock also contains elements that might be read as self-referential jokes, hidden 'signatures' alluding to Marclay's own history. Crowds gather in Leicester Square to look at the mechanical clock of the old Swiss Centre: Marclay, appropriately for a clock-maker, was educated in Switzerland. Another extract refers to Marclay the DJ: in *The Prisoner*, Patrick Cargill puzzles over a character's interest in 45rpm records ("You say that he was timing them?"). Marclay has a long history of manipulating vinyl discs, both as repositories of recorded sound and as concrete objects: a record, he says, represents "a disruption of time – capturing time, trying to hold it back; so again, this idea of the *memento mori*. There's a lot of turntables and records in *The Clock*."

Another beautiful *memento mori* is the way some actors appear as both their old and young selves: Marclay was particularly touched by the various apparitions of Michael Caine and Maggie Smith,

while the hours between 3pm and 5pm offer a potted achronological biography of Jack Nicholson (whose most venerable incarnation is a literally clock-watching man on the verge of retirement in *About Schmidt*).

For most viewers, *The Clock*'s night passages will be the unseen dark side of the moon. Marclay tells me that, along with a moderate increase of sex and horror after midnight, there's a lot of material involving people trying to get to sleep (it was also particularly hard to find clips set between 5 and 5.30am). For those who have done the night shift at the 24-hour screenings, he says, "It becomes a collective experience. You're aware of these other people who are willing to stay and fight their sleep – which is hard, because you see all these people in bed and watching TV and being comfortable, and there you are, tired. That tension is really great."

Indeed it's the communal experience of watching the work, while the actors on screen also appear to live in real time, that lets *The Clock* transcend its pre-constructed status and acquire something of the quality of live performance. "To me, what makes it work is that you become part of this experience," says Marclay. "You're aware of when you started looking at it, and you know how much time you've spent there – so you have to make choices. You might have an appointment in half an hour – maybe you can stay another ten minutes and be late, or forget about the appointment and just stay. These choices make you hyper-aware, and you become an actor in the film. People become totally aware that their life is linked – their life is *synched* – with this thing."

■ *'The Clock' is part of 'British Art Show 7', which is at the Hayward Gallery, London, until 17 April, before moving on to Glasgow, 28 May to 21 August, and Plymouth, 17 September to 4 December. For more information see www.britishartshow.co.uk*



NORTH BY NORTHEAST

'How I Ended This Summer', a gripping Arctic-set two-hander, is the latest festival hit to emerge from Russia.

Nick Hasted talks to its director Alexei Popogrebsky, while overleaf **Leslie Felperin** surveys the recent Russian wave

Alexei Popogrebsky's third film *How I Ended This Summer* (*Kak ya provel etim letom*) has the awful simplicity of a folk tale. An older man, Sergei, and a younger man, Pavel, work alone at an Arctic weather station. One day Pavel is told some dramatic news about Sergei's family while on the radio – but he doesn't break it to Sergei. Popogrebsky converts the looming consequences of the younger man's omission into a primal confrontation between youth and experience at what might as well be the end of the world – in Russia's partly radioactive Chukotka region (the isolated eastern fiefdom of Chelsea FC owner Roman Abramovich), where the film was made over three arduous months.

On the day I met Alexei Popogrebsky last year, *How I Ended This Summer* won Best Film at the London Film Festival, ahead of the likes of *Black Swan* – much to his wry bemusement. Yet its success is deserved – his film grips like a thriller. And apart from the crucial moment when Pavel hears the news on the radio, it could also work as a silent film, focusing on a landscape of temptingly pure, freezing blue water, loping polar bears and poisonous isotopes, across which Sergei (Sergei Puskepalis) and Pavel (Grigory Dobrygin) eventually duel.

In further evidence of the film's festival success, the two actors jointly won the Silver Bear at last year's Berlinale. Puskepalis, a respected theatre director who made his acting debut in Popogrebsky's earlier film *Prostyje veshi* (*Simple Things*, 2007), glowers with stoically unexpressed thoughts, checked violence and unexpected tenderness. The similarly inexperienced Dobrygin is at first appropriately puppyish, by

contrast, before regressing to a hollow-eyed primitive when the Arctic elements take hold.

Popogrebsky himself is an urbane 38-year-old Muscovite who studied existential humanist psychology for nine years – an esoteric discipline in which the therapist's own feelings are as much a part of the process as the patient's. He similarly gives himself up to the filming and editing processes, he tells me, always trying to feel, not think. After chafing at his computer writing his screenplays in Moscow, he has found his existential approach to filmmaking taking him a long way out of his comfort zone. For his first film *Koktebel*, about the journey of an 11-year-old (Gleb Puskepalis, Sergei's son) and his alcoholic father across rural Russia, Popogrebsky and co-director Boris Khlebnikov slept in tents and lived among their rustic subjects as they followed their protagonists' path.

Inspired by Popogrebsky's childhood obsession with true tales of polar exploration and the cosmic loneliness they entail, *How I Ended This Summer* took him even further. The working Valkarkai weather station where they filmed is at the northernmost tip of Russia's easternmost point. Getting from there to an even more remote, abandoned wreck of a fog station, fenced with radiation-warning signs, required perilous boat trips across the Arctic Ocean, then scaling steep rocks with full equipment. In the process Popogrebsky at one point became lost in impenetrable fog. In a hunting cabin, he and his DP Pavel Kostomarov (another Silver Bear-winner) were besieged by a polar bear that they had to fend off with torches whenever they tried to leave.

Even in the age of CGI and of the Red digital camera he used, Popogrebsky follows in the adventurous tradition of Herzog, Peckinpah and ►

WEATHER MEN
At a remote weather station, tensions build between Sergei (Sergei Puskepalis, far left) and his younger colleague Pavel (Grigory Dobrygin) in *'How I Ended This Summer'*

Russian cinema How I Ended This Summer

◀ Coppola, believing that where you film and what happens there can burn itself into the finished work. He's amused when interviewers who have seen photos of him looking ravaged on set are shocked by the easy-going fellow they meet once he's back on the safe ground of the festival circuit.

Nick Hasted: Why do you, a Muscovite, feel compelled to push yourself to the literal edge of your country?

Alexei Popogrebsky: *Simple Things* was quite popular and won awards at home, but was not sold in any country. It took place in St Petersburg and had Sergei Puskepalis playing an underpaid anaesthetist, living with his family in a cramped communal apartment, who attends to a very old actor who was once famous. So it was an urban film. A distributor told me that there's no reason for a French person to see it, because there could be a French film like that – without subtitles. I understand that.

Like *Koktebel*, *How I Ended This Summer* has exotic locations – cinema can pretend it's art, but it's still a commodity, and a commodity must have a unique selling point. I thought of that post factum: we went there and literally risked our lives, not because we wanted to make a USP for the marketing department!

NH: Like '*Koktebel*', '*How I Ended This Summer*' has a classically simple story. If I told it to anyone, they'd want to know what happens next.

AP: Yeah. I really felt that although we were editing this film for a very long time – because there was an enormous amount of footage – the intrigue was still there. Though I knew that some people would absolutely hate the young man. People say, "How can he be such an imbecile?" I'm too polite to say what I want to say to them: "Look at yourself."

NH: It's just a matter of degree. I've done things that stupid, but I wasn't stuck on an island.

AP: Yes, exactly. That's what the story is about. I was 15 when I read a true story in which a very isolated bunch of people received a similar message. And even as a kid, I wondered how I would have handled such a situation. All of us tend to avoid difficult situations, but when you are somewhere in which things come down to life and death, you cannot do that. This is what might happen.

NH: Pavel starts off as a young man who thinks this Arctic station is a playground. Actually he finds that he's at the end of the world and is thrown to the elements. He grows up in the most extreme way.

AP: I approached it not as a drama of two men, but as a triangle: it's an older man, a younger man, and

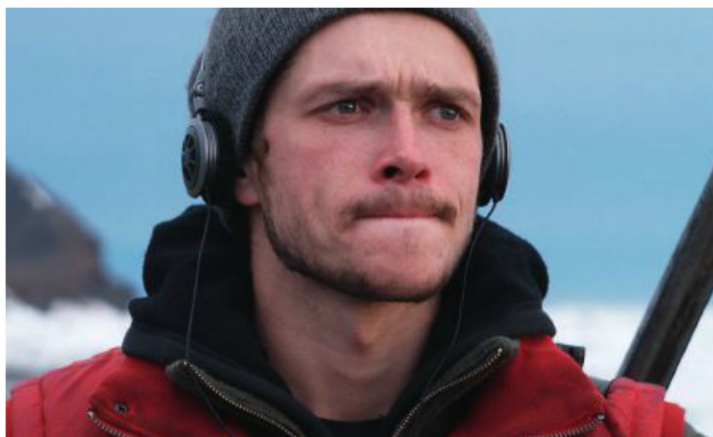


'I approached it as a triangle: it's an older man, a younger man, and time and nature'

time and nature, which they have completely incompatible ways of relating to. The older man is part of it – I found out only when it was decided we would shoot in Chukotka that Sergei Puskepalis lived there for nine years. We had already worked on *Simple Things*, drunk a lot of vodka, talked about life, but I was not aware of this – and that certainly helped. As soon as we arrived there, he merged [with the place].

It also helped that we decided that the young actor, Grigory, would not read the whole script. And we shot chronologically. If you look at him at the beginning of the film and the end, it's a different picture. That was very helpful to me, because it's one thing to write a script in the comfort of your home in Moscow, where time flows very differently, and another once there, where I set that script aside. Grigory was getting the script as his life developed.

NH: The scene the film turns on is when Sergei comes back from a fishing trip and Pavel doesn't tell him the news he's heard about his family, because he's thrown by Sergei's kindness – and then the moment's gone.



SEEING THE LIGHT
Director Alexei Popogrebsky, top, deliberately withheld the script from Grigory Dobrygin, right, who plays Pavel, shooting chronologically to chart his transformation

AP: Absolutely. Russians especially asked, "What is the motivation of your characters?" I spent nine years studying psychology – I'm a psychologist by training, so don't ask me that! Universal rules exist only in Hollywood films, which are still dominated by Freud. Real life is much more complex and beautiful. It's all about timing, for the boy. This is a film about time, and also it's about timing.

NH: They start off as ordinary guys coming together for a job. But in the final part of the film, they could be the last men on earth. It's an apocalyptic scenario.

AP: To them it is. And we were isolated. The weather there changes every 20 minutes. You can call a helicopter and it might come a month later. Even today, when a satellite can spot you, you might as well be the last man on earth. And once our caterpillar transporter broke down, we were cut off. The fog station in the film is a very real place, and it's unreachable if the weather changes. That's an essential experience. When the human race started, that was the experience of every man.

NH: Did spending time in that place change the film?

AP: It changed everything. Some things were in the script, but I never hoped for them [to be possible], like the polar bear. I was very much prepared to have to add that by CGI, and that's a very difficult thing to make move realistically. Look at *The Golden Compass* – those are fake polar bears!

To be honest, the polar bear that looks as if it's running towards Grigory was being chased towards the camera by us. That was an experienced bear. They try and avoid people. But after that, we met an inexperienced bear. By that time it was late autumn, real night. And every time we went out of our cabin, he wanted to kill us. So nature supplied weather, moods, little things like the hare that Grigory chases – it came for another take, and another, to the very same spot.

NH: Did the experience change you as well?

AP: Absolutely. We were completely different people there. There's a picture of me on the set, tense and very closed. Sitting editing in Moscow, we had to get back to that feeling. One hundred and twenty-four minutes is not something that producers want. We tried to edit it down, but the time as it was captured there completely resisted. It said, "No! I'm not going to shrink."

NH: The colours in the daytime are crisp and bright, and then other times the world is shrouded in mist.

AP: It is how it was. I had these big check-boards of every episode we had to do, but then we were completely open to the weather's possibilities. When the boy flees into the hills, the first snow started – that's one of the most haunting shots, for me. Plus in the summertime, you have magic hour for... hours. Our longest location shoot in natural light was 23 hours. That's not very good for the crew [laughs], but they went for it. This is also the only film that has its colour grader [Kirill Bobrov] in its main closing credits. It was shot on Red, and it's a huge compliment when people say that only when the credits rolled did they realise it was shot on digital.

NH: How were you personally at the end of the shoot?

AP: I can only tell you that for almost a month after I returned to Moscow, I had a very hard time going outside. I was trembling. I was completely alienated and in shock. I had eyes like a Martian, looking at all the billboards and people. And I was

only [in the Arctic] three months; people who work there spend years. Since this three months was such a concentrated experience, it affected me very profoundly. But then, month after month, it goes away. For all of us, our entire crew, 20 people, that was definitely the experience of a lifetime.

NH: Did you find it easy to function there?

AP: One thing I found out is that shooting in such conditions is absolute happiness. And living in such conditions can be happiness. A lot of the things that seem to matter when you live in the city don't. And the same with shooting. In the city, you're dealing with actors stuck in a traffic jam. There it's you and the elements, and that's it. And there, if someone's in a bad mood, it might put a life at risk.

NH: There's a beautiful shot near the end where Pavel looks in at Sergei through a window. It's where the film turns one last time.

AP: That's another enhancement from real life. The fact that the glass had all these imperfections – that transformed the face of Sergei into that of a mutant. We brought in perfect glass from outside to replace the glass there, but then when I looked at the camera and saw Sergei's face, I almost cried.

NH: Did you storyboard the film?

AP: No. *Koktebel* was completely storyboarded. For this film, I even had to set aside the script. If we tried to direct life and nature there, it would have devoured us. We tried to completely submit to it. It's not New Age stuff – I'm not into that, I am a man of reason. But there was a guidance all of us definitely felt.

NH: Did Sergei Puskepalis, having lived there before, help teach you how to submit to that?

AP: I would say so. He was an extreme help in that I didn't have to explain anything to him. I try not to explain things to actors – we do a lot of takes; we try to shoot without rehearsals – because when you explain, you go through the filter of your reason, your cortex, and then you can see someone acting. Sergei would just go for it. What he wore was what he saw people wear when he was a kid. He lived his role. And Grigory lived his.

NH: It's that idea that in part every film's a documentary, because it's people in front of a camera.

AP: Absolutely. It's a fiction film, but we made it almost as a documentary.

NH: It seems that having gone through such an extreme experience, making this film must have become a layer in you now that will feed into what you do in the future.

AP: I certainly hope so, although I'm a completely urban creature, with bourgeois inclinations. The next film will be very different. It will be done on a sound stage, with a girl, and most likely in 3D. So I don't know how my human experience of making this film will relate to it. But maybe everything I do in life now will. I grew up immensely over those three months. All of us did.

NH: It sounds like you changed as the boy did, from one end of the film to the other. I guess these films are your life – you build your life by making them.

AP: Ah, this is true. I did some commercials and a little mini-series for television. Then you engage as a professional. But you make films that change your life. That's the essence of it, really.

■ *'How I Ended This Summer'* is released on 22 April, and is reviewed on page 59

ENDANGERED SPECIES

With Russia's arthouse flowering threatened by changes in state funding, Leslie Felperin searches for common themes in the current cinematic crop

Is Russian cinema on an upswing? Predictably, the answer is both yes and no. There's an old Soviet-era joke that aptly sums up the current situation. A Russian, a Frenchman and an Englishman are arguing over Adam's nationality. The Englishman says, "Of course, Adam was English. Look how he gave his only apple to the lady, just like a proper gentleman!" The Frenchman says, "Of course, Adam was French. Look at how quickly he seduced Eve!" The Russian says, "Of course, Adam could only have been Russian. Who else would think – even though he's walking around naked with nothing but one apple between two people – that he's in Paradise?"

If Russian filmmakers are Adams – and there are a few directing Eves out there too – they're finding apples in even shorter supply now. After the dissolution of the Soviet Union, funding for films continued to dribble out from the state (once the economy had stabilised, at least). There wasn't much of it, but it was enough to help support arthouse films – such as *How I Ended This Summer* – that travel to festivals and maybe find distribution abroad, and a fair few blockbusters, such as Fyodor Bondarchuk's Afghan war epic *9th Company* (*9-ya Rota*, 2005). Filmmakers applied directly to the Ministry of Culture

and – depending on mysterious decision-making processes – either got funding for their projects or didn't.

Amidst charges that the system was unwieldy and corrupt, the Kremlin replaced the state film commission in 2010 with a new system that will dole out \$68 million directly to just eight prominent production companies. The idea is that those production companies will further distribute their funds to smaller independents, but there's not a lot of confidence that this will happen fairly or that anything will be made except big commercial movies – preferably ones propagating the sort of nationalistic messages the Kremlin likes. In private, many are predicting that Russian arthouse cinema is on the brink of collapse.

Despite a boom in cinema building and ticket sales (making Russia currently the world's sixth-largest market), the market share for Russian-made films in the country's own cinemas is shrinking, down to just 15 per cent of the total – about half what it was a few years ago. In other words, Russians are going to see more movies than ever, but mostly they're watching Hollywood films, rather than their own stuff.

Last year a Russian distributor with a background in science, Sam Klebanov from ►



ASYMMETRICAL WARFARE Arthouse films compete for state funding with blockbusters like *'9th Company'*

◀ Cinema Without Frontiers, compiled a fascinating (if selective) study of box-office tallies for arthouse films, comparing Russia with European and other world nations that have roughly similar-sized economies. He found that Russians have the lowest attendance for international arthouse films, below that of South Korea and Mexico. (The most arthouse-loving nations, in case you're interested, are the Spanish, the Norwegians and the Greeks, in that order.) Russians are not going to see the likes of *Gomorrah* much (a film that was considered a moderate arthouse hit in the UK), and they're barely watching their own arthouse films either. It's all a terrible shame, because through the rosier-tinted spectacles of those who attend international film festivals, it looks as though Russia, if perhaps not a paradise, has been producing exciting new directing talents lately.

In retrospect, 2003 was a key year for Russian cinema, with the emergence of three notable directors on the international scene, all of whom are still going strong today: Andrey Zvyagintsev, who won the Golden Lion in Venice for his enigmatic debut *The Return* (*Vozvrasceniye*), and Boris Khlebnikov and Alexei Popogrebsky, who co-directed the haunting father-and-son road movie *Koktebel*, and then went on to make very different but equally powerful solo works.

Although Zvyagintsev's Biblical-inflected fable *The Banishment* (*Izgnaniye*) didn't impress as much as his first film when it screened in Cannes in 2007, he's expected to return to the Croisette this year with his latest, *Elena*. Popogrebsky, meanwhile, has followed his debut with the highly regarded if bleak *Prostyje vesi* (*Simple Things*, 2007) and now *How I Ended This Summer*, which is currently rolling out as a theatrical release in Russia and several territories abroad after a successful lap around the festival track. Khlebnikov's two solo projects, the whimsical *Svobodnoye plavaniye* (*Free Floating*, 2006) and the darker comedy of mental illness *Sumashedshaya pomosh* (*Help Gone Mad*, 2009) haven't found distribution far from Russia, but their tender, wry streaks of surrealism prove that *Koktebel* was no fluke, and that he has a sensibility as unique and distinctive as Popogrebsky's.

Finding a common theme that unites all three directors' work would be as fruitless as trying to herd cats. There's no pat way to marry the religious overtones of Zvyagintsev's work with Popogrebsky's straight-up dramas of despair or Khlebnikov's fey, picaresque adventures. At best, one might note that all of them have a fondness for oblique storytelling, withholding key bits of information about characters' motivation or events, but then that's true of great swathes of Russian cinema



THE ARRIVAL Zvyagintsev's award-winning 'The Return' heralded new life in Russian cinema in 2003

If there's one story trope that crops up again and again, it's the notion of the traveller coming a cropper in a strange land

at the moment, or even of specialist cinema in general. Alexei Fedorchenko's acclaimed *Silent Souls* (*Ovsyanki*), in competition in Venice in 2010, plays a similarly mysterious game as it follows two men from a little-known northern Russian community as they perform the funerary rites for a dead woman whom – it turns out – they both loved. Erotic and elegiac by turns, it makes good on the promise seen in Fedorchenko's quirky mock-doc debut *Perviyje na lune* (*First on the Moon*, 2005).

Like many Russian films, *Silent Souls* mulls over the vastness of the nation, the awe- and terror-inspiring beauty of the landscape – no surprise, given that Russia is the world's largest country, huge swathes of which are uninhabited and/or uninhabitable. Landscape itself plays a key role in many contemporary Russian films, from the wild

steppes seen in Ivan Vyrypaev's rapturous and weird debut *Ejforija* (*Euphoria*, 2006) and Mikhail Kalatozishvili's Kazakhstan-set drama *Wild Field* (*Dikoye polye*, 2008), to the icy Arctic terrain of *How I Ended This Summer*.

Survival stories are popular because Russians can relate to them in a very palpable way. Sometimes the forces to be contended with are not just natural ones, but dangers from within communities themselves that make life just that little bit harder to survive in harsh environments. In Yuri Bykov's compelling genre piece *Zhit* (*To Live*, 2010), for example, an ordinary-Joe hunter out with his dog in the countryside crosses paths with gangsters and suddenly finds himself forced to go on the run with one of them, pursued by the others. In Sergei Osipyan and Aleksandr Lungin's low-budget study *Yavleniye prirodi* (*Act of Nature*, 2010), a yuppie Muscovite tries to blend in with the locals in a backwoods community, only to have his romantic conceptions of rural life confronted.

Fish out of water

In fact if there's one story trope that crops up again and again in Russian cinema, it's this rather folkloric notion of the traveller coming a cropper in a strange land far from home. The fish out of water is a stock situation in films all over the world, of course, but in Hollywood films, say, the set-up usually leads to comedy, more often than not with redemption at the end (eg *Groundhog Day*). In Russia, however, where people still remember how Stalin forcibly moved whole populations from one end of the Soviet Union to the other, displacement tends to be seen as fraught with danger – or the potential to erode one's very soul.

As if consciously subverting old Soviet films that celebrated the nobility of agrarian life in



rites of passage 'Silent Souls'

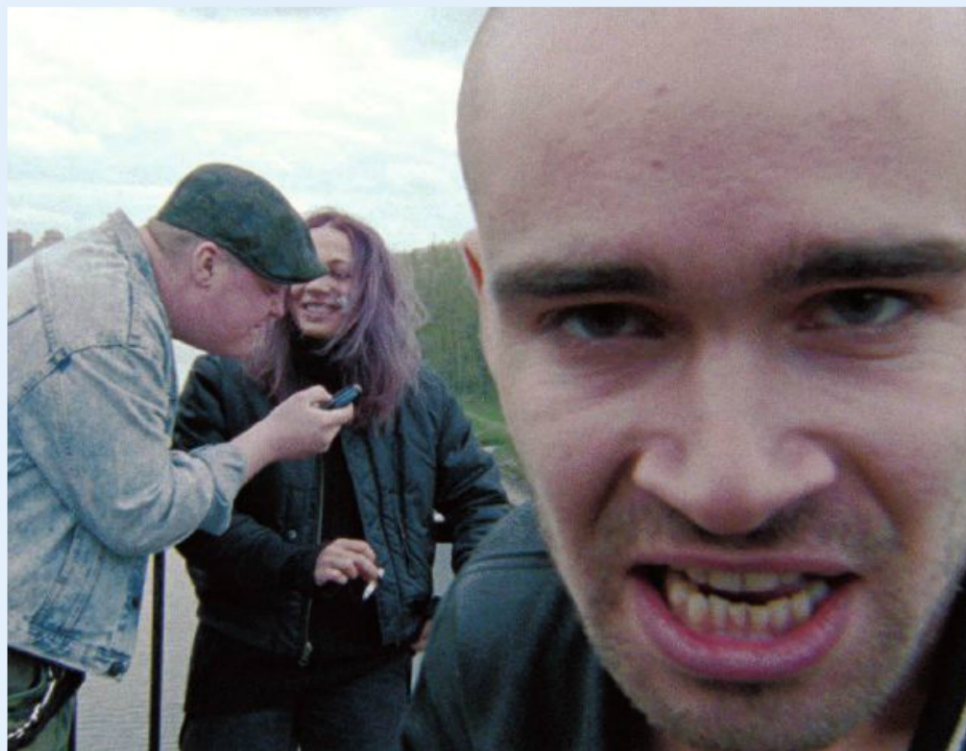
the provinces and the arrival of new combine harvesters, contemporary Russian filmmakers often depict the outposts of civilisation beyond Moscow and St Petersburg (where most filmmakers live) as barbaric places, afflicted by poverty, ignorance and worse. A prime example would be Ukrainian director Sergei Loznitsa's 2010 Cannes competitor *My Joy* (*Schastye moe*), in which a truck driver effectively becomes the captive of a Russian town of avaricious crazies with a history of hostility to visitors – as flashbacks to World War II reveal. Finely directed, with its painterly studies of the strange local physiognomies in a street market recalling Loznitsa's 2003 documentary *Peyzazh* (*Landscape*), the film plays like a realist version of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*. And Russians will assure you that its depiction of corruption and violence in the sticks is frighteningly accurate, not a cinematic exaggeration.

Slightly more comical in tone, but even more surreal, *Peremirie* (*Truce*, 2010) by established director Svetlana Proskurina also tracks a trucker who gets bogged down in a strange place (that may or may not be his own home town) where violence is normally rife, except for one day when a truce between the ever-feuding miners and villagers is called. Episodic in tone and often laugh-out-loud funny, the film is nevertheless marbled with dark, bloody moments, making for yet another unflattering portrait of provincial life.

More of the same can be found in Kirill Serebrennikov's strange and haunting psychological drama *Yuryev dyen* (*Yuri's Day*, 2008), in which an internationally renowned opera singer gets bogged down in another small provincial town after her son goes inexplicably missing there, *L'avventura*-style. Unable to leave until she finds him, the singer is gradually assimilated into the village, trading in her designer clothes for uglier local threads and a nasty red dye job, until she becomes indistinguishable from the down-trodden, impoverished locals.

Loss of identity also surfaces as a theme in Anna Fenchenko's arresting *Propavshiy bez vesti* (*Missing Man*, 2010), in which an unnamed website designer is forced to the frayed edge of the social fabric by a train of misunderstandings and some suspicious law-enforcement officers, all the more so after his apartment is bulldozed.

The vision of provincial life as a trap gets a historical spin Alexander Mindadze's recent Berlinale competitor *V subbotu* (*Innocent Saturday*), in which a worker at the Chernobyl power plant tries to run away when the reactor melts down, but somehow can't quite leave town. After he and his girlfriend miss a train by seconds, a strange inertia



FEAR AND LOATHING 'Rossiya 88' ('Russia 88') exposes the rise of neo-Nazi groups in Russia

sets in. Before long they find themselves playing a gig at a wedding party, as alcohol and camaraderie conspire to keep them close to the increasingly fatal radiation leak. The heart of the film features the kind of fatalism that only a post-Soviet Slav could understand – many Western viewers will find it baffling.

Xenophobic mindset

Travel is still something of an exotic concept for Russians – which is hardly surprising, considering how difficult it was to move around the country even internally during the Communist years. Although visitors to Russia may find Russians warm and generous hosts, xenophobia and racism (as well as sexism and homophobia) are endemic problems in the country, where hate-fuelled far-right groups are growing in popularity. Director Pavel Bardin tackled this problem head on in *Rossiya 88* (*Russia 88*, 2009) in which a secretly half-Jewish teen joins a neo-Nazi gang. The drama follows a predictably tragic course, but perhaps the most chilling aspects of the film are the inserts of real Russians interviewed in the street by someone posing as a reporter or a pollster; all say they agree

that "Russia should be for Russians," while the end credits reveal a horrifyingly long list of people killed by neo-Nazis in 2008.

Some might say that the nationalistic tone set by Vladimir Putin's conservative regime has contributed to this xenophobic mindset. Certainly, flag-waving, patriotic films such as Andrey Kravchuk's historical epic *Admiral* (2008) have found favour with the public and the Kremlin alike. That said, it's encouraging to see that Nikita Mikhalkov's shameless pandering to the country's basest ra-ra-Russia instincts, *Burnt by the Sun 2: Exodus* (*Utomlyonnye solntsem 2*), was a comparative flop (even Putin could see his old crony's film was a stinker, and shunned its Kremlin premiere last year). At the same time, the Russian Ministry of Culture's cinematographic arm – until its film-funding functions were dismantled – was actively putting money into more socially conscious films that featured sympathetic characters from former Soviet Socialist republics, often shown suffering from racist treatment at the hands of Russians, as in Dmitri Mamuliya's *Drugoe nebo* (*Another Sky*, 2010) and Yusup Razykov's *Gastarbeiter* (2009).

Where is Russian cinema going now? Given that the country's economy is still very much in flux, no one really knows, although Alexander Zeldovich's recent Berlin festival offering *Mishen* (*Target*) offers its own wacky vision of the near future. Co-written with cult novelist Vladimir Sorokin, it shows the world of 2020, where rich Muscovites travel to remote, disused science facilities in search of eternal youth, while bizarre game shows stupefy the masses and corrupt highway patrolmen prey on truckers working the China-to-Europe highways. In other words, things won't be much different from today – apart from the eternal-youth part.



STRANDED IN THE STICKS The trucker in 'My Joy'

After honing a minimalist style on the Oregon-set 'Old Joy' and 'Wendy and Lucy', Kelly Reichardt turns her gaze on the state's pioneer past in 'Meek's Cutoff', a novel female angle on the old West. **Graham Fuller** talks to her, while overleaf **Ed Buscombe** charts women's role in the western

THE OREGON TRAIL

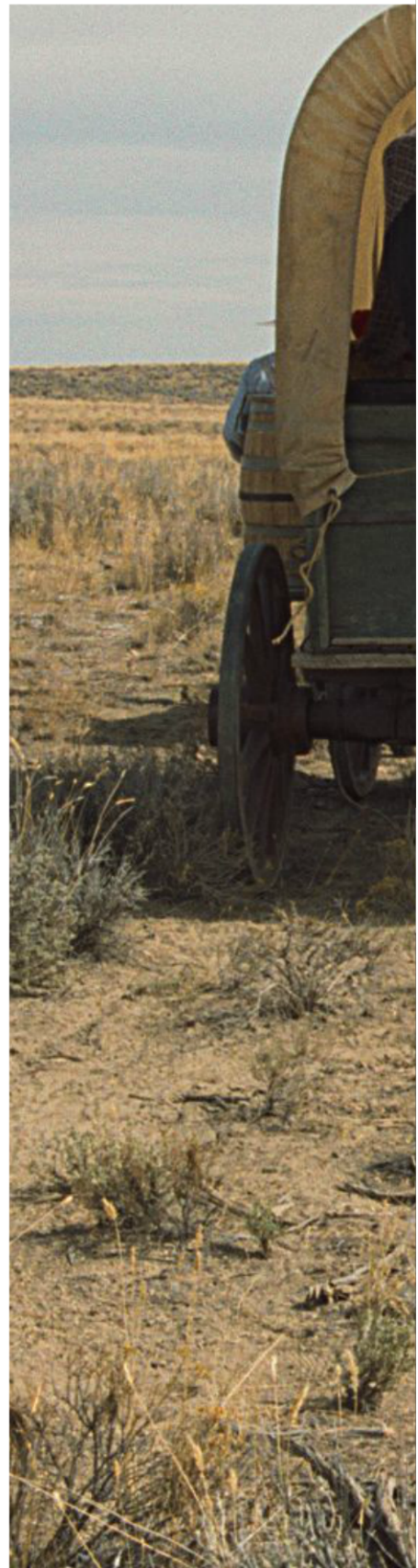
Ostensibly detached but riddled with terror, Kelly Reichardt's austere, minimalist western *Meek's Cutoff* depicts the plight of seven covered-wagon pioneers guided by a frontier chancer on to the waterless wastes of the Oregon High Desert. The film begins with a last river crossing, one woman delicately transporting her caged canary above the waterline, and ends with another woman's face framed by the branches of a tree that testifies to the presence of water. In *Proverbs*, the tree of life is associated with wisdom and calmness, but the one in the film, sprouting foliage halfway up its bole, looks like a heliotropic freak. Seeing that strange tree is all the pioneers get in the way of salvation. As resistant to the idea of relief or closure as she was in her three previous features, Reichardt allows her characters nothing as cathartic as the Mormons' pell-mell charge to the river after their arduous desert trek in John Ford's *Wagon Master* (1950).

One of the most lyrical westerns of the classic era, *Wagon Master* was calculated as a myth, presenting an idealised vision of the overlanders' ordeal and expressing nostalgia for their passage: "A hundred years have come and gone since 1849," the Sons of Pioneers sing on the soundtrack, "but the ghostly wagons rollin' West are ever brought to mind." In contrast, *Meek's Cutoff* is an anti-myth that looks sternly on the racism and sexism that helped shape the conquest of the West. These were key themes of the revisionist western history that emerged in the 1980s. Reichardt and Jon Raymond, who wrote *Meek's Cutoff*, drew on some of the same letters and journals that inspired scholars such as

Patricia Nelson Limerick, Lillian Schlissel, Susan Armitage and Sylvia Van Kirk, but their film coalesced more around Reichardt's desire to shoot in the desert locations she came across while scouting for *Wendy and Lucy* (2008) – and around Raymond's discovery of Meek's misadventure when he was researching local history.

Neither Reichardt nor Raymond is a hardcore western buff. Reichardt, who has seen *Wagon Master* but couldn't recall it by name when I talked to her, cites *Nanook of the North* (1922), with its sequence of chores, as a greater inspiration than any particular western. Raymond, who doesn't know *Wagon Master*, sees links between *Meek's Cutoff* and Wellman's *The Ox-Bow Incident* (1942) and *Yellow Sky* (1948), though he was influenced more by Cormac McCarthy's novel *Blood Meridian*. "A main idea behind the writing of *Meek*," he explains, "was a kind of curiosity about what a group of normal, middle-class people might do if confronted by one of the outrageously blood-thirsty and vengeful characters in that book. How would a community deal with one of McCarthy's flamboyant sociopaths? I liked the idea of re-situating one of those figures on a much more everyday stage."

All beard, grime and growly braggadocio, Stephen Meek (Bruce Greenwood) leads the three wagons in his charge so far astray from the path to the Promised Land that one of the pioneers, Thomas Gately (Paul Dano), pauses to carve the word "LOST" on a fallen tree trunk. While Thomas and his wife Millie (Zoe Kazan), both in their early twenties, are bewildered by the experience, and she is increasingly hysterical, William White (Neal Huff) and his wife Glory (Shirley Henderson) –



RESTRICTED VISION Reichardt's use of the near-square Academy ratio in 'Meek's Cutoff' echoes the (literally) limited viewpoint of its bonnet-wearing women, including Millie Gately (Zoe Kazan)



GO WEST, YOUNG WOMAN

Few films have put women's experience of the American West at their heart.

Edward Buscombe follows the trail

It's a cliché that the only roles for women in westerns are those of respectable schoolteacher or disreputable saloon girl. Like many clichés, there's some truth in it, and there are classic westerns, such as *My Darling Clementine* (1946), that employ just this formula. But there are honourable exceptions: Barbara Stanwyck's various incarnations of the western woman with more balls than the men around her, as in *Cattle Queen of Montana* (1954) or *Forty Guns* (1957) – and, most memorably, Joan Crawford in *Johnny Guitar* (1954).

Other models of sturdy female independence out west include the newspaper-owning heroine of *Cimarron* (1930) played by Irene Dunne, or more recently the heroine of *The Ballad of Little Jo* (1993), with its fascinating play around notions of masculinity. But when it comes to pioneer women – that is women who make the journey out west to settle new territory, like the unfortunate emigrants in *Meek's Cutoff* – moviemakers' imagination seems largely to have deserted them.

One thinks of covered wagons moving west along the Oregon or California trails as a classic motif of the western. But in truth there are surprisingly few films on the theme – this despite the fact that one of the first big box-office western hits was *The Covered Wagon* (1923), based on Emerson Hough's successful novel. Unfortunately its female characters are rather vapid, and this was to set the pattern.

It's possible to sympathise with the screenwriters' problem. The classical western has at its heart a clash between civilisation – the forces of 'progress' – and savagery or disorder. Heroines tend to find themselves on the side of civilisation; the 'bad' girls on the other side often don't survive to the end of the picture, as with the unfortunate Chihuahua (Linda Darnell) in *My Darling Clementine*. At the same time, though the civilising forces can only prevail through the use of properly sanctioned violence, the western is also constrained by its need to retain a certain bedrock historical plausibility. The genre demands action in order to dramatise the conflict, but in the 19th century women did not, on the whole, go rushing round on horseback shooting at Indians. (With the possible exception of Calamity Jane, immortalised by Doris Day in 1953, but more grittily incarnated by Ellen Barkin in *Wild Bill* and Robin Weigert in the television series *Deadwood*.) So all too often women's roles are confined to supporting the menfolk, rather than being more actively engaged.

Much of the actual experience of the overland emigrant trail was humdrum, as attested in the hundreds of memoirs and journals produced, many written by women. In his thorough study



SALOON GIRL Linda Darnell as Chihuahua, with Henry Fonda and Victor Mature in 'My Darling Clementine'

The genre demands action, but in the 19th century women did not, on the whole, go rushing round on horseback

The Plains Across, John D. Unruh records that half a million people took the trail between 1840 and 1870 (when the railroads rendered the covered wagon obsolete), of whom about 10,000 died on the way. (Most of them succumbed to disease; less than four per cent of the dead were killed by Indians.) Dramatising the experience of trudging across the featureless landscape or expiring from cholera doesn't make for the kind of entertainment westerns are expected to deliver.

Of course the long overland journey offers scope for romance, but Raoul Walsh's *The Big Trail* (1930) follows *The Covered Wagon* in making the woman's role insipid. Possibly aware of this pitfall, in *Wagon Master* (1950) John Ford elects to make his heroine Denver (Joanne Dru) not strictly an emigrant at all, but a member of a colourful troupe of show people. Dru's role in *Red River* (1947) is similar: though attached to a party of emigrants, she is in fact a professional gambler.



MINNESOTA BOUND 'The New Land'

Though the story of the West, as told by Hollywood, is primarily a story of settlement – conquering the wilderness – emigrants themselves are often seen as victims, caught up in the violent struggles around them, but not equipped to play much of an active part. Thus the pioneers in *Bend of the River* (1951), *Jubal* (1956) and *The Last Wagon* (1956) need to be rescued from their parlous predicaments by James Stewart, Glenn Ford and Richard Widmark respectively, none of whom are emigrants themselves.

One way to inject some action into women's roles is to contrive a situation in which they can plausibly cast aside stereotyped roles. In *Westward the Women* (1951), the emigrant party led by Robert Taylor consists of women travelling as mail-order brides for lonely men in California. But after the trail hands desert, the women are thrust into men's roles; Taylor has to instruct them in manly skills such as firing a rifle, and they are forced to deal with stampedes and Indian attacks.

Only a few films have tried to capture the drudgery and hardship of pioneering in the manner of the novels of Willa Cather. *Heartland* (1979) – significantly, an independent not a Hollywood production – employs a quasi-documentary style to convey the feel of life on an isolated Wyoming ranch. A pair of Swedish films, *The Emigrants* (1970) and *The New Land* (1972), also deserve to be better known. Starring Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann and directed by Jan Troell, they recount a Swedish emigrant family's journey west to Minnesota in 1860, and their subsequent fate as they try to settle on the land.

The most sustained treatment of the covered-wagon saga came in the TV series *Wagon Train* (1957-65). Its format – with a need for a constant supply of soap-opera-type narratives – and the family-oriented audience allowed for a greater emphasis on domesticity and women-centred plots. But it has to be said, *Meek's Cutoff* is about as far from that as can be imagined.



ROAD TO NOWHERE

As the domineering Meek (Bruce Greenwood, left in top pic) leads the pioneers astray, only Emily (Michelle Williams, lower pic) challenges him

cally, if you're not a white man, you're outside the decision-making process. You have to do your politicking at night in the tent, if you can.

"There's this moment in the kitchen in Nick Ray's *The Lusty Men* [1952] where Susan Hayward and Robert Mitchum are arguing about domesticity versus the beauty of the rootless life," Reichardt continues, describing the scene in which Hayward says she can't understand why Mitchum blows all the money he makes risking his life. "And he says, '[Rodeo riding] is a high women just can't understand.' Then [her husband] Arthur Kennedy and Mitchum go out to the porch and the camera moves out behind them, and it's as if you have this relief of, 'Phew, we're getting out of the kitchen.' Then the camera stops in the doorway and there's a shot of Hayward at the kitchen door watching the men walk out, which completely undermines her argument. It's all done with two or three shots, and it's so powerful to me. Yes, it's a high a women can't understand, because it's an option a woman doesn't have."

Alienated souls

The first of Reichardt's four features was *River of Grass* (1994), a comedy-cum-road movie about another constrained woman (Lisa Bowman), bored with marriage and motherhood, and a pathetic slacker-hipster (Larry Fessenden) aimlessly on the lam near the Florida Everglades. A wry suburban take on *Gun Crazy* (1949), it punctured its studied desultoriness with delightful dabs of actorly business. Her second feature *Old Joy* (2005) marked the start of her collaboration with Raymond, a novelist based in Portland, Oregon, who had been introduced to her by mutual friend Todd Haynes. It was with this contemplative piece that she established her miniaturist style, which makes maximum use of long takes and long shots. Both *Old Joy* and *Wendy and Lucy* were adapted from short stories

by Raymond, whereas *Meek's Cutoff* derives from historical accounts and journals. But all three films are set in distinctive outdoors Oregon locations, and all concern the existentially tinged travels of alienated souls.

In *Old Joy*, Mark (Daniel London), whose wife is about to give birth to their first child, goes on a weekend hiking trip with old schoolfriend Kurt (Will Oldham). Driving to and from their rendezvous, Mark listens to a talk-radio channel on which the callers lament the absence of a viable Democratic opposition, which colours his own sense of the America in which he will bring up his child. Needy Kurt rationalises his failure to settle down and talks about his spiritual vacations. The beauty of the Cascade Mountains and the calming atmosphere of the hot springs where they take a bath – and where Kurt unsettlingly gives Mark a neck massage – can't allay the sense that the two men are bound on divergent paths.

In *Wendy and Lucy*, young homeless woman Wendy (played by Williams) is driving north to get a job in an Alaska fish cannery when, after being held in jail for shoplifting in a suburban Oregon town, she loses her beloved dog Lucy. Set free, she receives help from a garage owner (Patton) and especially an elderly security guard (Walter Dalton), but faces a final heartbreaking decision. The willingness of strangers to help in times of severe economic deprivation is encouraging, but Wendy's future remains even less hopeful than that of the pioneers.

Meek's Cutoff's three wagons (of pioneer vintage themselves) stand in for the 150 to 300 that took the so-called "Terrible Trail" in 1845. The real Meek (1808-86) was a fur trapper, mountain man and wagon master who persuaded Tetherow and other pioneer leaders that he could lead them on a short cut from Fort Boise, Idaho, across the centre of Oregon Country to the plentiful Willamette Valley, thus avoiding the hostile Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians on the tried route that led northwest into the Blue Mountains and along the Columbia River to the settlements at The Dalles. Between 1000 and 1500 pioneers, accompanied by their livestock, followed Meek south-west along the Malheur River and then headed west to Wagonite Mountain, before abandoning Meek's chosen course. With Meek and his young bride long gone, they finally stumbled into The Dalles, some wagons taking two months to complete the journey. Twenty-four people are known to have died en route and another 20, mostly children, after the party's arrival in The Dalles, to which it was led by an Indian in exchange for a blanket (the same token being thoughtfully given by Thomas to the Cayuse in the film). The death toll was probably

who are travelling with their pre-adolescent son Jimmy (Tommy Nelson) – are devout scripture-readers. Solomon Tetherow (Will Patton) is reasonable but indecisive; the only vigilant member of the group is his younger (and stronger) wife Emily (Michelle Williams), who angrily rebels against Meek's authoritarian bullshit and racial hatred.

The conflict between them grows when she feeds a Cayuse Indian (Rod Rondeaux) taken prisoner by Meek, who believes him to be a spy. Emily later mends the Cayuse's moccasin, an act that she excuses as pragmatic – she informs the scandalised Millie that she's doing it because she wants the Cayuse to owe her something. But though she recoils at his stench, there is clearly some fellow feeling. Her gesture prompts Meek to boast about the "good old time" when he participated in a massacre of unsuspecting Blackfeet. He hankers to execute the Cayuse, and eventually points his pistol at him, causing Emily to reciprocate. "I'd be wary," she warns him. "Your woman got some Indian blood in her, Mr Tetherow?" Meek peevishly remarks.

Thus this acme of masculine regenerative violence sums up his attitude to the disobedient female – an object of contempt, identifiable with the despised Other, unworthy of speaking for herself. Men, he has said earlier, are creatures of destruction and women are creatures of chaos. "The two genders have always had it," he opines, slipping into sexual-politics speak. Ironically, Emily has to act like a man – by threatening to shoot Meek – in order to force a détente.

Her sudden resolve follows months of being sidelined on the trail. Reichardt films the three women collecting kindling, grinding coffee beans, preparing and sharing food, hanging out clothes, watching the men huddled together making life-or-death decisions. Although Reichardt won't admit to a feminist agenda, she acknowledges that it was essential to show the story from a female perspective. "Making a film like this, you can't help but wonder, 'Would I have even made the journey?'" she says. "And then you realise, 'I wouldn't even have had a choice. My husband would have made the decision.' And it's so profound to leave your world and go out into this nothingness when it's not even your personal desire to do so. In reading the diaries, I got a different picture than I'd seen in the way the travels had been captured in westerns, which are made up of masculine moments of conflict and conquering. The diaries give you a perspective of what it's like to be outside that and watching it. That became my approach of how I would tell the story visually. You see that the women are in a similar situation as the Indian or the little boy. Basi-

Women and the West Meek's Cutoff



GO WEST

Kelly Reichardt is not a hardcore western buff, but was inspired by the Oregon desert locations she found while scouting her last film 'Wendy and Lucy'

suggests, alongside that noisy male-dominated set of myths, there is another one more commonly perceived by women, a West dominated by space and silence? A West of silences, in which the openness is an invitation not to action, but to what I have been calling here a trance condition." These qualities, apparent in both Robinson's novel *Housekeeping* and Bill Forsyth's evocative 1987 film version, are suggestive also of Slow Cinema, for which Baxter's essay reads like a literary manifesto. But if *Meek's Cutoff* qualifies as a Slow Cinema entry, it's not because Reichardt is familiar with that unofficial movement.

In keeping with the 12 miles a day that a wagon might manage on a good day on the Oregon Trail, *Meek's Cutoff* proceeds at a deadening pace. Days bleed into days through dissolves – one held so long that the wagons appear surreally in both the top and bottom of the frame. Several times, Christopher Blauvelt's camera peers out of the back of a wagon at the eerily receding distance, as when it shows Glory chasing a piece of windswept cloth in the rear of the caravan. "They're moving into an unknown space – it starts at the beginning of the film when they leave the water – and getting further away from anything that was familiar, and it has a scary effect," Reichardt says. Space and silence are immense. The desert seems infinite, especially at night. In one scene, the Tetherows walk in the dark discussing their perilous situation in undertones – the faint, fragmented light from a latticed lantern being all that separates them from the black void beyond.

In shooting the film, Reichardt opted for the Academy ratio, the near-square frame showing the influence of Robert Adams's photos of the American West. Admired by both Reichardt and Raymond, Adams and other New Topographics photographers opposed the romantic pictorialist style favoured by the likes of Ansel Adams and Edward Weston – which explains why Reichardt's images of covered wagons in motion are so much less lyrical than Ford's.

'American history is so repetitive. We have the same big issues over and over again'

much higher. Although in one respect Meek was a trail-blazer, he was responsible for the worst disaster to befall the pioneers who set out for California or Oregon.

If *Old Joy* and *Wendy and Lucy* imply political critiques, *Meek's Cutoff* suggests a full-blown allegory – but an allegory of what? It's possible to see Meek as a George W. Bush or Dick Cheney manqué and the Cayuse, whom Meek kicks in the head on bringing him to the wagons, as a Guantánamo-era terrorist suspect. Or is the Cayuse, whom the pioneers hope will lead them to water, an Obama figure? "When we were working on the script it was the time of Guantánamo," Reichardt says. "Certainly what was appealing about Meek's story was that it felt as though there were a lot of contemporary themes in it. We had to back away from that and get into the pioneers' story, but throughout the making of the film, and as I was cutting, the political landscape changed. I found that whatever was happening in the news daily was so easy to project on to what I was working with. And I thought, 'Wow, American history is so repetitive.' We have the same big issues over and over again: issues of conquest and who's life has more value – which comes down to racism.

"When I had a first cut of the film I took it to Bard College, where I teach, and showed it to some of my colleagues to get feedback," she continues. "The filmmaker Peter Hutton watched it and said, 'I get it – it's about Obama,' which was funny to me, because that was not where we started. But with all the Tea Party stuff happening during the election, it was hard not to feel those ripples. The metaphors kept working in different ways."

"The film's scenario posed an allegorical energy," Raymond adds. "I like the idea of a community lost in the wilderness that's having grave doubts about its leadership. It's interesting having written it at the end of the Bush era and at the beginning of the Obama era to see how in certain perverse ways the allegory can morph. Someone could almost perversely graft Obama on to the Meek character. One hopes that the allegory is multivalent, but that it's then sloughed away and you're dealing more with the particulars of the story rather than any kind of political point."

Space and silence

The publicity materials for *Meek's Cutoff* quote from 'Stillness', an essay in Charles Baxter's book *Burning Down the House: Essays on Fiction* (1997): "In an essay on the American West, Marilynne Robinson has argued that our mythologies about the West are warped in the direction of gunplay, warfare and conquest, John Wayne, open spaces, and slaughter," Baxter wrote. "What if, she

"I liked the idea of a more closed-in view as opposed to widescreen," she says. "It enables us to see what the women see wearing those bonnets. They blocked out all their peripheral vision, which seems like a metaphor for how the women were pushed along. The square also changes the landscape completely – enabling you to get the height over the mountain range and the foreground of the desert – and changes time. It keeps you in the present, where the characters are. I had a rule that there would be no vistas, because I didn't want to be romanticising the West at this point in the journey. If I was making it at an earlier time on the trail, I think I would have romanticised the landscape more, because in the diaries people are poetic about it. Further on their 'heaven on earth' flowery hopes give way to lists of chores, which is where we meet up with our wagon party.

"I wanted the landscape to represent that," she continues. "The beauty of the land is so completely tied up with the hardship. Everything out there is dry and prickly, the wind is harsh, the temperatures are 10 or 20 degrees. I was hoping that the rawness of the land would work for how completely raw they are at this point in the journey, worn down to the point of barely being able to have a conversation."

The creak of the wagons' frames, the whine of their wheels, the clang of pots, the flapping of canvas, the buzz of insects, the cries of coyotes and the clumping of oxen all resonate sharply, in lieu of reassuring sounds of civilisation. Yet the few, fleeting conversations (only Meek, trying to shore up his situation, jaws away) are often partially inaudible, emphasising the women's exclusion and loneliness. "It keeps you with them," Reichardt notes. "They hear bits of conversation in which huge decisions are being made. It's happening over there and they're over here."

As the pioneers' water runs out towards the end of *Meek's Cutoff*, William collapses – eliciting an unexpected response from the Cayuse. ("The film gods sent me something really good," Reichardt says of Rondeaux, the Crow-Cheyenne actor and stuntman whose enigmatic performance defies every cliché about American Indians on screen.) There follows a close-up of Glory, tears and snot dripping off her hair in the breeze. It's a paradigm moment in a film that tacitly honours the suffering and endurance of those women who, according to their letters and journals, were dragged out west only for many of their husbands to fall ill, die or head off in search of gold, leaving the so-called 'gentle tamers' to complete the trip.

■ *'Meek's Cutoff'* is released on 15 April, and is reviewed on page 66



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FOREVER FALLING

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No.9

*In our occasional series on possible contenders for the 'greatest film of all time' in next year's S&S poll, the renowned Spanish critic **Miguel Marías** finds himself falling once again for the fathomless mysteries of Alfred Hitchcock's 'Vertigo'*



ON THE EDGE

Madeleine (Kim Novak, above) falls – literally – into San Francisco Bay, thus ensuring that detective Scottie (James Stewart, opposite) will ‘fall’ for her

For some, Alfred Hitchcock’s *Vertigo* (1958) has always been one of those ‘bedside’ films (as François Truffaut put it, before such a thing could be taken literally) – which means that we store it so well in our minds, and in our hearts, that we can think about it and ‘watch’ it again whenever the mood takes us. We do this to delve a little bit deeper into the film’s inexhaustible and fascinating enigmas, to relive our first impressions and to compare Hitchcock’s film to the rest of filmmaking – if only to reassure ourselves of its status as an unsurpassed peak, making films that hold more prestige for critics and historians seem lesser works by comparison. And yet the truth is that its status as a great work has only been admitted comparatively recently.

None of Hitchcock’s films, for instance, featured in *Sight & Sound*’s first top ten in 1952, and *Vertigo* didn’t feature in the 1962 critics’ poll, compiled four years after the film’s release. In fact *Vertigo* didn’t appear in the poll until 1982, when it came seventh. By 1992 it was up to fourth (and sixth in the newly instigated directors’ poll); then in 2002 it came second (remaining sixth for the directors). Why did it take so long? Unlike, say, *Bicycle Thieves*, which was more or less instantly acclaimed as a masterpiece (coming top in the 1952 poll, only four years after its release), films such as *Vertigo* and John Ford’s *The Searchers* (1956) initially met with a mixed reception from critics – and with indifference from the public. Which means that, beyond the mere passing of time and the perseverance of their defenders, these works must have something

very special about them to have been able to finally impose themselves as great works.

But why, in the case of *Vertigo*, do we come back again and again, even though the art of cinema and the film’s original audience have changed? The generation that first revered the film has got older and gained experience, but we have also lost illusions and enthusiasm. Why, after watching *Vertigo* more than, say, 30 times, are we confident that there are things to discover in it – that some aspects remain ambiguous and uncertain, unfathomably complex, even if we scrutinise every look, every cut, every movement of the camera? Why do we never get tired of Hitchcock telling us the story of Scottie Ferguson’s obsession with three people in one – Madeleine Elster, Carlotta Valdes and Judy Barton – even though we know it by heart?

Narrative discoveries

It is generally accepted that Hitchcock was one of the great film narrators. He has long been considered a skilful artisan at the service of his audience, willing to flatter us, and eager to make the biggest profit with his products – a direct concern for him, because he participated in the financing of his films, which meant that his future creative freedom depended on good commercial results. Hitchcock always wanted to keep his hands free so he could make something greater than he’d made before. The tendency among earlier critics was to try to reduce him to the role of ‘master of suspense’, perhaps because his success sparked off a multitude of inferior imitators. Hitchcock’s narrative discoveries, the structural audacity with which he

surprised us – the death of the love interest 70 minutes into *Vertigo*, or of protagonist Marion Crane (Janet Leigh) 40 minutes into *Psycho* – all those innovations were considered mistakes by critics then. These were possibilities no other producer would have tolerated; even with Hitchcock’s creative autonomy, few would have dared to attempt them.

Of course Hitchcock understood the importance of dramatic narrative and character conventions. He knew how to play with them and pretend he was complying with them – as when retired policeman Scottie (James Stewart) initiates his investigation of Madeleine Elster (Kim Novak) at the behest of her husband Gavin (Tom Helmore) – so that the spectator, trusting in orthodoxy, would anticipate the position where the director wanted them to be, allowing him to create and dilate that mixture of tension and uncertainty that is ‘suspense’. Come the time, he also knew how to brutally undermine those conventional expectations (making us realise, for instance, that Scottie has been suckered into the Elster case because of his fatal flaw, the vertigo he has experienced ever since he was left dangling from the edge of a roof during a chase in the film’s opening sequence), leaving the spectator disoriented – and therefore ready to be taken wherever he wanted us to go.

Hitchcock knew that an excess of confusion can distance, that too many explanations can tire and make us lose the thread, that a prolonged vagueness can jeopardise the credibility of a story. Yet he also knew that if one wants to put aside (or forget for a while) the plausible and go deep into the

STILLS: POSTERS AND DESIGNS (C) PHOTOEST NY (C)

◀ terrain of the extraordinary and the improbable, ambiguity is necessary to preserve a fragile realism – in *mise en scène*, wardrobe, behaviour. Hitchcock was never spineless in this regard: when he was certain, he would jump in and violate any rule.

This allowed him to dive into the depths of the invisible, the ungraspable, the imperceptible, the unsafe, the weightless, the strange, the impossible (that which worryingly *can happen*). And this would provide him with the most adequate and efficient tools to lure us into that “momentary suspension of disbelief” of which Coleridge spoke, and elongate it in order for us to immerse ourselves in the inextricable depths of the human being. I won't use the word ‘soul’, even though I'm sure Hitchcock believed in the existence of something like this.

There is no need to be a Christian to succumb to Hitchcock, just – ever so slightly – Freudian or Jungian. I suspect that Hitchcock, regardless of how sceptically or ironically he considered the jargon of psychoanalysis and its therapeutic virtues, didn't ignore the theories and the institutions of the different psychoanalytic schools. Subjects that preoccupied and intrigued Sigmund Freud and his followers – such as sexuality and repression, dreams and the Oedipus complex, fear and the ‘lapsus’, lies and masks, sublimation and mythology, jokes, the subconscious and feelings of guilt, the illusion of grandeur and the persecution complex, paternal or authoritarian figures and possessive mothers, the family structure and hereditary features, child fixations and hysteria, hypnotism and schizophrenia, the uncanny and many others – seem like a repertoire of themes that recur in Hitchcock's filmography.

That said, Catholicism provided Hitchcock with certain variations (or aggravating circumstances) on some of these themes: the notion of sin; the fear of knowledge and of woman as dangerous temptress; the expulsion from Paradise and the shame of the body; the mythologising of virginity and maternity; plagues and the way to the cross; mourning and the cult of the dead; faith in the afterlife and in the resurrection of the flesh; the Ten Commandments and the Seven Deadly Sins as opportunities for transgression and guilt; miracle healing; eternal punishment; the consecration of ‘the wrong man’ in the figure of Christ; confession and its inviolable confidentiality; the inquisition and torture; the devil as seductive and astute being, proudly defiant of the divine supremacy; the conflict between predestination and freedom; the Apocalypse and the Last Judgement...

It would be as ridiculous to deny the importance of Judaeo-Christian obsessions in Hitchcock as it would be to reduce everything to a succession of Catholic dogmas and rituals. These obsessions are the perfect complement, conflictual and partly antithetical – and therefore dialectical, to his psychoanalytic sources of inspiration. Another even less explored cultural source for Hitchcock – which strengthens the Catholic (which came from his education by the Jesuits) and the Freudian (which he encountered during his film apprenticeship in Weimar-era Germany) – is surrealism. This may be obvious, but in order to highlight it we need to look at the composition and framing, the texture and the combination of his images –

above all in the silent part of his British period, chronologically the closest to those encounters.

Like the surrealists, Hitchcock thought that the interior (what happens ‘inside’) and the imaginary (dreamed, remembered or hallucinated) are as real as the external and tangible to which ‘reality’ is normally restricted. The influence here is not primarily literary but rather pictorial, and can be sensed in paintings by Richard Oelze, Max Ernst, Emil Nolde, Dorothea Tanning, Hans Bellmer, and in some of their predecessors, such as Friedrich, Böcklin, Munch and Fuseli.

Lastly, there remains a vision of the world to which this last clue drives us: romanticism. From many spheres – musical, literary, pictorial – and from various places – British, German, Italian, American, Russian – the footprints of romanticism can be detected in Hitchcock's films. One feels the spectres of Poe, Stevenson, Hawthorne, Melville, George Du Maurier, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, Mary Shelley, Wilkie Collins, Georg Trakl, E.T.A. Hoffmann, Achim von Arnim and Gérard de Nerval. In the same way, one can hear – under the curiously related melodies composed for his films by such different musicians as Franz Waxman, Hugo Friedhofer, Roy Webb, Maurice Jarre, Miklós Rózsa, Dimitri Tiomkin and above all Bernard Herrmann – measures and harmonies by Wagner, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Richard Strauss, Fauré, Franck, Rachmaninov, Debussy, Britten, early Stravinsky, the Schoenberg of ‘Verklärte Nacht’ (‘Transfigured Night’) – all of them centred in the recreation and transmission of emotions.

For me romanticism – often concealed under a layer of cynicism and humour, as in Lubitsch, Sternberg, Wilder, Ophüls, Stroheim or Mankiewicz – is the key to Hitchcock's unequalled capacity to unsettle and move the spectator with a degree of implication and intensity that goes beyond a supposed ‘identification’ with the protagonist – an identification that Hitchcock tended to rupture violently and traumatically, and which in general was projected not on to a single (male) person, but on to the couple, at least.

Notorious (1946), for instance, is not the story of Devlin (Cary Grant) – even if its first part is told from his narrative (but not visual) point of view – nor is it that of Alicia (Ingrid Bergman), as the title may make us think; it is the story of that couple –

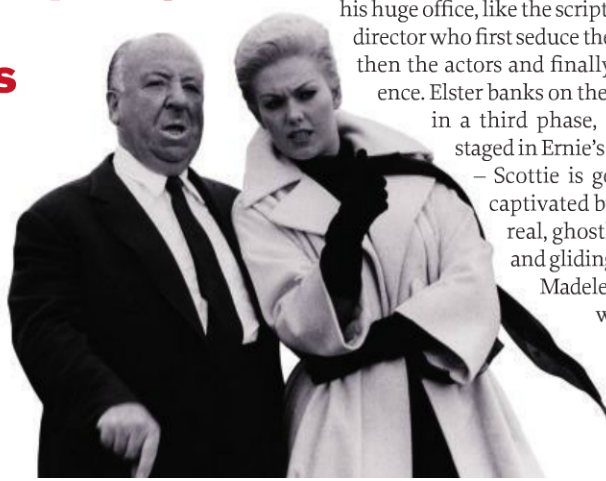
Romanticism is the key to Hitchcock's unequalled capacity to unsettle and move us

or more so, of the triangle composed by Sebastian (Claude Rains), and the quadrilateral that would include his ominous mother (Leopoldine Konstantin). More than the drama of the neurotic woman personified by Tippi Hedren, *Marnie* (1964) narrates her complex relationship with Mark Rutland (Sean Connery), and the no less ambiguous relationship with her mother. *Vertigo*, of course, is not just the story of Scottie, but also – even more so – of Judy in her different simulations or incarnations, manipulated, feigned, spontaneous or forced.

Seduction manoeuvres

Another reason why *Vertigo* turns out to be so intriguing, complex and suggestive stems from the fact that it gathers together a strange synthesis of various myths of Western culture, connected to the mystery of artistic creation, which is perhaps the film's ultimate subject. The most obvious myth is Pygmalion, combined with the Frankenstein variant of Prometheus; others would include Orpheus and Eurydice, although in a very sombre version, and almost inverted; the double or *Doppelgänger* of the romantics and German expressionists, filtered through the schizoid sieve of Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*; the love in death and beyond this world of ‘Tristan and Isolde’ (and it is no coincidence that the ‘Liebestod’ of Wagner's opera is the audible origin of Herrmann's score, mainly of the ‘Love Theme’); some vampire tales and the novel *Peter Ibbetson* by George Du Maurier (not the pale and miscast film version by Henry Hathaway). Some others could also be mentioned, such as Faust, but what's interesting here is that it is not a case of showing off cultural references, but of a melancholic and tragic story of love (much more than a detective story), full of multiple resonances that are admirably integrated, and which converge in what Robin Wood, Jean Douchet and Eugenio Trias have considered a parable of creation, and of the *mise en scène*.

Let's not forget that *Vertigo* is a succession of *mises en scène* and seduction manoeuvres. The first shows us how Gavin Elster, an old friend from student days, requests Scottie's services as a detective in order to use him in an improbable criminal conspiracy. First he tempts him, like Mephistopheles, with a return to action, restoring Scottie's lost confidence. Once this route fails, Elster intrigues him with the implausible story of Carlotta Valdes and the power it exerts over his wife Madeleine – a story told in encircling movements, going up and down the different ‘levels’ of his huge office, like the scriptwriter and director who first seduce the producer, then the actors and finally the audience. Elster banks on the fact that – in a third phase, admirably staged in Ernie's restaurant – Scottie is going to be captivated by the ethereal, ghostly, hieratic and gliding beauty of Madeleine, which will finally convince him to





IN HER IMAGE
 Scottie (James Stewart, above) transforms Judy, left pic, into his ideal, Madeleine, right – just as Hitchcock did with the actress who played both roles: Kim Novak, facing page

believe such a fantastic tale and accept the mission of following and protecting her.

From the moment he positions himself inside his car at the door of Elster's mansion and furtively follows Madeleine, Scottie thinks he is directing the second *mise en scène*. The mix of contemplation and distance and growing curiosity is intoxicating as Scottie, without realising it, starts falling in love with an imaginary person whom he dreams of saving, without ever suspecting that 'Madeleine' has been forced to interpret a role. He follows her, bewitched, through different places, each more or less funereal: a flower shop, which she enters through the back door; the cemetery of the Mission Dolores; the museum where she contemplates the portrait of the unfortunate Carlotta; the lonely room in the sinister and desolate McKittrick Hotel (a herald of the house in which Norman Bates coexists with the memory of his mother), in which Madeleine vanishes like a ghost, as if she were a hallucination of Scottie's.

His unconscious desires start to become a reality when Madeleine throws herself into San Francisco Bay by the Golden Gate, giving him the opportunity to save her like some knight errant – and to feel, as in the Chinese tradition he cites, responsible for her; to take her to his flat, undress her, watch her sleeping and talk to her for the first time. In this phase, a relationship of affinity binds these prowling idlers. They visit different places on the outskirts of San Francisco, exchange confidences, fears and dreams. This phase is consummated – once Scottie is in love with Madeleine – with the unseen murder of Elster's real wife, presented trau-

matically to Scottie (and the viewer) as a suicide that he couldn't prevent.

The third *mise en scène* takes to the limit the condition of the powerless spectator, which we share with Scottie; it's a painful repetition, under the effects of the loss or abandonment syndrome of the previous 'movement'. Like an inconsolable widower, Scottie revisits the places where he first followed and spied on Madeleine from a distance, and those where they were together: the giant sequoias, the solitary coast beaten by the swell and the wind, the Mission San Juan Bautista.

The fourth *mise en scène* – after a few false alarms that leave us breathless, making our heart skip in rhythm with the wounded and depressed Scottie – starts when the ex-detective bumps into Judy Barton. A shop assistant, she seems carnal, even vulgar – very far from the formal elegance and distinction of Madeleine, who was so pale and whispering, so shy and fragile, so ethereal and disturbed; but in Judy he discovers an echo of the loved and lost image. Now Scottie becomes scriptwriter and producer, director and wardrobe designer, make-up artist and decorator, as he obsessively tries to transform Judy into his Madeleine, taking that resemblance as a starting point, polishing and fine-tuning her into the yearned-for image of his unacceptably lost love.

But Judy is scared, because she knows what Scottie and we still don't. The key moment of the film – truly revolutionary from the dramatic and narrative point of view – is the revelation (for us the spectators, when we hear Judy writing her confession; Scottie's realisation will still take a bit

longer) of what really happened on the top of the bell tower of the Mission. This is a moment that gives a different sense to everything we think we know, and changes our point of view: we shift from Scottie's viewpoint – from the sadness and desperation we've shared – to Judy's, which allows us to consider her as a victim.

The fifth *mise en scène* begins when Judy, trapped by the love she had to feign for Scottie when she was experiencing his so intensely, gives herself away – almost abandons herself to love – with an indirect confession. (It's difficult to know to what extent it's conscious on Judy's part; is she even jealous of the fictitious Madeleine, who *was herself*?) When Scottie tries to regain control of the drama – which will now be that of vengeance, as he is determined to force a confession out of Judy – he will drag her to her death. And this is the definitive disappearance of Madeleine that will drive Scottie to the absolute void. In the end, Scottie is left 'suspended' over the abyss, just as he was when a compassionate fade-out closed the film's prologue of the police chase over the roofs of San Francisco.

During this gradual process of spiral ascents and falls, punctuated by ominous low and high angles, we the viewers are successively – or simultaneously – busybodies and onlookers, meddlers and dupes, accomplices and sceptics, co-scriptwriters and extras, witnesses and victims of three machinations: Elster's, Scottie's and – above both of them, permanent and masterly – Hitchcock's.

■ Translated by Mar Diestro-Dópido

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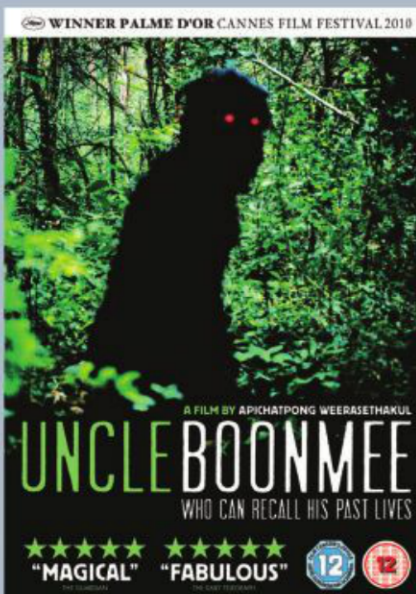
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Reviews

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.....
The Extraordinary Adventures of Adèle Blanc-Sec Newcomer Louise Bourgoin is excellent as Adèle, but despite her fearless attitude, her character doesn't come close to being a real action heroine; she remains a gorgeous woman in lovely period frocks **p56**
.....

The last round-up

The sheep-herders' life romanticised in 'Brokeback Mountain' is the focus of the immersive new documentary 'Sweetgrass', which captures both the harshness and the grandeur of a vanishing world. By Kieron Corless

Sweetgrass

Lucien Castaing-Taylor, 2009

Strange to relate that one of the year's most striking cinematic experiences so far is a documentary starring 3,000 sheep. They're pretty much the first beings we encounter in Lucien Castaing-Taylor's *Sweetgrass*, the thunderous multitude impressing itself on our ears initially, until eventually it pours from off screen into a fixed-camera shot – a cascading river of sheep in bleating tumult, corralled by dogs and herders down a gentle incline and off into the blurred distance, a seemingly irresistible and endless flow eventually arrested by an image of a lone sheep returning the camera's studied gaze with placid curiosity.

Already in these opening scenes certain preoccupations become apparent, borne out as the film progresses. Collective experience will figure – and matter – as much as that of individuals, a dialectical back and forth. And the sheep will be anything but peripheral players; in *Sweetgrass*, evoking their apprehension of the world – and observing the relationship between humans and animals – will be central concerns.

Castaing-Taylor and Ilsa Barbash, who produced *Sweetgrass*, are academics based at Harvard, a husband-and-wife team who style themselves 'visual anthropologists'; their previous films include *Made in U.S.A.* (1987), exposing child labour in Los Angeles, and *In and out of Africa* (1992), about the African art trade. The seeds of *Sweetgrass* were sown when the duo chanced upon a family of Norwegian-American herders in Montana who were among the last to trail their sheep inordinately long distances to public land up in the mountains for summer pasture, thanks to a grazing permit passed down over generations – a practice that's existed since the 19th century.

Shooting over three years, Castaing-Taylor and Barbash were on hand in the Absaroka-Beartooth Mountains in 2003 to record a 150-mile sheep trail, which turned out to be the last one ever. *Sweetgrass*



Character is expressed through action, and what speech there is can be hard to understand – guttural noises directed at the sheep, dogs and horses

ends up being an understatedly lyrical record of the dying world of the herders and the disappearance of the old West – the curtailment of a particular relationship between humans and the natural world that will no doubt resonate widely.

The film opens in early spring with sheep-shearing and lambing, touches of frost and snow still lying on the ground. In these early stages, the film seems to be shaping up as a document of industrial farming processes along the lines of Nikolaus Geyrhalter's *Our Daily Bread* (2005), as we observe super-fast, brutally efficient shearing performed by a line of workers manhandling the sheep into submission. That brutality spills

over into the lambing, when newborns are tossed hither and thither in a bid to coax adoptive mothers, but is leavened by moments of tenderness – a typical dualism in attitude that's replayed over and over in the ensuing journey. But once the trek across the mountains starts, the rhythms become less staccato, more diffuse. At this stage the herders are almost indistinguishable, and the camera often sits at sheep's-eye level, magnetised by the creatures' strangeness and mystery.

Finally just two herders remain: John Ahern and Pat Connolly (it's never explained why the others leave). For the next weeks, until the end of summer, they'll be in charge

of this gigantic flock, on a journey fraught with difficulties and dangers – bears and wolverines, to name but two. John, the elder, is the more charismatic figure, straight from cowboy central casting; craggy and wizened, he's a laconic outsider whom it's hard to imagine anywhere but outdoors, working with the animals he clearly feels more comfortable with. In an attempt to render the camera's presence near-invisible, Castaing-Taylor strapped it on himself in a shoulder harness, becoming literally a 'recorder' (a term he prefers to 'director'), immersed in the unfolding events but not intervening in any way, instead simply observing as a way to bear witness and honour the subject.

Clarity is an illusion, Castaing-Taylor has declared, and *Sweetgrass* looks to bear out the truth of that statement. The film's aesthetic strategies are of the 'show, don't tell' variety, with viewers expected to work to get their bearings. There are no interviews or narration. Character is expressed through action rather than speech, for the most part, and what speech there is can be hard to understand – heavy dialect, or guttural noises directed at the sheep, dogs and horses. Very little information is provided; we're not even made aware of the full significance of this journey until a closing title card tells us it was the last of its kind. Barbash and Castaing-Taylor prefer to let the images speak for themselves, and they're often eloquent: the sheep-drive through a small town's main street, for example – a surreal prospect, if ever there was one. Most of all, that refusal of spoon-fed clarity bespeaks a rigour and scrupulous restraint.

If all that makes *Sweetgrass* sound worthily spartan or even – given the directors' day jobs – academic, the experience of watching it is anything but. The journey winds through some awe-inspiring scenery, the camera always alert to the play of light, shadow, colour and texture – a late-summer orange sunset spilling over the sheep as they wind down a track – with occasional zoom-ins and pull-backs producing dramatic shifts in scale and perspective.





OF SHEEP AND MEN
The sheep drive was filmed with a camera strapped to the body of 'recorderist' Lucien Castaing-Taylor, in order to minimise its obtrusive presence

The recordists' averred ideal of a judicious mingling of documentary and more artistic impulses is most apparent in the immersive sound design: up to eight sheep and herders were miked up at any given moment, now and then edited to produce gently disorienting disjunctions between what we're seeing and hearing. The resulting sense of fragmentation – of not quite standing on solid ground – gives some idea of what an incredibly complex and demanding task herding this amount of sheep can be.

The herders' microphones also serve – as much if not more so than the imagery – to lay bare the tensions at the heart of this enterprise, most obviously between received notions about cowboys' lives, endlessly promulgated in films about the West, and the bruising actuality. Pat sometimes struggles to stay on top of the job, at one point addressing the sheep in an explosive rant long on expletives Tony Soprano might blanch at – a moment that's hilarious and sad all at the same time. The harshness of

the herders' lives is framed by an impossibly beautiful landscape, a dichotomy captured most precisely and poignantly during another of Pat's despairing outbursts, this time on the phone to his mother: "I'd rather enjoy these mountains than hate them, but it's getting to the point I'm starting to hate 'em." Among other things, *Sweetgrass* is a heartfelt lament – but one with a level gaze, entirely free of sentimentality and nostalgia.

It joins a small but significant band of recent films, broadly anthropological or ethnographic in nature, recording ways of living and working that are on the verge of obsolescence – films by the likes of Wang Bing, Feng Yan, Sharon Lockhart, Uruphong Raksasad and Eugenio Polgovsky. *Sweetgrass* is a fine addition to their number, not least in its mode of address to its subject – respectful, questioning, intelligent, even angry on some level. You wouldn't want to push the analogy too far, but the quality of attention it requires and instils – the dedication and perseverance – feel as anachronistic and endangered in today's corporate film culture as the people and ways of life being documented.

We learn from a title card at the end that the Raisland-Allestad

Ranch in Sweetgrass County Montana, where the film began, shut down in 2004, after more than a hundred years of existence. Just before that we've seen John, at the culmination of the journey, driven off in a pick-up truck. "What will you do now?" the driver asks,

a little too pointedly. As ever, John's reply is evasive and halting, but his stoic resignation is underwritten with unease and anxiety, his plight representative of that of many others heading towards a similarly uncertain and precarious future.

For credits and synopsis, see page 75

Working on the hoof

Lucien Castaing-Taylor on the making of 'Sweetgrass'

We [Castaing-Taylor and producer Ilsa Barbash] began work on this film in the spring of 2001. Living at the time in Colorado, we heard about a family of Norwegian-American sheep-herders in Montana, who were among the last to trail their sheep long distances – about 150 miles each year, all of it on hoof – up to the mountains for summer pasture. I visited them during lambing, and was so taken with the magnitude of their life – at once its allure and its arduousness – that we ended up working with them intensively over the coming years.

'Sweetgrass' depicts the twilight of a defining chapter in the history of the American West, the dying world of western herders – descendants of Scandinavian and northern European homesteaders – as they struggle to make a living in an era increasingly inimical to their interests. Set in Big Sky Country, in



CASTAING-TAYLOR & BARBASH

a landscape of remarkable scale and beauty, the film portrays a lifeworld coloured by an intense propinquity between nature and culture – one that has been integral to the fabric of human existence throughout history, but which is almost unimaginable for the urban masses of today. Spending the summers high in the Rocky Mountains, among the herders, the sheep and their predators, was a transcendent experience that will stay with me for the rest of my days.

The Adjustment Bureau

USA 2011

Director: George Nolfi

With Matt Damon, Emily Blunt, Anthony Mackie, Terence Stamp
Certificate 12A 105m 48s

After the likes of *Total Recall* (1990), *Minority Report* (2002) and *A Scanner Darkly* (2006), this is the latest paranoid thriller to take its cue from the writings of Philip K. Dick. The source is a 20-page vignette from 1954 titled 'Adjustment Team', in which a lowly pen-pusher gets an accidental glimpse of the hitherto unsuspected organisation that keeps the world on track, witnessing his workplace and colleagues turned to lifeless shapes while the eponymous agency performs its necessary alterations. In expanding Dick's tantalising nugget to feature length, *Ocean's Twelve* and *Bourne Ultimatum* writer George Nolfi (here also making his directorial debut) retains only the central conceit of our world being shepherded along by agents of a grand plan, bolstering it with a love story to heighten the stakes of the conflict between predetermination and free will. Not only does Matt Damon's hotshot politico David Norris learn of the (renamed) Adjustment Bureau's grip on mankind's every move, he also faces losing the love of his life (Emily Blunt) because their union isn't laid down in the Chairman's big book. Curiously, while this beefed-up plot is obviously intended to give dramatic heft to the story's conceptual machinations, it actually provides a context in which the love story becomes the film's driving force, exposing the speculative framework as a somewhat rickety construct.

This is convincing in the case of Damon's David Norris, who decries the lack of authenticity in the political sphere, but is torn between his longstanding career path of public service and the desire to hang loose with the one he loves. The Adjustment Bureau and their predetermined future coming between the pair thus proves



Maladjusted: Matt Damon

an engaging spin on the tragic love story, since the challenge in such material is finding up a good enough reason to split the tale's Romeo and Juliet asunder. That said, we still don't have to take the Bureau's men in trilby hats and snappy suits terribly seriously – though John Slattery of TV's *Mad Men* certainly looks the part – not least because their seemingly portentous all-in-God's-plan Judeo-Christian worldview sits uneasily with the ad hoc specifics of their operational procedures. They can't keep tabs on humans when they're near water, for instance, which explains conscience-racked agent Anthony Mackie's preference for meeting David on the Staten Island Ferry. Oh, and the network of secret passages the Bureau uses to negotiate the Big Apple can only be accessed when wearing a hat, and turning the door handles clockwise. As a result, the film's musings on free will and the powers of 'the Chairman', especially when Terence Stamp's badass agent Thompson weighs in with a potted history of mankind's failings any time the celestial stabilisers have been taken off, prove more the stuff of a *Twilight Zone* episode than the seminary.

Not that this really hampers our enjoyment, it must be said, since the

film, however grievous its flaws, presents itself throughout as an essentially lighthearted diversion, dotted with romance, much *Bourne*-style dashing around and the odd dab of existential musing. It certainly doesn't withstand sustained analysis, and Nolfi's direction lacks visceral punch, yet the component parts are likeable enough for us not to feel shortchanged. And who, ultimately, can resist the idea that a single kiss can alter the course of human history? ➔ **Trevor Johnston**

CREDITS

Directed by

George Nolfi

Produced by

Michael Hackett

George Nolfi

Bill Carraro

Chris Moore

Screenplay

George Nolfi

Based upon the short story 'Adjustment Team' by Philip K. Dick

Director of Photography

John Toll

Edited by

Jay Rabinowitz

Production Designer

Kevin Thompson

Music

Thomas Newman

©MRC II Distribution

Company LP

Production Companies

Universal Pictures and Media Rights Capital

present a Gambit Pictures production in association with Electric Shepherd productions

A film by George Nolfi

Executive Producers

Ira Dick Hackett

Jonathan Gordon

Co-producers

Joel Viertel

Michael Bederman

Associate Producer

Eric Kripke

Unit Production Managers

Michael Bederman

Bill Carraro

2nd Unit:

Dana Robin

Additional Photography:

Carla Raji

Production Co-ordinators

Kate Kelly

Additional Photography:

Lindsay Feldman

Production Controller

Gavin Behrman

Supervising Location Manager

Rob Striem

Location Manager

Damon Gordon

Post-production Supervisor

Jennifer Lane

2nd Unit Director

G.A. Aguilar

Assistant Directors

1st: Stephen X. Apicella

2nd: Justin Ritson

2nd Unit

1st: Chris Sargent

2nd: Taka Kawakami

Additional Photography

1st: H.H. Cooper

2nd: Jennifer Truelove

Script Supervisors

Mary Bailey

2nd Unit:

Renee Burke

Shelia Page

Additional Photography:

Thomas Johnston

Casting

Amanda Mackey

Cathy Sandrich Gelfond

2nd Unit Director of Photography/Operator

Lukasz Jogalla

Camera Operators

A: Bruce MacCallum

B: Stephen Consentino

Additional Photography

A: Patrick Capone

B: Dave Thompson

Steadicam Operators

Stephen Consentino

Additional Photography:

Dave Thompson

Chief Lighting Technicians

Jim Plannette

Bill Almeida

Key Grip

Mitch Lillian

Visual Effects Supervisor

Mark Russell

Visual Effects by

Rhino-Gravity

Big Film Design

Brainstorm Digital

Phosphene

Wildfire Visual Effects

Special Effects Co-ordinator

Steve Kirshoff

Planbook Design/Senior Graphics Supervisor

J. John Corbett

Art Director

Stephen Carter

Set Decorator

Susan Bode Tyson

Property Master

Ann Miller

Construction Co-ordinator

Joseph Altieri

Costume Designer

Kasia Walicka Maimone

Costume Supervisor

Dave Davenport

Wardrobe Supervisor

Additional Photography:

Carmia Marshall

Make-up Department Head

Evelyn Noraz

Key Make-up Artist

Louise McCarthy

Hair Department Head

Kay Georgiou

Key Hairstylist

Jasen Joseph Sica

Titles

Rhino-Gravity

Instrumental Soloists

George Doering

Steve Tavaglione

Rick Cox

Dan Greco

Mike Fisher

Zach Danziger

Orchestrations by

J.A.C. Redford

Soundtrack

"Future's Bright" by

Richard Ashcroft,

Thomas Newman –

Richard Ashcroft; "Let

Your Body Loose" –

Gleedsville; "Groove

Ensemble" – Joey K;

"Mr. Correct" – They

Might Be Giants; "Fever

(Adam Freeland

Extended Remix)" –

Sarah Vaughan; "Are

You Ready?" – Richard

Ashcroft, The United

Nations of Sound

Choreographer/Dance

Coach for Ms Blunt

Benoit-Swan Poutler

Production Sound Mixer

Danny Michael

2nd Unit Sound Mixer

Michael Barosky

Re-recording Mixers

Roberto Fernandez

Dave Paterson

Robert Hein

Supervising Sound Editors

Robert Hein

Dave Paterson

Stunt Co-ordinator

G.A. Aguilar

CAST

Matt Damon

David Norris

Emily Blunt

Elise Sellas

Anthony Mackie

Harry Mitchell

John Slattery

Richardson

Michael Kelly

Charlie Traynor

Terence Stamp

Thompson

Lisa Thoreson

Florence Kastriner

suburban moms

Phyllis McBryde

Natalie E. Carter

suburban neighbours

Chuck Scarborough

John Stewart

themselves

Captain Gregory P.

Hitcher

US Coast Guard officer

Darrell James

LeNormand

upstate farmer

Mayor Michael R.

Bloomberg

himself

Kar

R.J. Konner

political consultants

Susan D. Michaels

reporter

Gregory Lay

Albert, campaign aide

Lauren Hodges

Robyn, campaign aide

James Carville

Mary Matalin

themselves

Amanda Mason

Warren

senior campaign aide

Anthony Ruivivar

McCrady

Sandhi Santini

Laurie Dawn

Norris supporters

Christine Lucas

Christine, Charlie's

assistant

Betty Liu

herself

Jim Edward Gately

man in Madison Square

Park

Don Hewitt Sr

bus driver

Venida Evans

Kyoko Bruguera

David Gregoire

bus passengers

Julie Hays

Susan, RSR receptionist

Fabrizio Brienza

Miller

David Bishins

Burdensky

Kate Nowlin

Rob Yang

junior partners

Jennifer Ehle

Brooklyn Ice House

bartender

Johnny Cicco

Johnny from Red Hook

Pedro Pascal

Paul De Santo, maitre d'

Michael Boyne

New Leaf waiter

Sarah Bradford

New Leaf waitress

Pete Epstein

taxi driver

Brian Haley

Police Officer Maes

Kirsty Meares

police sergeant

Laura Kenley

Onieals waitress

Jessica Lee Keller

Lauren, Elise's best

friend

Donnie Keshawarz

Donaldson

Kieran Campion

Donaldson's aide

Sandi Carroll

</

Battle Los Angeles

USA 2011

Director: Jonathan Liebesman
With Aaron Eckhart, Michelle Rodriguez, Ramon Rodriguez
Certificate 12A 116m 4s

From *Dante's Peak* and *Volcano* through *Deep Impact* and *Armageddon* to *Despicable Me* and *Megamind*, cinema is littered with similarly themed films released at nearly the same time – and now aliens can be seen invading the City of Angels in both the Strause brothers' modestly financed indie *Skyline* (2010) and Jonathan Liebesman's big-budget tent-pole *Battle Los Angeles* (not to mention Asylum's straight-to-video 'mockbuster' *Battle of Los Angeles*). The connection between the two films is complicated by the fact that the Strauses' company Hy•drau•lx also furnished visual effects for *Battle Los Angeles*.

Certainly both films open in *medias res*, and both boast spectacular special effects, but there are striking differences in their details. Where *Skyline* shows an alien apocalypse unfolding from the perspective of beleaguered civilians in a condominium and ends on the sort of bleak note that could only be possible in an independent production, *Battle Los Angeles* embeds viewers on the ground with a platoon of Marines, deploying the sort of chaotic realism familiar from films such as *Saving Private Ryan* (1998) – and, more pertinently, from videogames such as *Call of Duty* – and ends with the defiant triumphalism of *Independence Day* (1996). It's a gung-ho recruiting sergeant for the armed forces, with an enemy that conveniently lacks a recognisable human form to problematise the film's unquestioning militarism. So even when an injured alien is shown undergoing a live autopsy to determine how best to kill its kind, the film makes no attempt to elicit our sympathies for this dehumanised POW, or our abhorrence for its torturers. If the aliens' goal is to take Earth's water for their fuel, the film never pauses to reflect on America's own history of adventurism abroad for dwindling resources, or the likelihood that future human wars will also be over water. While the ending, with the heroes heading straight back for further dangerous combat, formally evokes the final sequence of Kathryn Bigelow's *The Hurt Locker* (2008), it lacks the critical intelligence or psychological insight to make anything interesting of this resemblance.

Instead there is cliché-riddled dialogue (mostly comprising macho posturing) and a parade of thinly sketched characters – the ageing, guilt-stricken staff sergeant (Aaron Eckhart), the resentful corporal (Cory Hardict), the top-of-his-class rookie commander (Ramon Rodriguez) with the pregnant wife, the veteran (Jim Parrack) struggling to overcome post-traumatic stress, etc – whose narrative arcs are entirely predictable from the moment they're introduced. It's a platoon's worth

SYNOPSIS Los Angeles, August 2011. Racked by guilt over a disastrous tour in Afghanistan, Marine Staff Sergeant Michael Nantz tenders his resignation. As he is completing his last training session, alien forces begin a massive coastal attack on the world's major cities. When his platoon is mobilised, Nantz is asked to accompany its rookie commander Martinez. Ordered to evacuate civilians from a police station before the Air Force levels Santa Monica, the platoon comes under heavy alien fire en route, and is joined by survivors from other Marine units. They recover five civilians from the police station but a flying drone destroys their rescue helicopter. Helped by the veterinarian Michele, they determine how to kill the aliens by performing a live autopsy on an injured one. Fleeing by bus, they come under attack; although Nantz brings down an alien drone single-handed, a freeway battle results in many casualties until a gravely injured Martinez destroys the advancing aliens along with himself. When the airstrike fails to come, Nantz and the others discover that their forward operating base has been destroyed. As a helicopter lifts them out of the battle zone, Nantz realises that the alien command centre is nearby, and returns to the ground, joined by his remaining Marines. Under heavy attack, they laser target the command centre for a missile strike, destroying the aliens' air support. Nantz and his unit head back to retake L.A.

of unengaging subplots that fails to cover over the lack of anything like a thoughtful subtext.

Battle: Los Angeles can hardly be taken seriously, but unlike the otherwise not dissimilar *Starship Troopers* (1997) and *Team America: World Police* (2004), it has no obvious satirical intent; and so, like any jokeless comedy, it falls completely flat. ➡ **Anton Bitel**

CREDITS

Directed by Jonathan Liebesman
Produced by Neal H. Moritz
Ori Marmur
Written by Chris Bertolini
Director of Photography Lukas Ettlin
Editor Christian Wagner
Production Designer Peter Wenham
Music Brian Tyler

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Production Companies Columbia Pictures presents in association with Relativity Media an Original Film production
Executive Producers Jeffrey Chernov
David Greenblatt
Associate Producer Lisa Rodgers
Unit Production Manager Tommy Harper
Production Supervisors Karen Jamecke
Additional Unit: Charles Rapp
Production Co-ordinator Ellen J. Porter
Production Accountant Edward Allen
Location Manager Ed Lipscomb
Assistant Directors 1st: J. Michael Haynie
1st: Scott Thaler
2nd: Richard Oswald
Script Supervisor Dawn Gilliam
Casting Debra Zane
Louisiana: Craig Fincannon
Mark Fincannon
Lisa Mae Fincannon
Additional Unit Director of Photography Robert Bruce McCleery
Camera Operators A: Lukasz Bielani
B: B.J. McDonnell
C: Brown Cooper

Steadicam Operator B.J. McDonnell
Gaffer Dan Cornwall
Key Grips Kurt Grossi
Additional Unit: Kenneth Coblenz
Visual Effects Supervisor: Everett Burrell
Producer: Kevin Elam
Co-ordinator: Catherine Liu
Visual Effects by Hy•drau•lx
Cinesite
Spin
The Embassy Visual Effects
Luma Pictures
Soho VFX
Intelligent Creatures
Shade VFX
Modern VideoFilm
Special Effects Supervisor Stan Parks
Miniatures by Cinema Production Services
Additional Editors Michael Tronick
Leigh Folsom-Boyd
Supervising Art Director Thomas Valentine
Art Directors Scott Plausche
Andrew Neskoromny
Chris Spellman
Set Designers Daniel Jennings
Jann Engel
Set Decorator Robert Kensingler
Alien Concept Artist Paul Gerrard
Property Master Gary F. Tuers
Construction Co-ordinator Randall S. Coe
Costume Designer Sanja Milkovic Hays
Costume Supervisor Camille Argus
Make-up Department Head Joel Harlow
Key Make-up Artist Kim Ayers
Alien Creature Effects Department Head: Joel Harlow
Shop Supervisor: Steve Buscaino

Creature Design TyRuben Ellingson
Hair Department Head Gloria P. Casny
Key Hair Stylist Jules Holdren
End Titles Wildfire Titles
Soundtrack "California Love" – 2Pac
featuring Dr. Dre, Roger Troutman; "Deal Wit It" – Afu-Ra featuring Jahdon, Kardinal Offishall; "Take It Back" – Skillet; "Live by the Game" – Freddie Gibbs
Production Mixer Paul Ledford
Re-recording Mixers Paul Massey
David Giammarco
Supervising Sound Editor Jon Johnson
Stunt Co-ordinator Joey Box
Senior Military Technical Adviser Jim Dever
Military Technical Adviser Tom Minder

CAST

Aaron Eckhart
Sgt Michael Nantz
Michelle Rodriguez
Tsgt Elena Santos
Ramon Rodriguez
2nd Lt William Martinez
Bridget Moynahan
Michele Ne-Yo
Cpl Kevin Harris
Michael Peña
Joe Rincón
Lucas Till
Cpl Scott Grayston
Cory Hardict
Cpl Jason Lockett
Adetokunbo M'Cormack
Corpsman Jibril Adulkuwu
Jim Parrack
Cpl Peter Kerns
Will Rothhaar
Cpl Lee Imlay
Neil Brown Jr
Cpl Richard Guerrero
Noel Fisher
Pfc Shaun Lenihan
Taylor Handley
Cpl Corey Simmons
James Hiroyuki Liao
Cpl Steven Mottola
Gino Anthony Pesi
Cpl Nick Stavrou
Joey King
Kirsten Bryce Cass
Hector Rincón
Jadin Gould
Amy Kenneth Brown Jr
Cpl Richard Oswald
Joe Chrest
1st Sgt John Roy
Roger Mitchell
Company Captain E Rus Blackwell
Lt Col K.N. Ritchie

Susie Abromeit
Amanda Brandi Coleman
Cherise Elizabeth L. Keener
Kathryn Martinez
Jessica Heap
Jessy David Jensen
psychiatrist
Stacey Turner
Tom Hillmann
Chris Lena Clark
reporters on TV
Jamie Norwood
flower shop employee
Todd Cochran
command hanger marine
Nzinga Blake
Adukuwu's sister
Taryn Southern
reporter on beach
Jim Dever
Sgt Major

Dolby Digital/DTS/SDDS
In Colour
Prints by DeLuxe
[2.35:1]

Distributor Sony Pictures Releasing
10,446 ft +0 frames

Beastly

USA 2011

Directors: Daniel Barnz
With Vanessa Hudgens, Alex Pettyfer, Mary-Kate Olsen
Certificate 12A 86m 3s

Transferring *Beauty and the Beast* to a contemporary high-school setting, *Beastly* lacks Renaissance fair costumes to aid suspension of disbelief. The scene is laid instead in a production designer's New York City, as unfamiliar as Once Upon a Time, in a prep school that looks as if it were founded ten minutes before filming began.

With a wave of the wand, Mary-Kate Olsen's Kendra (whose lavish teen-sorceress outfits you can't imagine fitting behind a student desk) turns arrogant, handsome Kyle into a Michael Berryman lookalike. *Beastly* brings such magic happenings into the modern world by not dwelling on their outlandishness ("Everyone knows that story," is one shrug-off line). Kyle accepts his curse, and no one else has occasion to press him on it. The matter-of-factness approaches *The Metamorphosis*.

In fact, writer/director Daniel Barnz is adapting Alex Flinn's young-adult novel, in dialogue so on-the-nose as to have a bald, first-draft quality. British model-turned-actor Pettyfer's careful Yank accent and precisely enunciated line readings almost pull it off as stylisation. Less so Vanessa Hudgens as Lindy, the decent scholarship kid whose character is established with chirped self-description ("I'm substance over style") and glimpses of depthful 'interests' on a social networking site ("Better Healthcare for All. Che: REVOLUCIÓN"). Hudgens, a veteran of the *High School Musical* films, is one of that stock of chipmunk-cheeked pop starlet-actresses that Walt Disney has patented the DNA for. She is unaffected, attractive, and would be impossible to pick out from a magazine spread a week after seeing her.

There is craftsmanship at work on *Beastly*, if erratically. The makeup is impressive, shaking off previous iterations of the story. Pettyfer is uglified by mortified, pustule-riddled skin, traced with silver veins, briars of black ink and runic spellings of 'Embrace' and 'Suck' where his eyebrows used to be. A forearm tattoo of a gnarled tree, which changes with the seasons, counting down the passing of time, is an inspired touch.

Director Barnz and DP Mandy Walker compose some classical heartache images, such as Kyle despondently padding down a platform as Lindy's train pulls out of the station along with the camera, while she, leaning against the window, opens his thick, longhand love letter. Such palpating interludes make other moments of obvious indifference all the more baffling – are these the same filmmakers who stage a climactic kiss in front of a wall of product placement, a vanilla anticlimax recalling Dietrich's moan to Cocteau: "Where is my beautiful beast?" ➡ **Nick Pinkerton**

SYNOPSIS New York City, the present. Despite a confessed lack of interest in environmental issues, Kyle Kingsbury is running for his high school's 'Green Committee'. Wealthy, handsome and popular, he is expected to win the election.

Kyle's forthright arrogance – which he inherits from his anchorman father – attracts the ire of goth classmate Kendra. When Kyle unwisely humiliates her as 'Frankenskank' Kendra, she places a hex on him. He becomes bald, ugly and covered in tattoo-like markings. If he can't find someone to say "I love you" to him within a year, the disfigurement will be permanent.

Kyle's father sends him to Brooklyn where he is home-schooled by blind tutor Will and sympathetically waited on by the Jamaican maid he recently treated with offhand nastiness. He begins to stalk Lindy, a former classmate. When Lindy's drug-addict father gets in trouble, bringing the threat of violent retribution over her, Kyle intervenes and offers his house as a hideout.

At first Kyle tries shyly and unsuccessfully to buy Lindy's affections while hiding behind a mask and an assumed name. Soon, however, he begins to relax and the two become friends. A trip upstate brings Kyle and Lindy to the edge of romance, though a misunderstanding pulls them apart as the deadline for Kyle's curse approaches. They are reconciled at the last minute, and Kyle's true identity is revealed.

CREDITS

Directed by
Daniel Barnz
Produced by
Susan Cartsonis
Screenplay
Daniel Barnz
Based on the novel by
Alex Flinn
**Director of
Photography**
Mandy Walker
Editor
Thomas J. Nordberg
Production Designer
Rusty Smith
Music
Marcelo Zarvos

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Companies**
CBS Films presents a
Storefront Pictures
production
Executive Producer
Michael Flynn
**Unit Production
Manager**
Michael Flynn
Production Manager
Manon Bougie
**Production
Co-ordinator**
Hélène Muller
**Production
Accountant**
Steven Butensky
Location Manager
Pierre Brunet
**Post-production
Supervisor**
Eric Bergman
Assistant Directors
1st: George Bamber
1st: Andrew Robinson
2nd: Caroline Landry
2nd: Emily Hunt-
McGovern
Script Supervisor
Isabelle Favre-Duboz
Casting Director
Sarah Hally Finn
Canadian Casting
Andrea Kenyon
Randi Wells
**Insert Unit Director
of Photography**
Sylvaine Dufaux

Camera Operators
A. François
Archambault
B. Alfonso Maiorana
Steadicam Operator
François Archambault
**Chief Lighting
Technician**
Sylvain Bernier
1st Company Grip
Kenneth MacKenzie
**Supervising Visual
Effects Producer**
Dennis Berardi
**Visual Effects
Supervisor**
Kevin Quatman
Digital Visual Effects
Mr. X Inc.
**Additional Visual
Effects**
Juggernaut FX
Custom Film Effects
Look Effects, Inc.
**Special Effects
Supervisor**
Ryal Cosgrove
Model Maker
Mathieu Giguère
**Supervising Art
Director**
Isabelle Guay
Art Director
Jean-Pierre Paquet
Set Designers
Frédéric Amblard
Brent Lambert
Lucie Paquet
Head Set Decorator
Paul Hotte
Set Decorators
Martine Kazemirchuk
David Larany
Daniel Hamelin
Property Master
Claire Alary
**Construction
Supervisor**
Michel Brochu
Costume Designer
Suttrair Larab
Costume Supervisor
Blanche Boileau
**Make-up Department
Head**
Annick Chartier
**Special Effects
Make-up**
Jamie Kelman

C.J. Goldman
Puppeteers
Isabelle Thivierge
Danny Carbonneau
Yves Simard
Martin Vaillancourt
Sylvain Gagnon
Marie-Claude
Labrecque
**Hairstylist Department
Head**
Corald Giroux
Titles
Thomas Cobb Group
End Credit Crawl
Scarlet Letters
Orchestra Conductor
David Sabee
Orchestrations
Philip Rothman
Mark Bachle
Score Produced by
Marcelo Zarvos
Teese Gohl
Soundtrack
"Vanity" – Lady Gaga;
"Mayan Drumming" –
Johnny C and the
Mayans; "On the Radio"
– Regina Spektor;
"Wonderland" – Natalia
Kills; "Garden of Exile"
– Toby Martin; "Get Free"
– The Vines; "Boys and
Girls"; "Broken Arrow" –
Pixie Lott; "Crashing" –
Gersey;
"Transatlanticism" –
Death Cab for Cutie; "All
Day and All of the Night"
– Vanessa Hudgens;
"Today Is the Day" – Tim
Myers; "The Long
Goodbye" – Army Navy;
"Breathe in Breathe
Out" – Mat Kearney;
"Forever and a Day" –
Jem; "Heaven" – Fire
Theft
**Production Sound
Mixer**
Patrick Rousseau
Re-recording Mixers
Gregory H. Watkins
Timothy O. Le Blanc
**Supervising Sound
Editors**
Stephen Hunter Flick
Avram D. Gold
Stunt Co-ordinator
Marc Désourdy

CAST

Vanessa Hudgens
Lindy
Alex Pettyfer
Kyle Kingsbury
Mary-Kate Olsen
Kendra
Peter Krause
Rob
Lisagay Hamilton
Zola
Neil Patrick Harris
Will
Justin Bradley
student
Dakota Johnson
Sloan
Erik Knudsen
Trey
Karl Graboshas
male teacher
Jonathan Dubsky
student at green party
David Francis
Dr Davis
**Rhiannon Moller-
Trotter**
Halloween partygoer
Steve Godin
junkie
Gio Perez
Victor
Roc LaFortune
Lindy's father
Miguel Mendoza
Victor's brother
Julie Dretzin
Rob's assistant

**Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS**
In Colour
Prints by
DeLuxe
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Paramount Pictures UK

7,744 ft +1 frame



Gruesome twosome: Kurosawa Asuka, Denden

Cold Fish

Japan 2011

Director: Sono Sion

With Fukukoshi Mitsuru,
Denden, Kurosawa Asuka

In the mid-1990s, in Japan's Saitama Prefecture, exotic dog breeder Sekine Gen and his common-law wife Kazama Hiroko poisoned at least four people and then sliced up the bodies. The couple would eventually hang for their crimes, while Yamazaki Nagayuki, an employee who helped them dispose of the bodies, would receive a three-year prison sentence.

While this cause célèbre has clearly inspired Sono Sion's *Cold Fish*, even the familiar authenticating 'based on a true story' formula with which the film opens pulses to a percussive score

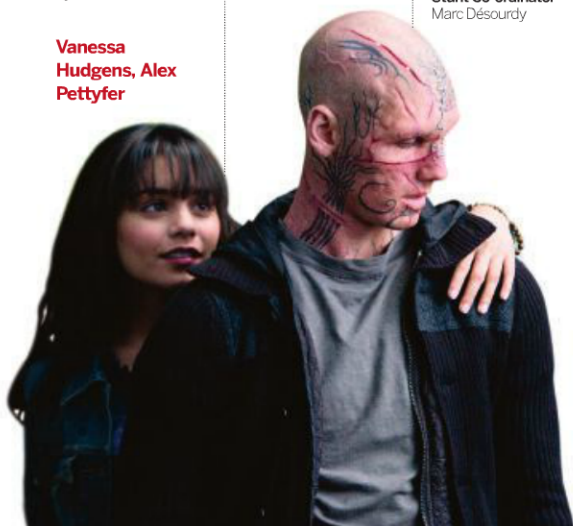
and is presented in an explosively bold and alienating English typeface that hardly seems to promise realism, let alone reality. The caption that appears moments later – "3-2, Saeki-cho, Fujimi City, Shizuoka, Japan" – may seem to locate the scene with documentary realism but it also confirms the filmmaker's readiness to mix fact and fiction, since the real Fujimi City is in Saitama rather than Shizuoka, and played no part in the original case. Likewise there is no such place as Mount Harakiri – the location of the isolated shack where the corpses are meticulously dismembered – though it isn't hard to see why Sono has fixed on this name for a setting that will ultimately stage an act of suicide (also entirely unrelated to the facts of the real case).

Freely changing dates and names, introducing preoccupations (religious imagery, deviant sexuality, the legacy

SYNOPSIS January 2009, Fujimi City, Japan. Shamoto Nobuyuki runs a small tropical-fish outlet from the dysfunctional home he shares with Taeko, his jaded second wife, and Mitsuko, his resentful teen daughter from his first marriage. When Mitsuko is caught shoplifting, middle-aged tropical-fish salesman Yukio intercedes and invites the Shamotos to visit his much bigger 'Fish Centre', where his attractive wife Aiko suggests that Mitsuko move in and join the shop's staff. Yukio begins a sadistic affair with Taeko, who persuades her husband to become Yukio's business partner. Nobuyuki is introduced to Yukio's 'legal consultant' Tsutsui and an investor named Yoshida, who is poisoned by Aiko as soon as he has handed over cash for a suspicious fish-breeding enterprise. The horrified Nobuyuki is railroaded into driving Yukio and Aiko to an isolated shack where they expertly slice up Yoshida's body for disposal. Trapped by his own complicity, Nobuyuki helps Yukio and Tsutsui with their cover story. The police warn Nobuyuki that Yukio's associates tend to vanish. Tsutsui asks Nobuyuki to help murder Yukio when the time is right – but when Tsutsui brings Aiko to his house for extramarital sex, she poisons him and his chauffeur. Again, Yukio makes Nobuyuki help them dispose of the bodies, but when he further insists that Nobuyuki toughen up and even have sex with Aiko, Nobuyuki stabs them both with a pen, and forces Aiko to finish her husband off and slice him up in the shack.

After returning home, beating Mitsuko unconscious and raping Taeko, Nobuyuki calls the police and returns to the shack, where he kills Aiko in a bloody tussle. When the police arrive with Mitsuko and Taeko, Nobuyuki stabs his wife and cuts his own throat in front of an exultant Mitsuko.

Vanessa
Hudgens, Alex
Pettyfer



of parental abuse) familiar from his previous *Love Exposure* (2008) and outright inventing most of the details of his story (right down to the setting in the world of exotic fish trading), Sono is less interested in the facts of history than in more 'cosmic' truths about the human condition – much as his protagonist Shamoto Nobuyuki (Fukikoshi Mitsuru) seeks solace for his life's disappointments in the (decidedly cinema-like) interiors of the local planetarium.

While repressed, passive Nobuyuki takes refuge from his dysfunctional home situation in the stars, his new business associate, the 'fish maniac' Murata Yukio, is his polar opposite: as outsized, outlandish and predatory as the aquatic creatures that he collects, this brash and impulsive monster leaves no appetite unchecked, and kills anyone who gets in his way, fully abetted by his oversexed wife Aiko (Kurosawa Asuka). Yukio proves irresistible to milquetoast Nobuyuki, becoming all at once his dark half, his rampaging id and his Tyler Durden – and yet even as Sono relishes the comedian Denden's mercurial performance as Yukio, using a single handheld take to capture every beat in his sadistic seduction of Nobuyuki's wife Taeko (Kagurazaka Megumi), the film remains for the most part focused, unflinchingly and uncomfortably, on the undemonstrative nobody Nobuyuki as he struggles in vain against actions and emotions that, once let out of the tank, aren't as easy to 'make invisible' as Yukio's many victims.

Stylistically arresting, unbearably tense, darkly funny and devastatingly bleak, *Cold Fish* may, in all its violence, depravity and gore, prove hard work for some viewers. But as Yukio says, "Hard work brings rewards."

◆ Anton Bitel

CREDITS

Directed by
Sono Sion
Producers
Chiba Yoshinori
Kimura Toshiki
Screenplay
Sono Sion
Takahashi Yoshiki
Cinematographer
Kimura Shinya
Editor
Ito Junichi
Production Designer
Matsuzaka Takashi
Music
Harada Tomohide

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Nikkatsu
Production Companies
Nikkatsu presents the
Sushi Typhoon release
Stair Way production
Executive Producer
Sugihara Akifumi
Line Producer
Himeda Shinya
Production Manager
Miyata Kotaro
Production Supervisor
Kazuno Tsuyoshi
Assistant Director
Yoshida Satoshi
Lighting Director
Oshita Eiji
Special Effects Supervisor
Nishimura Yoshihiro
Costume Designer
Araki Satoe

Hair/Make-up
Kinebuchi Yoko
Sound Mixer
Komiya Hajime
Action Design
Sakaguchi Tak

CAST

Fukikoshi Mitsuru
Shamoto Nobuyuki
Denden
Murata Yukio
Kurosawa Asuka
Murata Aiko
Kagurazaka Megumi
Shamoto Taeko
Kajiwaru Hikari
Shamoto Mitsuko
Watanabe Tetsu
Tsutsui Takayasu

In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Third Window Films
Limited

Japanese theatrical title
Tsumetai nettaigyō

Cold Weather

USA 2009

Director: Aaron Katz

With Cris Lankenau, Trieste Kelly Dunn, Raúl Castillo, Robyn Rikoon

Aaron Katz's third feature following mumblecore efforts *Dance Party, USA* (2006) and *Quiet City* (2007) centres on Sherlock Holmes fan Doug, a twentysomething who's just dropped out of a forensics course at a college in Chicago and split up with his girlfriend Rachel. Back in his hometown Portland he flatshares with his sister Gail and takes a night job in an ice factory, where he meets Carlos, a DJ. When Rachel suddenly turns up in town, only to disappear soon afterwards in unusual circumstances, the three set out to uncover the mystery, the plot of which develops like the movements of tokens in a board game: slowly, and in the direction dictated by the randomness of the dice. Katz seems genuinely at ease mixing genre conventions – a playfully suspenseful score, a deadpan humour occasionally shading into slapstick comedy, all framed by contemplative, semi-documentary images of a mouldy-green Portland which convey the ordinariness of the characters and their newfound mystery.

So it would be inaccurate to label *Cold Weather* as another straightforward mumblecore. Though it's true there is a sense of generational aimlessness, Katz uses this as a departure point from which to create a remarkably enduring character study, reminiscent at times of his contemporary and friend Matthew Porterfield's arresting *Putty Hill* (2010). Both these American indies share a downbeat realism and an acute sense of place, and refuse to traffic in clichés. For much of the first half of *Cold Weather*, for example, there are few if any indications of where the film is heading. Katz instead gives

SYNOPSIS Portland, Oregon, the present. Doug is back in his hometown, having dropped out of his forensics degree in Chicago and split with his girlfriend Rachel. Sharing a flat with his sister Gail, he finds a job in an ice factory. Rachel turns up from Chicago to attend to some business. Rachel, Gail, Doug and his colleague Carlos all hang out, and Carlos and Rachel go to a Star Trek convention together. When Carlos invites her to his DJ session and she doesn't turn up, both Doug and Carlos start looking for her. With Gail's help, Doug eventually finds Rachel; it transpires she had to hand over a suitcase full of money to 'the Cowboy', a photographer for whom she posed naked for a porn magazine. The suitcase it transpires has been stolen. Gail, Carlos and Doug discover that the Cowboy himself has stolen the suitcase; after keeping watch on him, Gail and Doug follow him to a café where he meets with an unknown man for handover of the suitcase. Doug punctures a wheel on each man's car, and Gail steals the suitcase. They run away and eventually come to a halt in a car park.

ample space and time for his characters to reveal themselves through myriad small details and an easygoing naturalism that seems to bring the best out of a uniformly excellent cast.

Eventually, mirroring Doug's own reluctance, the film becomes a detective story, albeit an awkward, naive one, where normal people going about their lives encounter a problem and try to solve it – think a sloppier *Manhattan Murder Mystery* – by snooping around an empty hostel room and using basic decoding methods found in the library, bringing to mind Scooby Doo's clumsy Shaggy more than Doug's beloved Holmes. So it's not really surprising that Katz's final trick is to make us realise that in fact the plot has been nothing more than a macguffin, but one calculated to underline the real focus of his interest: the mystery at the core of relationships – in this instance, sibling relationships – which he analyses and portrays with the steadiness of a private eye, lingering on barely perceptible gestures, mundane silliness and inconspicuous nuances. And this is precisely where the real pleasure of the film resides: the revelation of a private microcosm set against the cold weather of Katz's industrial hometown, which in the hands of the director becomes a warm, intimate and poignantly familiar universe.

◆ Mar Diestro-Dópido

CREDITS

Directed by
Aaron Katz
Produced by
Lars Knudsen
Brendan McFadden
Ben Stambler
Jay Van Hoy
Written by
Aaron Katz
Story by
Aaron Katz
Brendan McFadden
Ben Stambler
Director of Photography
Andrew Reed
Edited by
Aaron Katz
Production Designer
Elliott Glick
Original Score
Keegan DeWitt

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Production Companies
Parts and Labor
presents in association with White Buffalo
Executive Producer
Jack Turner
Production Co-ordinator
Lucas Joaquin
Assistant Directors
1st: Brendan McFadden
1st: Ben Stambler
Portland Casting
Simon Max Hill
Camera Operator
Andrew Reed
Gaffer
Sean McElwee
Additional Editing by

The Edit Center:
Drew Boyd
Samantha Buck
John Capetanakis
Susan Forste
Sassie Freedberg
Takeshi Fukunaga
Stefan Gina
Doug Kay
Henry Kim
Zarah Kriebel
Adriana Machado
Schalk Mouton
Sean MacBride Murray
Sheila Shirazi
Isaac Urwin
Jim Warren
Art Director
Joshua Locy
Soundtrack
"Disco Connection" – Lord Rhaburn;
"Deathrace" – Deathrace
Sound Recordist
Nathan Whiteside
Re-recording Mixer/Supervising Sound Editor
Eric Offin

CAST

Cris Lankenau
Doug
Trieste Kelly Dunn
Gail
Raúl Castillo
Carlos
Robyn Rikoon
Rachel
Katy Rothert
mom
Paul Rothert
stepfather
Jerry Moyer
ice factory boss
Elliott Glick
Mike
Joshua Locy
José
Brendan McFadden
Swen
Adam Perrigan
waiter
Ben Stambler
motel clerk
Aubrey Dean
librarian
Virgil L. Howell
tobacconist
Aaron Katz
payphone voice
Zayda J
girl in magazine
Jeb S. Pearson
Jim Warden
Barry Seltzer
Spencer
Orianna Hermann
bartender

In Colour
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Axiom Films Limited



Snoop doggy Doug: Cris Lankenau

The Extraordinary Adventures of Adèle Blanc-Sec

France 2010

Director: Luc Besson

With Louise Bourgoin,
Mathieu Amalric, Gilles Lellouche
Certificate 12A 106m 55s

Reactions to *Adèle Blanc-Sec* will largely depend on the spectator's taste, or tolerance, for the wacky universe of the comic strip, the *bande dessinée*. The film is Luc Besson's adaptation of episodes from the series created by cult author Jacques Tardi in 1976 (which Besson allegedly read at the time).

It follows the fantastic adventures of young, intrepid journalist Adèle, who is involved in a doubly improbable story: the hatching of a pterodactyl at the Natural History Museum in Paris, and her attempt to retrieve the mummy of Rameses II's doctor from Egypt. The latter is needed because Adèle is counting on its magic powers to save her sister Agathe, paralysed, with a hatpin through her brain, after a tennis accident.

At home the reference point in the critical reception of the film was consistently Tardi's books, understandably in the context of the national cult around *bande dessinée*. Spectators outside France are more likely to think of Jean-Pierre Jeunet's *Amélie* (2001). Both films stage the adventures of a bold yet pretty, ultra-feminine heroine; both Jeunet and Besson also offer the same winsome mixture of a retro Parisian universe with the latest digital special effects. Although, in fact, as in *Amélie*, the accent is not so much on the special effects – despite a Bessonian budget of £26.6 million – as on the loving reconstruction of Paris. Indeed, one of the most enjoyable aspects of the film is that it is replete with delightful images of Belle Époque Paris (boulevards, bourgeois salons, museums) and tongue-in-cheek visions of the prehistoric proto-bird flying over landmark tourist spots such as the banks of the Seine and, inevitably, perching on the Eiffel Tower.

Relative newcomer Louise Bourgoin is excellent as Adèle, but despite her fearless attitude, her character doesn't



Comic-strip tease: Louise Bourgoin

ever come close to being a real action heroine. This may be partly because the film is too busy indulging in regressive humour and cluttering the image with grotesque comic figures, in particular the incompetent police officers and 'hunters' trying to catch the reptile as it terrorises the city (among them the evil Dieuleveult, played by Mathieu Amalric, though he is so truly unrecognisable that it is a waste of this brilliant actor). But it is also because Bourgoin is too prettily feminine. While Adèle has a nice line in cutting humour towards the gallery of incompetent, ancient (some literally mummies) or lovestruck men surrounding her, she remains a gorgeous woman in lovely period frocks. By contrast, Tardi's books show Adèle as refreshingly ordinary and surprisingly serious. Just as Besson undercut his heroine's lethal 'masculine' power in *Nikita* (1990) by giving her the tearful vulnerability of a girl crying for her mother, here Adèle's physical charms are somehow in excess of her tomboy exploits.

Adèle Blanc-Sec pays tribute not only to its comic-strip source but also to a strong indigenous tradition of adventure/crime literature and cinema – *Arsène Lupin* and *Fantômas* in particular come to mind, and the Louvre sequences hark back to the popular 1960s *Belphégor* television series among others. Yet it also nods quite obviously towards more recent Hollywood traditions. The ending, which sees Adèle embarking on the Titanic, is none too subtle in this respect, but particularly derivative is the *Indiana Jones*-style Egyptian episode (perhaps not surprising for someone sometimes called the French Steven Spielberg), a sequence also not untouched by some racist characterisation.

A film by Luc Besson is always an event. After directing some of the most popular French films ever (*Subway*, *Nikita*, *Léon*) he has become a hugely successful producer and promoter of popular cinema (for example through the *Arthur* and the *Minimoys* animation film and franchise). In 2006 Besson announced an end to his directorial career; hostile French critics – of whom there are many, and the feeling is reciprocated – haven't been slow to tell him it was a mistake to change his mind. *Angel-A* in 2005 was not a success, and *Adèle Blanc-Sec* reached 'only' 1.5 million viewers – a decent tally but hardly proportionate to its budget, popular credentials and cult source. As far as directing grown-up fiction is concerned, perhaps the magic Besson touch has indeed deserted him.

◆◆ **GINETTE VINCEAENDU**

CREDITS

A film by
Luc Besson
Produced by
Virginie Besson-Silla
Written by
Luc Besson
Based on the comic books [*Adèle et la Bête* and *Momies en Folie*] by [Jacques] Tardi
Director of Photography
Thierry Arbogast
Art Director
Hugues Tissandier
Editor
Julien Rey
Original Music/Conductor
Eric Serra

©EuropaCorp, Apipoulai Prod, TF1 Films Production
Production Companies
A EuropaCorp, TF1 Films Production, Apipoulai Prod co-production in association with Sofica EuropaCorp and Cofinova 6 with the participation of Canal+ Egypt Production Services: Mistr International Film
Production Manager
Thierry Guilmard
Production Co-ordinator
Dominique Guerin
Post-production Supervisors
Eric Bassoff
Agnès Berger-Sebenne
2nd Unit Directors
Pierre Morel
Roger Delattre
Assistant Directors
1st: Stef Gluck
2nd: Emmanuelle

Fourault
2nd: Fabien Ricour
Script Supervisor
Mali Cilla
Casting Director
Swan Pham
Steadicam Operator
Mathieu Caudroy
Gaffer
William Gally
Key Grip
Jean-Pierre Mas
Visual Effects
Pierre Buffin
3D Visual Effects
BUF
Additional Digital Effects
Duran Duboi
Special Effects Supervisor
Olivier Gleyze
Special Effects
Les Versallais
Costume Designer
Olivier Beriot
Key Make-up
Stéphane Lagadic-Robert
Make-up
Helen Murphy
Florence Batteault
Key Special Make-up Effects
Jean-Christophe Spadaccini
Special Make-up Effects
Denis Gastou
Guy Bonnel
Geoffroy Felley
Sylvie Ferry
Sébastien Imart
Christophe Chabenet
Key Hair Stylist
Mathieu Gueraçague
Symphonic Music Performed by
L'Orchestre Symphonique de Paris
Orchestrations

Geoffrey Alexander
Music Supervisor
Michael Wijnen
Soundtrack
"Can Can no.3" by Jacques Offenbach – Cincinnati Pops Orchestra; "La Valse des Faubourgs" – Marcell; "The Merry Wives of Windsor Overture" by Carl Otto Nicolai; "Adèle Blanc-Sec" – Thomas Dutronc; Louise Bourgoin; "Nini la Gigolette" – Yohane Gilbert; "In the Hall of the Mountain King" from "Peer Gynt" by Edvard Grieg; "J'ai deux amours" – Josephine Baker; "L'Adèle" – Catherine Ringer
French Cancan Sequence Choreographer
Estelle Daniere Dacruz
Sound Recordist/Editor
Ken Yasumoto
Sound Mixers
François Joseph Hors Vincent Cosson
Sound Editor
Selim Azzazi
Stunt Co-ordinator
Philippe Guegan

CAST

Louise Bourgoin
Adèle Blanc-Sec
Mathieu Amalric
Professor Dieuleveult
Gilles Lellouche
Inspector Caponi
Jean-Paul Rouve
Justin de Saint-Hubert, big game hunter
Jacky Nercessian
Professor Marie-Joseph Esperandieu
Philippe Nahon
Professor Menard
Nicolas Giraud
Andrej Zborowski
Laure de Clermont
Agathe Blanc-Sec
Gérard Chaillou
President Falières
Serge Bagdassarian
Ferdinand Choupard
Claire Pault
Nicole Gambert; "Nini les Gambettes"; cancan lead
François Chattet
Raymond Pointrénaud
Stanislas de La Touche
Pointrénaud's driver
Youssef Hajdi
Aziz
Mohamed Aroussi
Egyptian traitor
Moussa Maaskri
Akbar
Mostefa Zerguine
Setimothep
Sayed Mohamed
Egyptian fisherman
François Coffinet
Egyptian doctor
Gregory Ragot
Bertrand's assistant
Tonio Descanville
Bertrand
Pierre Khorsand
newspaper seller by Louvre
Guillaume Briat
newspaper seller by Porte St Denis
Swann Arlaud
newspaper seller by Elysée
Jean-Louis Barcelona
Louis
Max Delor
Minister of the Interior
Cyrille Dobbels
Lépine, prefect
Patrick Chupin
Dugommier
Philippe Girard
Cheval
Eric Naggar
M. Xavier, Adèle's publisher
Manu Layotte
porter
Jean-Lou de Tapia
taxi driver
Monique Maclair
Miranda

Mick Gondouin
prison guard
Jean-Pierre Prevotat
lawyer
Dominique Macaire
Luc Martin
prison guards
Christophe Bouisse
Fabien Behar
Michel Aymard
journalists
Yves Espargiliere
prison guard interested in food
Jérôme Courtois
prisoner not interested in food
Michel Saily
Armand Petit-Blanchard, prison cook
Elise Marie
Eiffel Tower waitress
Gilles Morin
farmer
Christophe Carotenuto
young prison guard
Jean-Michel Molé
Vincennes guard
Cédric Tuffier
sleeping prison guard
Pascal Loison
prisoner
Jérôme Bruno
president's security man
Roland Marchisio
tongue-tied policeman
Armand Elói
Frédérique Bel
Christophe Seureau
bourgeois watching execution
Jacques Sablier
man charging for window view
Regis Royer
Patmosis, mummy
Isabelle Caro
Nosibis, mummy
Dominique Gras
Sephilomithes, mummy
Matila Malliarakis
Semotep, mummy
Christophe Reveille
Shelsout, mummy
Christian Erickson
Rameses II, mummy
Alain Naron
Michel Herse
thugs
Jean-Michel Marnet
concierge
Vincent Debost
clothing salesman
Aurélien Rusterholtz
Adèle's mother
Isabel Pestana
young Adèle
Ashani Serra
young Agathe
Lou Savry
baby Adèle
Justine Chesneau
baby Agathe
Bernard Lanneau
narrator
Caroline Blot
Leonore Zürlfluh
Julie Galopin
Vanina Rouvier
Gaëlle Pauly
Amandine Marteau
cancan dancers
Alexis-Ludovic
Assadourian
Thomas Dary
Julien Dixneuf
Alban Fleury
Nicolas Fouquet
Pierre Marchand
Benoît Narcy
Laurent "Mémé" Serraz
Benoît Fort
Pierre Bourmillat
Eric Leglise
Christophe "Le Belge" Barbe
cancan orchestra

Dolby Digital/DTS
In Colour
[2.35:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Optimum Releasing

9,622 ft +8 frames

French theatrical title
Les Aventures
extraordinaires d'Adèle
Blanc-Sec

SYNOPSIS Paris, 1912. Thanks to Professor Esperandieu's powers, a prehistoric pterodactyl egg hatches at the Natural History Museum. The creature terrorises the city, and the president launches an enquiry.

Meanwhile the fearless journalist Adèle Blanc-Sec is in Egypt to steal the mummy of Rameses II's doctor so that it can cure her sister Agathe, who is paralysed after a terrible accident. Andrej Zborowski, a young scientist in love with Adèle, tells her about the pterodactyl's whereabouts. Esperandieu is condemned to death but Adèle saves him, riding on the pterodactyl. The reptile is killed by a hunter. The magic powers of the mummy, which Adèle has brought back from Egypt, restore to life other mummies in the Louvre, including Rameses II, curing Agathe.

Adèle sets off for another adventure on the Titanic.

Farewell

France 2009

Director: Christian Carion

With Emir Kusturica, Guillaume Canet, Alexandra Maria Lara

Certificate 12A 113m 22s

The 'Farewell Affair' is a little-known espionage case that dominated Franco-American political relations for two years in the early 1980s and is now credited by historians with accelerating the fall of both the communist-era Soviet regime and the Berlin Wall. The 'affair' took shape at a precise historical juncture in international politics, notably the election of ideologically opposed but politically allied presidents Ronald Reagan and François Mitterrand. It ended in 1983 with Reagan's announcement of the Star Wars defence initiative and Mitterrand's controversial expulsion of more than 40 Soviet personnel from the embassy in Paris only a week later.

Fusing docudrama with the classic spy thriller and an array of 1980s television footage and music tracks, director Christian Carion vividly captures the flavour of the era, when the two major Cold War powers lived in a climate of mutual paranoia, and France, a country historically sympathetic to communism, gained a position of influence over the US that was unprecedented in the post-war period.

The man in the middle of Carion's story is Pierre Froment, a Moscow-based Russian-speaking ex-pat who enjoys western privileges and initially takes a boy's-own pleasure in skulking about the city's subway at the behest of KGB double agent Sergei Grigoriev. The first encounter between the two men deliberately plays like the script of a bad movie, and Froment's amateurish attempts to operate like a secret agent are almost comic proof of how far out of his depth he really is. As his wife Jessica insists, "I married an engineer, not James Bond." But as Froment's undercover work brings him into deeper contact with the French secret service, his life takes on the complexion of a nightmare from which he can't

awaken. He knows only two things: that he is risking the safety of his family, and that he is making a difference to something much bigger than himself. Grigoriev also acts to make a difference, but for him the stakes are higher and the risks much greater: he calls all the shots, and sacrifices both family life and his own future knowing that what he does will change the lives of generations of his countrymen, and crucially that of his teenage son Igor. He may not understand his son or his stropic fascination with listening to Queen on a smuggled Sony Walkman, but he knows that the world has changed, and that his own country must change with it if it is to survive.

Carion bravely opts to portray the figures of Reagan and Mitterrand on screen, the two leaders convincingly played by Fred Ward and Philippe Magnan respectively. The speech patterns, physical demeanour and personality traits of both are unnervingly accurate and their combined impersonated presence lends a welcome gravitas to the film, elevating it beyond a generic Cold War narrative of bloc hostility, stressing the urgency of a moment when new world alliances had yet to be tested. It is surprising, then, to discover that the film's key players, Grigoriev and Froment, are in fact fictional composites; the actual historical figures (the spy Vladimir Vetrov and two unidentified French contacts) are relegated to dramatic pegs on which to hang the story of a pair of romantic heroes thrown together by circumstances and fate. This isn't necessarily a flaw in the film – indeed, the dramatic licence taken with history frees it up to focus on the relationship between the men and thereby invites us to reflect not so much on the actual events but rather on the differing motivations that informed particular actions, as well as their repercussions on families, countries and friendships. That there is no happy ending is a given of the history of the era, and strengthens the overall impact of a film that works on every level: as a taut spy thriller, as a historical drama, and as a study in political expediency.

◆◆ Sue Harris

SYNOPSIS Moscow, 1981. KGB officer Colonel Sergei Grigoriev, codename 'Farewell', is passing classified information to the west. His contact in Moscow is Pierre Froment, a French engineer who has been informally recruited by the French secret service.

Froment is initially excited by his minor role as a go-between, and keeps his activities secret from his wife. However, as he becomes more involved, he learns that the information he has relayed has reached the highest levels of government in both France and the US, and that he is a key player in a major international espionage operation. The final document he transmits contains the names of KGB agents in place throughout the west. As these agents are rounded up, Grigoriev's activities back in Moscow are exposed and he is arrested and tortured by the KGB. Froment flees the country with his wife and young family.

Back in the west, Froment tries to persuade the CIA to rescue Grigoriev and his family, but is made to understand that the spy is of no further use and will be left to be executed as a traitor. It is acknowledged, however, that his role has been pivotal in changing the future of east-west military and political relations.

CREDITS

A film by

Christian Carion

Produced by

Christophe Rossignon

Producers

Bertrand Faivre

Philip Boëffard

Original Screenplay

Eric Raynaud

Adaptation/Dialogue

Christian Carion

Based on the book

Bonjour Farewell by

Serguei Kostine

Director of Photography

Walter Vanden Ende

Editor

André Sedláčková

Art Director

Jean-Michel Simonet

Original Music/Music Arranger

Clint Mansell

©Nord-Ouest Films, Le

Bureau, Pathé

Production, France 2

Cinéma, Blackfeet

Pictures, Une Hironde

Productions

Production Companies

A Nord-Ouest Films, Le

Bureau, Pathé, France 2

Cinéma, Blackfeet

Pictures (Eric Raynaud),

Une Hironde

Productions co-

production

With the participation of

Canal+, CinéCinéma,

France 2

With the support of

Région Île-de-France in

collaboration with CNC

In association with

Cofinova 5

Developed with the

support of the MEDIA

Programme of the

European Community,

Cofimage 18 and

Soficapital

Production Services in

Ukraine: Radioaktive Film

Executive Producers

Eve Machuel

Ukraine:

Roman Kindrachuk

Finland Producer

Claes Olsson

Associate Producers

Léonard Glowinski

Romain Le Grand

Unit Production

Managers

Thierry Cretagne

Russia:

Olga Tashva

Ukraine:

Boris Grishkevich

Finland:

Pauli Kairismaa

Production Managers

Stéphane Riga

Ukraine:

Olga Kohan

Russia:

Yevgeniya Vilshanskaya

Production

Co-ordinator

Russia:

Alex Rybin

Post-production

Supervisors

Eric Duriez

Julien Azoulay

Assistant Directors

1st: Thierry Vernier

2nd: Christian Alzieu

Ukraine

2nd: Dennis Sonin

Finland

2nd: Iris Olsson

Script Supervisor

Lydia Bigard

Casting Directors

Susie Figgis

France:

Gigi Akoka

Kiev:

Sergey Ristenko

Camera Operators

Walther Vanden Ende

Finland:

Esa Vuorinen

Steadicam Operator

Loïc Andrieu

Key Grips

Kris Theuwis

Ukraine:

Yevgeniy Malik

Finland:

Koenraad Fierlefijn

Gaffers

Chris Hacken

Ukraine:

Mikhail Shashko

Digital Special Effects

Mac Guff Ligne

Art Director

Sergey Zubenko

Properties

Guillaume Watrinet

Ukraine:

Helena Zamaschikova

Construction Managers

France:

Xavier Dantot

Kiev:

Gennadiy Grachev

Kharkov:

Aleksandr Osetrov

Costume Designer

Corinne Jorjy

Key Make-up Artist

Mabi Anzalone

Key Hairstylist/

Make-up Artist

Ukraine:

Valya Voytyuk

Key Special Make-up

Effects

France:

Dominique Colladant

Special Make-up

Effects

France:

Sandrine Gonzales

Frédéric Balmer

Fabrice Herbet

Key Hairstylist

Gérald Portenart

Piano Solo

Simon Chamberlain

Orchestra/Choir

Conducted by

Matt Dunkley

Orchestrations

Bruce Fowler

Rick Giovannazzo

Music Supervisors

Marie Sabbah

Jean-Pierre Arqué

Soundtrack

"Awakening" – The

Bulgarian Symphony

Orchestra; "Sous l'aigle

double" by Richard

Wagner – l'Orchestre

François Rauber; "Under

Pressure"; "We Will Rock

You"; "Bohemian

Rhapsody" – Queen;

"Varchavanka" – Red

Army Choir; "Steppin'

Out" – Joe Jackson; "La

melancolie"; "Paname" –

Léo Ferré; "Scar" –

Simple Minds; "Run like

Hell" – Pink Floyd

Sound Design

Thomas Desjonquères

Sound Recordist

Pierre Mertens

Sound Mixer

Florent Lavallée

Supervising Sound

Editor

Thomas Desjonquères

Stunt Co-ordinators

France:

Daniel Vérité

Ukraine:

Vladimir Stokan

Film Extracts

The Man Who Shot

Liberty Valance (1962)

CAST

Emir Kusturica

Colonel Sergei Grigoriev,

'Farewell'

Guillaume Canet

Pierre Froment

Alexandra Maria Lara

Jessica Froment

Ingeborga Dapkunaite

Natasha

Oleksii Gorbunov

Choukov

Dina Korzun

Alina

Philippe Magnan

François Mitterrand

Niels Arestrup

Vallier

David Soul

Kharkov:

Hutton

Fred Ward

Ronald Reagan

Willem Dafoe

Feeney

Marc Berman

Jacques

Christian Carion

Favier

Yevgeni Kharlanov

Igor Grigoriev

Lauriane Riquet

Ophélie

Timothée Riquet

Damen

Vsevolod Shilovskiy

Gorbachev

Vladimir Tolsty

KGB chief

Pierre-Alexis

Kobakhidze

cabinet chief

Irina Augshkap

Olga

Valentin Varetzky

Anatoly Miaszkowski

Miglen Mirtchev

violent man at Lefortovo

Grigori Manoukov

man at Lefortovo 1

Michel Bilalov

man at Lefortovo 2

Laure Irrmann

French interpreter

Tony Vanaria

American interpreter

Eddie Crew

man at White House

Jussi Ziegler

German policeman

Kari Rakkola

German federal agent 2

Riko Eklundh</

Hall Pass

USA 2011

Directors: Peter Farrelly, Bobby Farrelly

With Owen Wilson, Jason Sudeikis, Jenna Fischer, Christina Applegate
Certificate 15 105m 14s

In the 1990s the Farrelly brothers changed Hollywood for good, if not for better. After *There's Something about Mary* (1998) in particular, what was once called gross-out humour began to pollinate or pollute mainstream romantic comedy, while *Dumb and Dumber* (1994) set the bar for the likes of Todd Phillips and Adam McKay. For all that, even in the epoch of *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* (2008) and *The Hangover* (2009), the scatological jokes and penis-shots of their new film *Hall Pass* stand out. Along the way it presents a hauntingly bleak view of contemporary middle-class America, its built environment and cultural horizons, for which a mawkish ending provides little consolation.

Estate agent Rick (Owen Wilson) and insurance salesman Fred (*Saturday Night Live* regular Jason Sudeikis), still helplessly ogling young talent in early middle age, are given a week-long exemption from marriage by their wives Maggie (*The Office*'s Jenna Fischer) and Grace (Christina Applegate) after embarrassing them one too many times. Naturally, Grace and Maggie attract male attention from Ripped Young Dude and Handsome Older Guy without trying, while Fred and Rick's attempts to score usually end in humiliation or, exactly like the guys in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* (2005), afternoons spent watching *Bourne* movies. Eventually, however, things get serious.

It's never said out loud but the profound ennui shared by the four principals seems to stem as much from the social and physical background as from the state of matrimony itself. At one point the boorish Fred tries to convince Rick that women end up living their dream – of domesticity, motherhood, etc – while men never do; but, of course, the women don't either. The two couples inhabit a world of McMansions, bland food franchises and cosmetic surgery. While being shown round a rich faux-



Owen Wilson, Nicky Whelan

friend's house, Grace says that "this is why the terrorists hate us" – but she is hardly more enamoured herself.

There are some laughs – Applegate in particular does quite a lot with a little – many more misfires, two fine cameos (from Stephen Merchant and Richard Jenkins) and plenty of unearned sentimentality. The film's turning point, on the other hand, introduces a genuine, albeit momentary, frisson. Rick is about to ask out bodacious Australian waitress Leigh (Nicky Whelan) when her snarky co-worker Brent (Derek Waters) gets in the way, leading Rick to tell him a few home truths. Yes, says Rick, I may be a white-collar suburbanite with a faltering marriage but when your art-or-music-or-whatever project fails you'll be coming to me for a job. Though the film does send up Rick and Fred's lamestream lifestyle, this moment of hipster-bashing feels altogether more heartfelt, and cuts especially deep coming as it does from Owen Wilson, usually the epitome of the easygoing. Moreover, this display of enraged conformity does the trick with Leigh.

Obviously Rick realises his folly just before cheating on the mother of his children, just as Maggie stays true to him – the Farrelly brothers' desire to shock extends only so far – but the whole episode reeks. Fred's sexist projection of women's desires is contradicted by the wives' adventures, but Leigh, who provokes the film's crisis, is a completely empty fantasy figure, apparently bereft of dreams or indeed character.

♦♦ Henry K. Miller

CREDITS

Directed by
Peter Farrelly
Bobby Farrelly
Produced by
Bradley Thomas
Charles B. Wessler
Peter Farrelly
Bobby Farrelly
Screenplay
Pete Jones
Peter Farrelly
Kevin Barnett
Bobby Farrelly
Story
Pete Jones
Director of Photography
Matthew F. Leonetti
Edited by
Sam Seig
Production Designer
Arian Jay Vetter

©New Line Productions, Inc.
Production Companies
New Line Cinema
presents a Conundrum Entertainment production
A Farrelly Brothers movie
Made with the assistance of the Georgia Film, Music & Digital Entertainment Office
Executive Producers
Toby Emmerich
Richard Brenner
Merideth Finn
Mark S. Fischer
Co-producers
Mark Charpentier
Kris Meyer
John Rickard
J.B. Rogers
Associate Producer
Ellen Dumouchel
Unit Production Manager
Marc S. Fischer
Production Supervisor
Adam McCarthy
Production Accountant
Shella Allen
Location Manager
Maida Morgan
Post-production Supervisor
Frank Salvino
Production Consultant
Dr Jeffrey Fishbein
2nd Unit Director
Mark Stellen
Assistant Directors
1st: James B. Rogers
2nd: Greg Guzik
2nd Unit
1st: J.D. Taylor
2nd: Matt Klutz
Script Supervisors
Marty Kitrosser
2nd Unit
Amy Blanc Lacy
Casting
Rick Montgomery
Additional Camera
Robert Carnevale
Camera Operators
Jacques Jouffret
Mike St. Hilaire
2nd Unit
Marc Dobecki
Chief Lighting Technician
Dan Cornwall
Key Grip
Alan Rawlins
Special Effects
Pat Tantalio
Ken Reid
Special Effects Co-ordinator
Bobby Vasquez
Additional Editor
Larry Madaras
Art Director
Dan Morski
Set Designer
Masako Masuda

Set Decorator
Cindy Carr
Property Master
Mike Sabo
Construction Co-ordinator
Jay Womer
Costumes Designed by
Denise Wingate
Costume Supervisor
Hope Slepak
Make-up Department Head
Sarah Mays
Key Make-up
Susan Ransom
Hair Department Head
Joani Yarbrough
Key Hairstylist
Vanessa Davis-Kaib
Titles/Opticals
FotoKem
Music Supervisors
Tom Wolfe
Manish Raval
Soundtrack
"Art Isn't Real (City of Sin)", "Houston TX", "Christ Jesus", "Spend the Night" – Deer Tick; "Heaven's Wherever You Are", "The Cotton's Burning"; "Nothing Left to Take"; "Monster Riff It", "Annnalee"; "Waking Up to Me"; "The Day after Everything Changed"; "The Lights of Vegas" – Ellis Paul; "She's Married" – Bill Cunliffe; "Wouldn't It Be Nice" – The Beach Boys; "Psychic City" – YACHT; "Break of Day" – Michael Haggins; "The Best of Times" – Styx; "Card Sting" from *Law & Order* – Mike Post; "Monkberry Moon Delight" – Paul McCartney; Linda McCartney; "Waiting for the Sun" – Billy Goodrum; "Hits from the Bong" – Cypress Hill, contains a sample of "Son of a Preacher Man" – Dusty Springfield; "Way That I Creep" – Gordon Gano & The Ryans; "Days Gone By" – Susan Sandberg; "Tighten Up"; "Amazing Grace"; "Jam" – Stella Bass Band; "Bad Man" – Pete Yorn; "Drums and Bass" – Hallo Kosmo; "Cheapskate" – Supergrass; "Just Say Yes" – Snow Patrol; "Song of the Sand" – Bill Leyden; "Shake It" – Michael Franti, Spearhead featuring Lady Saw; "When They Fight, They Fight" – Generationals; "This Must Be It" – Röyksopp; "We Are the People"; "Walking on a Dream" – Empire of the Sun; "Everyone Is Guilty" – Akron/Family; "Run with the Wolves" – The Prodigy; "Zero 2 Hero" – Witchman; "Lucky (Vandalism Remix)" – Larry Tee, Princess Superstar; "The Mystery Zone" – Spoon; "Druggonaut"; "No Satisfaction" – Black Mountain; "Happy" – Brookville; "Overnight Lows"; "Always Asking for You" – Peter Wolf; "Quiet Little Voices" – We Were Promised Jetpacks; "Play the Game" – Shout Out Louds; "Shakin' Rock'n' Roll Tonight" – The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion; "Telephone"

– The Black Angels; "Everywhere I Go" – Lissie; "Reflections of My Life" – Marmalade; "Ocean's Apart" – The Bognmen
Production Sound Mixer
Mary Ellis
Re-recording Mixers
Steve Pederson
Brad Sherman
Supervising Sound Editor
Andrew De Cristofaro
Stunt Co-ordinator
Tierre Turner

CAST

Owen Wilson
Rick
Jason Sudeikis
Fred
Jenna Fischer
Maggie
Christina Applegate
Grace
Nicky Whelan
Leigh
Richard Jenkins
Cookley
Stephen Merchant
Gary
Larry Joe Campbell
Hog-Head
Bruce Thomas
Rick Coleman
Tyler Hoechlin
Gerry
Derek Waters
Brent
Alexandra Daddario
Paige
Rob Moran
Ed Long
Lauren Bowles
Britney
Christa Campbell
Emma
Massen Lintz
Gunnar
Kristin Carey
Aunt Meg
Joy Behar
Dr Lucille Gilbert, "Lucy"
Carly Craig
nicotine patch girl
Kaliko Kauahi
chief
Landon T. Riddle
Ed's son
Hali-Gray Beasley
Ed's daughter
JB Smoove
Flats
Vanessa Angel
Missy
Andrew Wilson
Larry Bohac
Alyssa Milano
Mandy
Danny Murphy
Boshane
Al Wisne
Clyde
Mike Meldman
Mike Meldman
Susan Sandberg
doctor
Dwight Evans
Maggie's father
Shannon Leade
20-something woman
Gus G. Williams
bouncer
Gordon Danniels
golf ranger
Jamie Lee
dry clean Korean lady
Quynh Thi Le
young Korean woman
Robert Flaherty
awards dinner bartender
Matt Fairbairn
Harold Goldberg
Doris Morgado
Latino woman 1
Maria Duarte
Latino woman 2
Thaddeus Rahming
naked guy 1
Rich Brown
naked guy 2

Jeff Norton
lake cop 1
Terry Mullany
lake cop 2
Brian Mone
Honorable Judge
William Mone
Taylor Treadwell
Emma, young bride
Craig X. Scott
older Gunnar
Kathryn Kim
another Korean woman
Richard Melton
burly cop
Eddie Barbanell
Coach Eddie
Romy Wang
woman golfer 1
Suki Frick
woman golfer 2
Soon Yup Han
woman golfer 3
Cristina Nardozi
girl in restaurant
Ezra Neo Dierking
party boy
Bo Burnham
bartender
Mike Cerrone
driver cop
Zen Gesner
passenger cop
Kristyl Dawn Tift
Gary's wife
Daniel Greene
officer 1
Patricia French
officer 2
Bob Weekes
bar manager
Stella Barrow
Jikkar Barrow
Ron Brown
Stella Bass band
Meredith Oliver
Oglesby
Meredith, bar patron
Candice Ozechowski
Candice, bar patron
Lee Anne Freeman
Lee Anne, bar patron
Christina Avalos
Christina, bar patron
Igor Vovkovinskiy
Johnny's Hideaway tall stud
Chloe Snyder
Stoofish babe
Kathy Griffin
herself
Anna Byers
backyard BBQ friend
Wen Yann Shih
Asian woman
Tom Choi
Asian husband
Juan Qian
elderly Asian woman
Jesse Farrelly
witness on roof

Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS
Colour by
FotoKem
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Warner Bros
Distributors (UK)

9,471 ft +8 frames

SYNOPSIS Rhode Island, the present. Suburban couples Rick and Maggie and Fred and Grace are dissatisfied with their marriages; both men have an eye for other women. Maggie and Grace's psychologist friend Lucy recommends they give their spouses a 'hall pass', exempting them from matrimony for one week. Both are initially reluctant but the men's appalling behaviour eventually drives them to it.

The two wives go on holiday with Rick's children while the husbands, old college friends, check into a hotel, not wanting to bring the women they intend to attract into their homes. For the first few nights Rick and Fred fail to meet any women, instead getting into comic mishaps with their friends. Meanwhile Maggie and Grace attract the advances of two baseball players. Rick eventually puts the moves on Australian waitress Leigh. Matters come to a head on the last night of the hall pass. Grace has underwhelming sex with her baseball player and realises that she loves Fred after all. Rick, seeing what Maggie means to him, spurns Leigh's advances; Maggie's baseball coach attempts to seduce her. Fred is interrupted in the middle of a comically undignified sexual encounter by the news that Grace has been in a car crash.

Fred and Rick drive to the hospital and find Grace relatively unscathed; Rick then goes to find Maggie, who has spurned the baseball coach.

How I Ended This Summer

Russia 2010

Director: Alexei Popogrebsky
With Grigory Dobrygin,
Sergei Puskepalis

In Alexei Popogrebsky's oddly titled arctic two-hander, a veteran scientist and his younger colleague share the same small psychological space in the great white north. Middle-aged family man Sergei plays the good-natured grump as he serves out his last shift at a research station with the rambunctious young Pavel, apparently a visiting student. The two record measurements on ancient-looking equipment and report via radio to some unseen headquarters. When bad news for Sergei comes over the wire unbeknown to him, it's like a contaminant, and the film largely consists of watching Pavel's mad, and maddening, efforts at concealment.

Popogrebsky's movie, a Berlin prize-winner in 2010 and a festival favourite since, breathes a rich sense of place: a Soviet-holdover outpost amid desolate yet ethereal expanses of rock, shore and sea, whipped by winds. The routines of checking data, and diversions such as Sergei's fishing for trout or Pavel's rock-scored rambles, build a sense of the hominess that can develop even at land's end. DP Pavel Kostomarov excels at both the broader canvas and small details: the streaked shoreside landscapes that evoke layers of the sky's atmosphere; the contrasting paint colours on the outpost's interior walls that suggest years of residency before Sergei and Pavel's arrival; the white smudge of a deadly polar bear glimpsed in extreme long-shot; and, later on, Pavel's raw, chapped face after a literal night in the wilderness.

Pavel's torments come after he puts off telling Sergei tragic news about his family, digging in deeper and deeper, in an excruciating period of suspense that lasts an hour of screen time. Sergei Puskepalis plays the older man as the wise stoic Russian who knows when to talk and when to say nothing. To his eyes, Pavel's odd behaviour initially seems a familiar flightiness concerning his duties. Pavel, at first a recognisable

type, becomes a bit of a cipher: written as a youngster who suddenly can't cope, he's given a schizoid turn by Grigory Dobrygin who seems not entirely up to the task. Pavel first resembles a relaxed clothing-catalogue model in vest and headphones, but then turns frantic, limbs awhirl, camera barely keeping up, as the consequences of his withholding information play out.

The screenplay, written by Popogrebsky and largely sticking to Pavel's point of view (sometimes confusingly), relies on the setting as a place with its own rules. Pavel's freakout begs the question: what is plausible behaviour under these conditions anyway? At one point Sergei relates the story of two previous scientists in residence whose disagreement turned fatal. But a dash of foreshadowing isn't enough to justify the leaps taken by Pavel's paranoia, and without a better sense of who Pavel was in the first place, it's hard to go along with where he ends up. Still, taken as a portrait in what might be called the psychological expressionism of fear, it's an able rendering in a setting that feels thoroughly lived-in (even if it's virtually deserted). ➔ Nicolas Rapold

CREDITS

Directed by
Alexei Popogrebsky
Producers
Roman Borisovich
Alexander Kushaev
Written by
Alexei Popogrebsky
Director of
Photography
Pavel Kostomarov
Editing
Ivan Lebedev
Production Designer
Gennady Popov
Music
Dmitry Katkhanov

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Company, StartFilm
Company
Production Companies
TV Channel RUSSIA,
Roman Borisovich,
Koktebel Film Company
present with the support
of RF Ministry of Culture,
The Government of
Chukotka Autonomous
District a Koktebel Film
Company production in
association with
StartFilm Company
A film by Alexei
Popogrebsky
Line Producer
Andrei Murtazaliev

Casting
Olga Granina
Costumes Designed by
Svetlana Mikhailova
Make-up Designed by
Natalia Angelova
Sound
Vladimir Golovinski
Sound Re-recording
Mixer
Ivo Heger

CAST

Grigory Dobrygin
Pavel
Sergei Puskepalis
Sergei

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
New Wave Films

Russian theatrical title
Kak ya provel etim
letom

I Saw the Devil

Republic of Korea 2010

Director: Kim Jee-woon

With Lee Byung-hun, Choi Min-sik,
Chun Kook-hyun, Chun Ho-jin

Certificate: not submitted 138m

I Saw the Devil isn't so much a revenge thriller as a meditation on revenge. In spite of its extreme violence and often stomach-churning imagery, it is highly stylised and self-reflexive. The presence of Choi Min-sik (of *Old Boy* fame) as the psychopathic killer and the strange mix of lyricism and extreme shock tactics can't help but rekindle memories of the work of Park Chan-wook. Indeed, the film shares some of the weaknesses of Park's films: the storytelling and performances are so self-conscious that the human element is lost and the film risks seeming like a formal exercise. As knives are sharpened, limbs lopped, ears severed and heads guillotined, we quickly forget about the grief that is supposedly driving vengeful hero Soo-hyun (Lee Byung-hun) – it's like watching a live-action adult version of a *Tom and Jerry* cartoon in which the same violence is repeated again and again, but the victims always bounce back up.

Director Kim Ji-woon (who received rapturous reviews for his 2005 mobster thriller *A Bittersweet Life*) stages individual sequences with great ingenuity. The opening, in which the hero's fiancée is kidnapped and killed after her car tyre punctures, is utterly chilling. To crank up the tension, the filmmakers intercut from Soo-hyun singing love songs to her on the mobile phone to Choi's psychopath bustling around in the snow, pretending he wants to fix the tyre. The Bernard Herrmann-like music and sound editing add to the sense of foreboding.

Midway through a very lengthy film, however, the plotting threatens to unravel. The key moment is when Soo-hyun first comes face to face with the killer. At this point, what had initially seemed like a realist revenge thriller veers off into fantasy territory. Choi gives a typically bravura performance but one that quickly unbalances the film – Kim seems keener on providing one of South Korean cinema's most flamboyant screen actors with a platform than in



No sympathy: Kim In-seo

telling a coherent story. The killer here seems a soulmate to Javier Bardem's Chigurh in the Coens' *No Country for Old Men* (2007), a character who may be evil but is also resourceful and utterly consistent. Bizarrely, in spite of his misdeeds, there are moments when we almost sympathise with him – Choi plays him at least partly tongue in cheek, frequently complaining that his tormentor is the "psycho".

It's hard to see where the South Korean revenge movie can go from here. Films like *Sympathy for Lady Vengeance* and *I Saw the Devil* have surely exhausted every possibility for the genre in terms of ingenuity and sadism. For all their swagger and originality, such movies leave a very nasty aftertaste. ➔ Geoffrey Macnab

CREDITS

Directed by
Kim Jee-woon
Produced by
Kim Hyun-woo
Screenplay
Park Hoon-jung
Adapted by
Kim Jee-woon
Cinematography
Lee Mogae
Editing
Nam Na-young
Production Designer
Cho Hwa-sung
Music/Orchestrated
by/All Instruments
Performed by
Mowg

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y Co., Ltd.

Production Companies
A Peppermint&Company
production in association
with Siz Entertainment
A Kim Jee-woon film
Presented by Softbank
Ventures Korea,
Showbox/Mediacore, Inc.
Co-presented by KT-
Global New Media Fund,
Finecut Co., Ltd., Tomato
Tour, Geon Investment,
CJ Venture Investment,
Asia Investment, Gemini
Invest Company,
Michigan Venture Capital,
IZN Investments
With the support of Korea
Trade Insurance
Corporation and Hana
Bank
Executive Producers
Greg Moon

SYNOPSIS The Arctic Circle, the present. At a remote research outpost, Sergei and Pavel are on their final shift. During one of their regular radio links, Sergei learns that his wife and son are travelling to meet him. Sergei goes on a fishing trip, leaving Pavel in charge. Pavel is told to tell Sergei that his wife and child have died in an accident on their trip, and a ship is being sent to the research station. However, when Sergei returns, Pavel says nothing about it. On the next radio link, Sergei sends a message to pass to his family. Concerned, his superiors question Pavel about this; he hedges, then sabotages the radio. When Sergei goes on another fishing trip, Pavel learns that the ship being sent is stuck, and a helicopter is on its way. Pavel goes out to light flares as instructed, but is knocked out while fleeing a bear. He awakes in Sergei's boat. On shore, he blurts out the truth about Sergei's family. When Sergei advances towards him, Pavel fires a gun, then flees as Sergei shoots (purposely wide). Pavel hides out at a disused research station. Sergei shows up with a gun, fires, and chases Pavel, who runs off again. Pavel falls asleep near a radioactive isotope beacon. He contaminates some fish with the isotope beacon, and plants it in Sergei's food cabinet. Pavel watches from afar as Sergei eats. Sergei notices and invites him in. Pavel tells him why he can't eat the fish. Sergei goes to vomit, and says the matter can stay a secret. The next day, or perhaps later, a helicopter arrives. Pavel says he will stay with Sergei, but Sergei insists he remain alone. They embrace.

SYNOPSIS On a snowy night, psychopathic serial killer Kyung-chul tortures and murders Ju-yeon, a young pregnant woman whose car has had a puncture. She is the fiancée of secret agent Soo-hyun and the daughter of retired police chief Jang. Soo-hyun vows that he will make the killer suffer. He eventually realises that Kyung-chul, who has been posing as a school bus driver, is the killer and catches him just before he is about to murder another victim. He beats him up, mutilates him and leaves him close to death, but does not kill him. This sets in motion a chain of events that repeats itself, with Soo-hyun continually capturing Kyung-chul, allowing him to escape and then hunting him down again. (Soo-hyun has planted a bug on Kyung-chul, enabling him to track the killer's movements.)

Soo-hyun begins to behave in the same sadistic way as the murderer. He tracks Kyung-chul to a compound where he is hiding out with a fellow killer. Yet again, he tortures and comes close to killing him. Kyung-chul manages to rid himself of the bug and heads to the city, where he kills Jang and Jang's other daughter. His plan is to give himself up to the police so that he can escape Soo-hyun's grasp. Before he can do so, however, he is captured and tortured by Soo-hyun, who ties him up and leaves him beside his old home. The killer's estranged family hear noises. They open the door, triggering a guillotine blade perched over the killer's head. As he is decapitated and the police arrive, a distraught Soo-hyun walks away.

Jeong Hun You
Co-executive Producers
 Suh Young-goo
 Moon Jae Sik
 Cheong Kee Young
 Kang Yeong Shin
 Kim Kil Soo
 Bryan Song
 Il Hyung Cho
 Kim Byung Ki
Co-producer
 Jo Seong-won
Line Producer
 Nam Sung-ho
Associate Producers
 Kim Jae-yeong
 Kim Jung-hwa
Assistant Directors
 1st: Seok Min-woo
 2nd: Lee Kyu-won
 2nd: Lee Won-jin
 2nd: Choi Soo-hyuk
Script Supervisor
 Seo Eun-ah
Lighting
 Oh Seung-chul
Camera Operators
 B: Lee Jong-woo
 C: Kim Byung-seo
Steadicam Operator
 Yeo Kyung-bo
Key Grip
 Park Chan-hee
Visual Effects
 Digital Idea
Special Visual Effects
 Demolition
Special Effects
 Jung Do-ahn
 Lee Hee-kyoung
 Demolition
Art Director
 Park Jae-hyun
Set Design
 Kim Min-jung
Production Concept Designers
 Son Min-jung
 Kim Byung-han
 Kim Young-chan
Set Construction
 Mengganony
Costumes
 Hae-in Entertainment
Wardrobe Design
 Kwon Yu-jin
Key Make-up
 Han Eun-kyung
Hair/Make-up
 Kim Hyun-jung
Make-up Team
 Ju Mi-young
 Bae Yu-hwa
Special Make-up Effects
 Gwak Tae-yong
 Hwang Hyo-gyun
 Cell Creature Company
Soundtrack
 "Wanna Falling in Love";
 "House of the Rising Sun"
Sound Designer
 Kang Hye-young
Sound Supervisor
 Choi Tae-young
Sound Recordist
 Kim Kyung-tae
Re-recording Mixers
 Choi Tae-young
 Park Yong-ki
Stunt Co-ordinators
 Jung Doo-hong
 Heo Myeong Haeng

CAST

Lee Byung-hun
 Soo-hyun
Choi Min-sik
 Kyung-chul
Chun Kook-haun
 Captain Jang
Chun Ho-jin
 Detective Oh
Oh San-ha
 Ju-yeon
Kim Yoon-seo
 Se-yeon
Choi Moo-seong
 Tae-ju
Kim In-seo
 Se-jung
Kim Gap-soo
 agency supervisor
Lee Joon-hyuk
 agent
Cho Duk-je
 Detective Kang
Han Cheol-woo
 Detective Park
Cho Myung-yeon
 detective 3

Uhm Tae-gu
 detective 4
Han Se-joo
 girl on bus
Choi Jin-ho
 agency vice-supervisor
Kim Kang-il
 Park Han-gi
Yoon Byung-hee
 Jjang-gu
Park Seo-yeon
 woman in the pension
Lee Hye-rin
 junior high school girl
Lee Seol-gu
 taxi robber 1
Jung Mi-nam
 taxi robber 2
Kim Jae-gun
 old doctor
Yoon Chae-young
 nurse
Kim Bong-soo
 Kyung-chul's father
Son Young-soon
 Kyung-chul's mother
Jang Jung-won
 Kyung-chul's son
Nam Hyun-ju
 Detective Oh's wife
Nam Bo-ra
 Detective Oh's daughter
Park Ji-yeon
 teacher
Shin Jung-hoon
 policeman at stream
Park Min-soo
Lee Hyun-yong
Lee Ji-eun
 kids at stream
Lee Hwan-gu
 Ju-yeon's uncle
Choi Moon-sook
 Ju-yeon's aunt
Sung-ho Choi
Kim Chae-yeon
 Ju-yeon's cousins
Han Song-yi
Mi-Ryung Yang
 Ju-yeon's friends
Jang Ha-neul
Jung Ji-yeon
An Hee-ju
Park Mi-sun
Kim Kim-young
 junior high school girls
Lee Hang-soo
 investigation chief
Seol Chang-hee
 stakeout
Shin Young-sik
 taxi driver 1
Kim Young-chan
 young pharmacist
Shin Sin-bum
 old pharmacist
Park Jung-ki
 soldier
Gu Young-wan
 corporal
Cho Seung-min
 policeman in hospital
Kim Dae-hye
 hospital worker
Choi Don-kyu
Kim Sun-ryu
 middle-aged couple
Kim Young-sung
 nun 1
Heo Yi-seul
 nun 2
Gil Geum-sung
 man at port
Ha Seung-ri
 high school girl at port
Jung Tae-sung
 hotel worker
Yoo Yoon-bok
Kim Hwa-hyun
Huh Yeon-hwa
 family of woman in pension in photograph

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[2.35:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
 Optimum Releasing

Not submitted for
 theatrical classification
 Video certificate: 18
 Running time: 138m 6s

Korean theatrical title
Akmareul boatda

Limitless

USA 2011

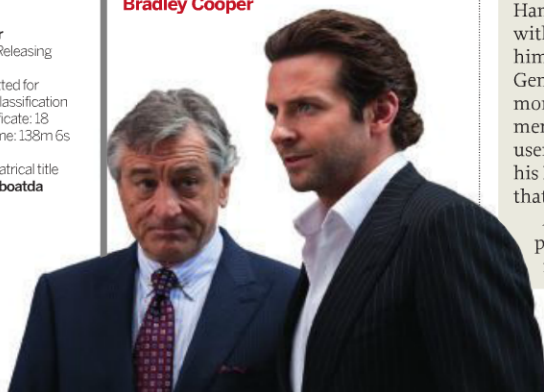
Director: Neil Burger
With Bradley Cooper, Abbie Cornish, Robert De Niro, Anna Friel
Certificate 15 104m 39s

Tightly plotted and snappily scripted (by Leslie Dixon from Alan Glynn's 2004 novel *The Dark Fields*), Neil Burger's enjoyable fourth feature generates plenty of suspenseful wattage from a familiar theme of performance-enhancing drugs – though in this case they boost the mind instead of the body. When shambling sad-sack Eddie Morra (Bradley Cooper) is offered experimental drug NZT 48 by former in-law Vern, he finds his brainpower ramped up to an almost supernatural degree and is able to acquire knowledge of music and languages and the significance of minute stock-market tremors with phenomenal speed.

In many respects it's a return to the territory of Burger's second feature *The Illusionist* (2006), which fused the story of a stage magician who has seemingly baffling powers with a murder mystery and political skulduggery set in early 20th-century Vienna. Here, the setting is present-day New York, given a hyperreal gloss once NZT inveigles its chemical tendrils into Eddie's psyche, with CGI used to create optically impossible zooms along streets and bridges as his mind runs away with itself. Rufus Sewell's princeling in the earlier film is replaced by Robert De Niro's financier Carl Van Loon, initially baffled by the way a "gutsy little schmuck" can run rings round his hard-won experience, though he's astute enough a politician to recognise the virtues of bringing Eddie inside his tent.

Burger trusts his audience to join the dots, and *Limitless* deftly skirts several moral issues without becoming overly didactic. Anti-drug arguments are threaded throughout the narrative, the consequences shown as leading to death, permanent brain damage and even vampirism, not to mention ending up wholly dependent on an artificial compound that can be withdrawn at any moment – but the exhilaration of being on NZT is so vividly conveyed that it's easy to see why Eddie ignores these warnings. More cutting is the argument against 'cheating', usually deployed in sporting contexts but just as applicable here – and given extra cinematic heft by being delivered by an actor of De Niro's stature to a comparative newcomer like Cooper.

Robert De Niro,
Bradley Cooper



Cooper is on screen almost throughout, convincingly handling the metamorphosis from unshaven near-derelect to gimlet-eyed savant by making it clear that Eddie's fundamental problem has as much to do with laziness as any innate lack of intelligence. Even when he's at his mental peak, his newly acquired arrogance is offset by an appealing vulnerability: he knows better than anyone that his superhero status is strictly rationed and wholly undeserved. As Lindy, Eddie's understandably on-off girlfriend and his abiding voice of reason, Abbie Cornish has disappointingly little to do, though she gets a show-stopping moment involving a murderous stalker and a small child turned into an unexpectedly lethal weapon.

While the film's own IQ doesn't match Eddie's NZT-enhanced one (how could someone whose memory now stretches to recalling the titles of legal books in a would-be paramour's apartment more than a decade ago simply forget about repaying a loan shark who has already described the penalty for defaulting in lurid detail?), it compensates by a refreshing refusal to take itself too seriously. For instance, Gennady (Andrew Howard), the loan shark in question, becomes an NZT user himself, developing both a colourful vocabulary and an interest in human biology, though the fact that he now proposes to carve people up in the spirit of scientific enquiry instead of mere thuggish brutality is unlikely to impress his victims. A running gag involving a bodyguard's tattooed finger and Eddie's perfect recall of Bruce Lee moves at a perilous moment almost tip the film into outright farce, but it's so good-naturedly entertaining that few are likely to care.

➡ **Michael Brooke**

CREDITS

Directed by
 Neil Burger
Produced by
 Leslie Dixon
 Scott Kroopf
 Ryan Kavanaugh
Screenplay
 Leslie Dixon
 Based upon *The Dark Fields* by Alan Glynn
Director of Photography
 Jo Willems

Editors
 Naomi Geraghty
 Tracy Adams
Production Designer
 Patrizia von Brandenstein
Composer/Conducted by/Arranged and Orchestrated by
 Paul Leonard-Morgan

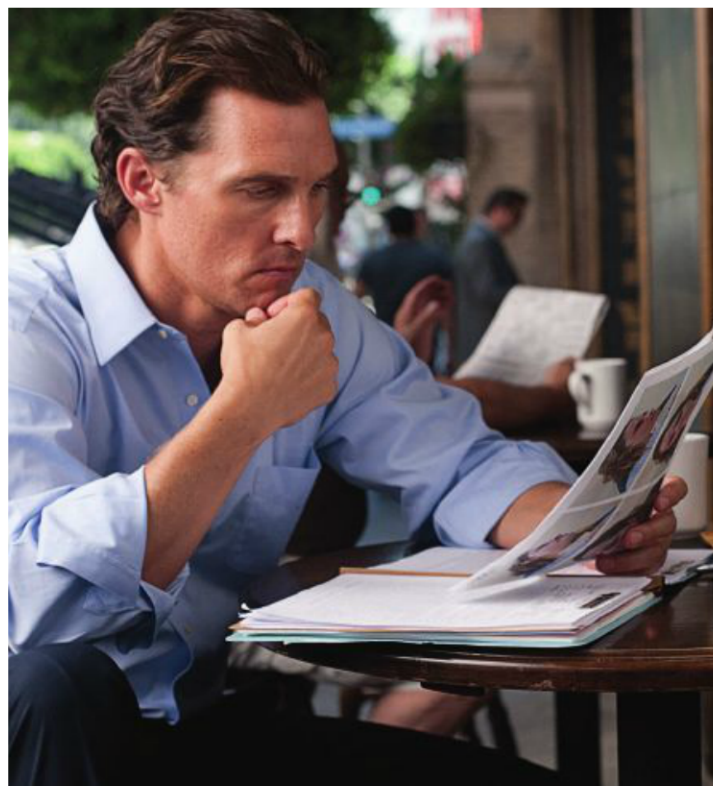
©Dark Fields
 Productions, LLC
Production Companies

Relativity presents, in association with Virgin
 Produced, a Rogue production
 A Many Rivers/Boy of the Year production in association with Intermedia Film
 A Neil Burger film
Executive Producers
 Tucker Tooley
 Bradley Cooper
 Jason Felts
Co-producer
 Kenneth Halsband
Line Producers
 Patty Long
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Ricardo del Rio
 Additional Photography:
 Patrick Peach
Unit Production Managers
 Mark Kamine
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Arturo del Rio
 Additional Photography:
 Tim Bird
Production Supervisors
 NY Unit:
 Patty Willett
 Additional Photography:
 Andy Zolot
Production Co-ordinators
 David Raynor
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Sue-Allen Villalva
Production Accountant
 Jenny Fitzgibbons
Location Managers
 Staci Hagenbaugh
 NY Unit:
 Diego Prange
 NY Plate Unit:
 Diego Prange
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Omar Arias
 Additional Photography:
 Bill Arrowood
Post-production Supervisor
 Christopher Kulikowski
2nd Unit Director
 Additional Photography:
 Garrett Warren
Assistant Directors
 1st: H.H. Cooper
 2nd: Dale Pierce Nielsen
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 1st: Richard Fox
 1st: Frederic Henocque
 2nd: Hiromi Kamata
 Additional Photography
 1st: Tim Bird
 2nd: Deanna Kelly
Script Supervisors
 Mary Bailey
 Additional Photography:
 Robb Foglia
Casting Director

Douglas Aibel
Pennsylvania Casting
 Diane Heery
 Jason Loftus
Camera Operators
 A: David Thompson
 B: Kent Harvey
 Additional Photography
 A: David Taicher
 A: Stephen Consentino
 B: Richard Rutkowski
 B: Hernan M. Otaño
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Guillermo Rosas
Steadicam Operators
 David Thompson
 Additional Photography:
 David Taicher
 Stephen Consentino
Gaffers
 Jay Fortune
 NY Plate Unit:
 Tommy Dolan
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Juan Fernando Guzman
 Additional Photography:
 Brian McClean
 Richard Asbury
Key Grips
 Lamont Crawford
 NY Plate Unit:
 Dennis Gamiello
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Jose Francisco Garcia
 Additional Photography:
 Chris Beattie
 Gary Martone
Visual Effects
 Senior Producer:
 Nancy St. John
 On-set Supervisor:
 Christopher Scollard
Digital Effects by
 Look FX, Inc.
Visual Effects by
 Cornen VFX
 Zoic Studios
Special Effects Co-ordinators
 Connie Brink
 Additional Photography:
 Michael Myers
Associate Editor
 Blake Harjes
Art Directors
 NY Unit:
 Freda Slavin
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Marcelo del Rio
Set Decorators
 Diane Lederman
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Carlos Gutierrez
 Additional Photography:
 Lisa Nilsson
Property Masters
 Peter Gelfman
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Fernando Acevedo
 Additional Photography:
 Mark Peltzer
 Michael Jortner

Construction
Co-ordinators
 Paul Williams
 NY Unit:
 Manny Sanchez
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Alberto Villaseñor
Costume Designer
 Jenny Gering
Costume Supervisor
 Arlynn Abseck
Wardrobe Supervisor
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Monica Neumaier
Make-up Department
Heads
 Margot Boccia
 Joseph Campayno
Make-up
Co-department Head
 Additional Photography:
 Joseph Campayno
Special Effects
Make-up
 Keith Palmer
Hair Department
Heads
 Diane Dixon
 Sacha Quarles
Hair Co-department
Head
 Additional Photography:
 Frankie Barbosa
Titles
 Cornen VFX
 Main Title Sequence
 Designer:
 Kenneth Armstrong
Opticals
 Technicolor Creative
 Services, Hollywood
Music Supervisors
 Happy Walters
 Season Kent
Soundtrack
 "Cicada" – Versus; "I
 Don't Care If There's
 Cursing" –
 Phosphorescent;
 "Lonely Blue Boy" –
 Conway Twitty; "Let It
 Go" – The Dunes;
 "Walking" – Ash
 Grunwald; "Howlin' for
 You" – The Black Keys;
 "Prelude, Op.3: No.2 in C
 Sharp Minor" by Sergei
 Rachmaninov – Eldar
 Nebolsin; "Don't Sweat
 the Technique" – Eric B.
 & Rakim; "Chocolate
 and Cheese" – Jon
 Kennedy; "La Boquilla
 (Dixone Remix)" –
 Bomba Estereo;
 "Athens by Night";
 "Yangtze Valley" – Matt
 Hirt; "The Way It Was" –
 Daniel May; "The
 Believers" – How to
 Destroy Angels; "This
 My Club" – Prophit;
 "Jukebox" – Kidz in the
 Hall; "Hook Shot" –
 Wolfgang Gartner
Sound Designer
 Paul Urmson
Production Sound
Mixer
 Danny Michael
Sound Mixers
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Gabriel Coll
 Additional Photography:
 Jeff Pullman
Re-recording Mixers
 Tony Volante
 Lewis Goldstein
Supervising Sound
Editors
 Paul Urmson
 Lewis Goldstein
Stunt Co-ordinators
 Jeffrey Lee Gibson
 Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
 Unit:
 Willebaldo 'Balo' Bucio
 Additional Photography:
 Brian Smyj
Fight Co-ordinator
 Ben Bray

CAST
Bradley Cooper
 Eddie Morra
Abbie Cornish
 Lindy
Robert De Niro
 Carl Van Loon
Andrew Howard
 Gennady
Anna Friel
 Melissa
Johnny Whitworth
 Vernon, Vern
Tomas Arana
 man in tan coat
Robert Burke
 Pierce
Patricia Kalember
 Mrs Atwood
Darren Goldstein
 Kevin Doyle
Ned Eisenberg
 Morris Brandt
T.V. Carpio
 Valerie
Richard Bekins
 Hank Atwood
Cindy Katz
 Maria Sutton
Brian A. Wilson
 detective
Rebecca Dayan
 Rebecca Dayan
Ann Marie Green
 financial newscaster
Damali Mason
 female cop
Meg McCrossen
 female assistant
Tom Bloom
 Dunham
Nina Hodoruk
 realtor
Tom Teti
 tailor
Stephanie Humphrey
 TV news reporter
Joe McCarthy
 day trader 1
Peter Pryor
 day trader 2
Daniel Breaker
 campaign manager
Chris McMullin
 cop
Dave Droxler
 technician
Luisina Quarleri
 Italian hostess/waitress
Piper Brown
 girl skater
Simon MacLean
 father skater
Saxon Palmer
 businessman 1
Stephen Sable
 businessman 2
Caroline Maria
 Winberg
 Maria Winberg
Damaris Lewis
 beautiful black woman
Martha Ann Talman
 Van Loon's assistant
Robert Bizik
 coffee shop owner
Hugh Douglas
 poker player 1
Howard Strong
 poker player 2
Ariette De Alba
 girl passenger
Eddie Fernandez
 Gennady thug
Ray Siegle
 Gennady blind thug
Nicolas Le Guern
 Richard Miller
Violeta Silva
 Anna Parkinson
Laurence Roscoe
 friends at beach
Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS
In Colour
Release Prints by
 Technicolor
[2.35:1]
Distributor
 Momentum Pictures/
 Paramount Pictures UK
9.418 ft +8 frames



You're being framed: Matthew McConaughey

The Lincoln Lawyer

USA 2011

Director: Brad Furman

With Matthew McConaughey,
 Marisa Tomei, Ryan Phillippe

Certificate 15 118m 28s

A well-plotted string-along potboiler and protean middle-range entertainment, *The Lincoln Lawyer* adapts a novel by prolific genre-fiction author Michael Connelly, the beginning of his Mick Haller franchise, now composed of four books and counting.

Director Brad Furman presides over Haller's pilot film. An Aaron Sorkin-esque walk-and-talk scene between Matthew McConaughey's Haller (the 'Lincoln lawyer' of the title, running his business from the back of his car) and John Leguizamo's bail bondsman announces a fluid style learned from diligent primetime channel surfing. (The title suggests an acquaintance with John Ford's *Young Mr. Lincoln*. Nothing else does.) Crime-scene flashbacks replay in solarised and blacklit gaudiness, extravagances familiar from TV police procedurals. Drive-time spaces between scenes break into helicopter views of LA freeway ramps set to vintage soul and hip hop, audiovisual confirmations of Haller's cred ("You woulda done alright on the streets," says Haller's black factotum/chauffeur, giving the boss honorary 'hood benediction).

McConaughey's unctuousness suits Haller the palm-greasing hustler, though later courtroom scenes lack the detailing, by star or his proficient-yet-frictionless director, that might shed

light on Haller's moral conflict as he performs character-assassinating cross-examinations in the defence of a man he profoundly despises. Furman prefers clear-cut showdowns. His stock scene, used well past the point of being effective, is a ready-to-rumble face-off, with McConaughey placing his increasingly haggard aquiline profile about four inches away from a nemesis's face to quietly drawl out tough talk (Haller's Texan accent is perplexing, coming as it does from a second-generation Angelino).

Marisa Tomei plays Maggie, Haller's ex-wife and the mother of his child, with whom he has a lingering flirtation and rocky professional relationship. (She's a prosecutor, and the story presumes the undying enmity between legal professionals in different branches.) Tomei is adorable in her summer outfits, but ex-wife and daughter have little function beyond playing vulnerable targets

for McConaughey to be righteous protector of. The threat comes from a super-rich rapist villain with the blackguardly handle 'Louis Roulet', ready made for the groundlings to pelt with rotten vegetables. As Roulet, Ryan Phillippe reprises his *Cruel Intentions* sybarite act, here unredeemed after a dozen more years of well-funded dissipation, his handsome face starting to spread. That the family lawyer still calls 32-year-old Louis "the boy" is a nice touch.

Bob Gunton, in that lawyer role, joins a well-curated gallery of character actors. Frances Fisher is cast to type as the patrician-bloodless Roulet matriarch; William H. Macy plays Haller's detective Frank Levin, bringing a note of *The Long Goodbye* bleakness to this film's club-crawl LA; and Shea Whigham, as the serial stoolie whom Haller recruits into his triple-cross set-up, inserts the movie's lone bit of comedy, slouching on the stand. All conspire to make this time-drain a painless one. **◆ Nick Pinkerton**

CREDITS

Directed by
 Brad Furman
Producers
 Sidney Kimmel
 Richard Wright
 Scott Steindorff
Produced by
 Tom Rosenbergs
 Gary Lucchesi
Screenplay
 John Romano
 Based on the novel by
 Michael Connelly
Director of
Photography
 Lukas Ettlin
Editor
 Jeff McEvoy
Production Designer
 Charrise Cardenas
Music
 Cliff Martinez

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 LLC and Lions Gate
 Films Inc.
Production
Companies
 Lionsgate and
 Lakeshore
 Entertainment present a
 Lakeshore
 Entertainment,
 Lionsgate production in
 association with Sidney
 Kimmel Entertainment,
 Stone Village Pictures
Executive Producers
 Eric Reid

David Kern
 Bruce Toll
Co-producer/Unit
Production Manager
 Ted Gidlow
Production
Co-ordinator
 Billy Bonfield
Production
Accountant
 Robert Lane
Location Manager
 Ralph Meyer
Post-production
Supervisor
 Steve Demko
Assistant Directors
 1st: George Bamber
 2nd: Pete Dress
Script Supervisor
 Wilma Garscadden-
 Gahret
Casting
 Tricia Wood
 Deborah Aquila
Camera Operators
 B: Greg Lundsgaard
 C: Josh Reis
Steadicam Operator
 Greg Lundsgaard
Chief Lighting
Technician
 Len Levine
Key Grip
 James Shelton
Visual Effects
Supervisor
 James McQuade
Visual Effects/
Animation by
 Furious FX

SYNOPSIS Los Angeles, present day. Mick Haller is a criminal defence lawyer who runs his practice out of the back of a Lincoln Town Car. He is hired by a client who's a step up from his usual clientele of bikers and gangsters: Louis Roulet, the scion of a wealthy family with a Beverley Hills address, stands accused of assaulting a young prostitute picked up at a nightclub. She claims she only saved herself by knocking Roulet unconscious during their struggle. Roulet claims he was set up, marked for legal extortion by an adventures.

As Haller investigates, he discovers a link between this case and a previous murder case he handled, in which he steered a client – who'd insisted on his innocence – into a plea bargain to avoid the death penalty. Haller realises that his hiring is a set-up, preventing him through attorney-client privilege from revealing Roulet's guilt. Roulet drops his act of wrongly accused gentleman; he starts threatening Haller's ex-wife and daughter, and shows no surprise when Haller's private investigator Frank Levin is murdered.

Haller continues to give Roulet the best possible defence – while feeding police investigators leads to the cold-case murder. Roulet goes free but is served with a fresh subpoena connected to the earlier murder. Out on bail, Roulet shows up to make good on his threats to Haller's family, but is incapacitated by Haller's thug associates. Shortly afterwards, Roulet's mother reveals herself as Levin's murderer.

Visual Effects by
Celluloid VFX, Berlin
Sub/Par Pix
Special Effects
Co-ordinator
Dennis Dion
Visual Consultant
Nathan Morse
Set Designer
Sarah Contant
Set Decorator
Nancy Nye
Property Master
Mike Sexton
Construction
Co-ordinator
Steve De Santis
Costume Designer
Enn Benach
Wardrobe Supervisor
Linda Matthews
Make-up Department
Head
Melanie Hughes-Weaver
Key Make-up Artist
Robin Luce
Special Make-up
Effects Designed/
Created by
Christien Tinsley's
Tinsley Transfers Inc
Special Effects Make-up
Artist:
Michael Mekash
Department Head Hair
Barbara Olvera
Key Hairstylist
Laine Trzinski
Main Title Designer
Jeff McEvoy
End Title Crawl
Scarlet Letters
Music Supervisors
Brian McNeilis
Eric Craig
Score Produced by
Gregory Tripi
Soundtrack
"Ain't No Love in the
Heart of the City" –
Bobby "Blue" Bland;
"Monstrality" – Marcus
"Seige" White; "Music" –
Erick Sermon featuring
Marvin Gaye, contains a
sample of "Music" –
Eric B. & Rakim;
"Nightcall" – Kavinsky &
Lovefoxx; "The
Wilderness" – Colin
Smith; "Bobblehead
Girl" – Danny Chaimson
& The 11th Hour; "Now"
– Ari Hest; "107
Degrees" – Citizen
Cope; "A Number for
Yan" – Setty and the
Miracle; "I Remember"
– deadmau5, Kaskade;
"Hot Lazy Porch Swing"
– Cinema Blues;
"Moment of Truth" –
Gang Starr; "California
Soul (Lincoln Lawyer
Remix)" – Marlena
Shaw featuring Ya Boy
Music Consultant
Seth Harris
Sound Mixer
Steven A. Morrow
Supervising Sound
Mixers
Steven Ticknor
Deborah Adair
Supervising Sound
Editor
Steven Ticknor
Stunt Co-ordinator
Mark Norby
LAPD Consultant
Chic Daniel

CAST

Matthew
McConaughey
Michael "Mick" Haller
Marisa Tomei
Maggie McPherson
Ryan Phillippe
Louis Roulet
Josh Lucas
Ted Minton

John Leguizamo
Val Valenzuela
Michael Peña
Jesus Martinez
Bob Gunton
Cecil Dobbs
Frances Fisher
Mary Windsor
Bryan Cranston
Detective Lankford
William H. Macy
Nancy Nye
Trace Adkins
Eddie Vogel
Laurence Mason
Earl
Margarita Levieva
Reggie Campo
Pell James
Lorna
Shea Whigham
Corliss
Katherine Moennig
Gloria
Michael Paré
Detective Kurlen
Michaela Conlin
Detective Sobel
Mackenzie Ladjem
Hayley Haller
Reggie Baker
Judge Fullbright
Javier Grajeda
Baillif Reynaldo
David Castro
Harold Casey
Conor O'Farrell
Judge Orton Powell
Charlie Hirsch
prosecutor
Roland Feliciano
biker
Jeffrey Cole
Van Nuys judge
Andrew Staes
Maggie's co-counsel
Donnie Smith
Sticks
Erin Carufel
Leslie Faire
Sam Upton
Officer Maxwell
Matthew Moreno
officer 2
L. Emille Thomas
officer 3
Kate Mulligan
Minton's secretary
Edwin Dunn
golfer 1
Eric Huus
golfer 2
Rick Filkins
golfer 3
Melanie Molnar
junior prosecutor
Stephanie Mace
diner waitress
Yari De Leon
Donna Renteria
Christian George
San Quentin guard
Randy Mulkey
bartender
Scott Wood
LA rehab guard
Earl Carroll
court clerk
Melanie Benz
assistant DA
Eric Etebari
Charles Talbot
Sharyn Bamber
court stenographer

10,662 ft +7 frames

Dolby Digital
Colour by
DeLuxe
[2.35:1]
Distributor
Entertainment Film
Distributors Ltd

Little White Lies

France/Belgium 2010

Director: Guillaume Canet
With François Cluzet,
Marion Cotillard, Benoît Magimel
Certificate 15 154m 11s

Recent French films to hit the headlines and the box office have addressed burning political or social issues (*Of Gods and Men*, *The Class*) or offered a comic vision of class and regional divisions (*Bienvenue chez les Ch'tis*, *Potiche*, *Rien à déclarer*). *Little White Lies*, one of the surprise hits of early 2011 (more than five million viewers in France), appears to do none of these things. Nor, despite a distinguished cast including Marion Cotillard, Benoît Magimel and François Cluzet, is it a star vehicle since it works as an ensemble film and Jean Dujardin, arguably its biggest name, is eliminated at the end of the credit sequence.

This is the story of a group of friends who gather for their usual summer holiday in desirable Cap Ferret on the southwest coast, even though their best friend Ludo (Dujardin) has been seriously injured in a moped accident. There are two couples in the group – Max (Cluzet) and Véronique (Valérie Bonneton), who are older and wealthier than the rest (and in whose house they gather), and Vincent (Magimel) and Isabelle (Pascal Arbillo) – as well as Antoine (Laurent Lafitte), Eric (Gilles Lellouche), Marie (Cotillard) and three young children. They are also reunited with Jean-Louis (Joël Dupuch), a local oyster farmer who is an old friend of Max's family.

Generically, *Little White Lies* hovers between the 'intimist' ensemble film (numerous meal scenes), melodrama (Ludo's accident, disfigured hospital bed scenes and funeral) and comedy, sometimes verging on farce – in this respect the scenes involving the neurotically tidy Max and his fight against a plague of weasels are the most successful. At times the film also nods towards the rom-com, though the romantic troubles of the hapless Eric and Antoine, trying to lure their reluctant girlfriends to Cap Ferret, are milked for comedy rather than offering any insight into postmodern love. At other times, through the character of Marie (Cotillard) and the seaside setting, *Little White Lies* evokes Rohmer-style romantic entanglements, though without the elegant dialogue. The latter is sorely lacking in the excruciating –



Louise Monot, Gilles Lellouche

and excruciatingly long – closing scene of Ludo's funeral, in which the bereaved friends outdo each other in tearful inarticulacy.

So why did the film make such an impression? One answer lies in the overarching holiday narrative, a resonant French trope. *Little White Lies* clearly hit a nerve in mirroring a generation of immature adults, all pushing 40 or older yet bent on hedonistic pleasure and regressive games, from eating chocolate in bed to throwing someone in the sea, and stuck to their mobile phones, laptops or web cameras. The presence of Jean-Louis as surrogate father further infantilises the group, despite the fact that several have settled down with children of their own. Another explanation lies paradoxically in the film's apparent lack of social anchorage. While Max's affluence is explained by his successful restaurant business, and Vincent works as a physiotherapist, others have vaguely intellectual-artistic occupations (occasional sitcom actor, recording tribal songs in Latin America). The political world never impinges – the only time someone 'reads' a newspaper it is as camouflage. Yet *Little White Lies* is topical in precisely this respect, registering a new bland and solipsistic middle class of middle-aged media, arts and business professionals whose world is the chosen milieu of many middle-of-the-road French films (and television series) of today.

If actor-turned-director Canet thus succeeds in capturing the zeitgeist, it's a pity he doesn't do so in more subtle or innovative ways. Even though there are compensations in the gorgeous location and some excellent actors (Cluzet, Bonneton and Cotillard especially), I personally regret that the most charismatic of them spends his time off-screen on a hospital bed.

◆ **Ginette Vincendeau**

CREDITS

A film by
Guillaume Canet
Produced by
Alain Attal
Screenplay
Guillaume Canet
Director of
Photography
Christophe Offenstein
Editor
Hervé de Luze
Art Director
Philippe Chiffre

@Les Productions du Trésor, EuropaCorp, Caneio Films, M6 Films
Production Companies
Les Productions du Trésor presents a Caneio Films, Les Productions du Trésor, EuropaCorp, M6 Films co-production with the participation of Canal+, CinéCinéma, M6 in association with Cofinova 6, Compagnie Cinématographique Européenne, Paratche Productions
Executive Producer
Hugo Sélignac
Unit Production
Manager
Grégory Valais
Production Manager
Nora Salhi
Post-production
Supervisor
Nicolas Mouchet
Assistant Directors
1st: Ludovic Bernard
2nd: Christel Bordon
Script Supervisor
Isabelle Quermoux
Steadicam/2nd Unit
Camera Operator
Rodolphe Lauga
Surfing Camera
Operators
Nicolas Dazet
Vincent Kardasik
Gaffer
Michel Tessier
Key Grip
André Kalmes
Digital Effects
Duran Duboi
Set Decorator
Ariane Audouard
Costume Designer
Carine Sarfati
Wardrobe
Caroline Condat
Laurence Glentzin
Key Make-up
Thi-Thao-Tu Nguyen
Manuela Taco
Special Make-up
Effects
Guillaume Castagne
Frédéric Laine
Key Hair Stylists
Gérald Portenart
Sophie Asse
Music Supervisor
Emmanuel Fernier
Soundtrack
"Are You Gonna Be My Girl" – Jet; "Faixa"; "Welcome to the Lounge" by Gianni Ferrio; "The Weight" – The Band; "If I Were Your Woman" – Gladys Knight & The Pips; "Hang on Sloopy" – The McCoys; "To Be True" by Guillaume Canet, Maxim Nucci, Marianne Groves – Maxim Nucci; "Fistful of Love" – Anthony and the Johnsons; "Kozmic Blues" – Janis Joplin; "My Way" – Nina Simone; "This Old Heart of Mine (Is Weak for You)" – The Isley Brothers; "Bonjour Jeanne" – Joël Dupuch; "Fortunate Son" – Creedence Clearwater Revival; "Cold Water" – Damien Rice; "Montage Day Dream" – David Bowie; "Talk to Me" by

Maxim Nucci – Maxim Nucci; "That Look You Give That Guy" – Eels; "Holding Out for a Hero" – Bonnie Tyler; "Amen Amen" – Ben Harper; "Crucify Your Mind" – Sixto Rodriguez
Sound
Pierre Gamet
Jean Goudier
Jean-Paul Hurier
Marc Doisne
Stunt
Co-ordinators
Mechanical:
Jean-Claude Lagniez
Patrick Ronchin
Physical:
Michel Carliez
Albert Goldberg

CAST

François Cluzet
Max
Marion Cotillard
Marie
Benoît Magimel
Vincent
Gilles Lellouche
Eric
Jean Dujardin
Ludo
Laurent Lafitte
Antoine
Valérie Bonneton
Véronique, "Véro"
Pascal Arbillo
Isabelle
Anne Marivin
Juliette
Louise Monot
Léa
Joël Dupuch
Jean-Louis
Hocine Merabet
Nassim
Matthieu Chedid
Raphaël
Maxim Nucci
Frank
Néo Broca
Eliot
Marc Mairé
Arthur
Jeanne Dupuch
Jeanne
Mado Merabet
Brigitte
Sara Martins
Marie's girlfriend
Edouard Montoute
Ludo's friend in nightclub
Nikita Lespinasse
Virginie, extra
Niseema Theillaud
Sabine, Ludo's mother
Patrice Renson
Juliette's future husband
Jean-Claude Lagniez
boating instructor
Jean-Claude Cotillard
Max's hotel designer
Pierre-Benoist Varoclier
Benoît Petit Jean
Max's hotel waiters
François Bredon
physiologist in nightclub
Jean-Louis Fourrier
funeral priest
Claude Lellouche
Jean-Claude Farnaud
pallbearers
Dolby Digital/DTS
In Colour
[2.35:1]
Subtitles
Distributor
Lionsgate UK

13,876 ft +9 frames

French/Belgian
theatrical title
Les Petits Mouchoirs

Louise - Michel

France 2008

Directors: Benoît Delépine, Gustave Kervern

With Yolande Moreau, Bouli Lanners, Benoît Poelvoorde

Two social misfits take to the road to seek revenge on the business concern that wronged them. It's a template that worked for writer-director team Benoît Delépine and Gustave Kervern in their earlier deadpan comic odyssey *Aaltra*, and with some minor tweaks it stands them in reasonable stead here too.

The previous film sent its odd couple off to Finland on wheelchairs for a showdown with the manufacturer whose shoddy farm machinery robbed them of their mobility. This time, the closure of a toy factory launches Yolande Moreau's disgruntled ex-employee on a mission to take out the boss responsible, accompanied by Bouli Lanners as the gun-toting fantasist she seemingly mistakes for a genuine assassin. You'll certainly remember Lanners as *Aaltra*'s Finnish barroom crooner whose weirdsville mangling of pop-kitsch standard 'Sunny' was one of the laugh-out-loud highlights of a movie not short on them. From the perspective of UK viewers, though, it looks like the bourgeois-baiting freshness of Delépine and Kervern's much cherished 2004 debut has been a hard act to follow, since there were only fleeting festival opportunities to catch the duo's follow-up *Avida*, and now a two-year wait for *Louise - Michel* to make it into distribution.

In the meantime, it's as if the filmmakers have decided to push the shock-value of their black comedy just that bit harder, upping the ante from a pair of physically challenged rascallions taking advantage of the well-meaning middle-class folks they meet on their way, to the kill-the-CEO conceit given a workout here. Timely, of course, given the state of the global economy (the film premiered a week after the collapse of Lehman Brothers), so we can certainly empathise with abandoned workers seeking payback, and root for social inadequates Louise and Michel (they're both cross-dressers who've hoped in vain that a superficial gender switch would help them fit in). Moreover, what initially seems like the film's dodgiest lapse of taste, Michel inveigling his cancer-stricken, terminally ill cousin to totter into the reception and shoot down the aforementioned CEO, remarkably becomes its most potent moment of moral conundrum. The bullets that ill-fated Jennifer puts into him and then herself mark a searing expression of rage at the misfortunes life has visited on her. The zinger here is that the victim isn't even the right guy, though the question of whether the boss(es) deserve to die is a persistent one, causing laughter to drain away when Louise and Michel fulfil their mission – guns blazing – and the film merrily accentuates the carnage in a serious misjudgement of tone. It's not that we're offended, since we're aware Delépine and de Kervern are trying to

SYNOPSIS Picardy, France, present day. The closure of a toy factory leaves its female workers sharing a meagre redundancy payout. Barely literate Louise (a transvestite whose real name is Jean-Pierre) suggests they pay a hitman to take out the boss who ordered the closure. Louise is fooled by self-styled 'security manager' Michel when he presents himself as a professional assassin. A cross-dresser whose real name is Cathy, he's a gun fetishist unable to pull a trigger in anger, so he persuades his terminally ill cousin Jennifer to carry out the hit. She staggers into a business reception and shoots the boss and herself. Unfortunately, she has shot the wrong man: the closure order came from the Brussels headquarters. Louise and Michel drive to the Belgian capital, where they share a hotel bed and discover each other's true gender. The corporate HQ turns out to be in Jersey. After boarding a fishing boat packed with illegal immigrants, the pair finally find the mansion of the wheeler-dealer responsible. Louise shoots his staff, his wife and adopted child; Michel shoots the tycoon. Later, in prison, Michel has Louise's baby.

get us to rise to the bait, it's just that the whole thing's suddenly stopped being funny. With risk-taking filmmakers, perhaps that's to be expected, but *Louise - Michel* (the protagonists' names conjoin in homage to a real-life 19th-century French female anarchist) stumbles when its freewheeling approach lapses into overcalculation.

Notwithstanding *Séraphine* star Moreau's amazing combination of savage gruffness and underlying vulnerability, and Lanner's ability to find the pathos in Michel's self-deception, there's a sense that the characters' bumbling misadventures are pitched slightly too far from plausibility to generate real emotional involvement. When Delépine and Kervern hit the target, we laugh, we cringe, we get it – and even though their success rate here isn't as high as we might hope, it's still good to know they're far from complacent in pushing themselves and their humour right to the edge. ➡ **Trevor Johnston**

CREDITS

A film by
Benoît Delépine
Gustave Kervern
Produced by
Mathieu Kassovitz
Benoît Jaubert
Written by
Benoît Delépine
Gustave Kervern
Director of Photography
Hugues Poulain
Editor
Stéphane Elmadjian
Art Director
Paul Chapelle

Original Music
Gaëtan Roussel

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Production Companies
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With the support of

Région Picardie and Département de l'Aisne
Executive Producer
Elisa Lamière
Production Manager
Anne Bennet
Production Supervisor
Loïc Jouanjan
Post-production Supervisor
Claude Nemer
Assistant Directors
1st: Gérard Bonnet
2nd: Cécile Roullier
Script Supervisor
Hélène Grand
Gaffer
Michel Foropon
Key Grip
Stéphane Canda
Digital Effects
Buf
Production Buyer
Laurent Weber
Property Master
Julien Poitou-Weber
Costumes
Cécile Roullier
Wardrobe
Géraldine Bastien
Make-up
Géraldine Garetier
Special Make-up Effects
Alexis Kinebaryan
Frédéric Balmer
Titles
Ericidan
Soundtrack
"Internationale" – Orchestre National, Chœurs de la Radiodiffusion Française, Manuel Rosenthal; "Ouais ouais ouais formidable!" – Charles Olejniczak as 'Charlie Oleg'; George Bernier as 'Professeur Choroni'; "Lonely Song"; "It's Impossible" – Daniel Johnston; "Jesus Christ mon amour" –

Philippe Katerine; "Je suis sentimental" – Christophe Salengro; "Métabolisme explosif en milieu terrestre" – Palo Alto; "Alcohol and Nicotine" – Steve Davey; "Mille milliards"; "1000 bateaux"
Sound Recordist
Guillaume Le Braz
Re-recording Mixer
Grégoire Couzinier
Sound Editors
Thomas Couzinier
Alexis Place

CAST

Yolande Moreau
Jean-Pierre 'Louise'
Ferrand
Bouli Lanners
Cathy 'Michel' Pinchon
Benoît Poelvoorde
Guy the engineer
Albert Dupontel
Miro
Mathieu Kassovitz
farm owner

in Picardy
Joseph Dahan
funeral parlour employee
Agnès Aubé
widow
Francis Kuntz
deputy director
Hervé Desingé
director
Fabienne Berne
secretary
Terence Debarle
Terence
Yannick Jaulin
bank employee

the workers
Sylvie Van Hiel
Sylvie
Jacqueline Kruysen
Jackie

Pierrette Broodthaers
Pierrette
Christine Ancelin
Christine
Patricia Sageot
Patricia
Sylvie Sageot
Sylvie
Béatrice Croisille
Béatrice
Stéphanie Davergne
Stéphanie
Marguerite Ducroquet
Marguerite

Jackye De Nayer
owner of hostesses bar
Garance Fiévet
Garance
Lumir Richet
Lumir
Jean-Michel Carlier
client 1
Philippe Arezki
client 2
Benoît Delépine
client 3
Jawad Enejaz
waiter in seedy bar
Piloto
dog
Lémi Cétol
man with collar
Eric Martin
laughing man
Catherine Hosmalin
Michel's mother
Siné
Michel's father
Alanis Freitag
Michel as a child
Pierre Renverseau
gym teacher
Miss Ming
cousin Jennifer
Jean-Louis Barcelona
cheese waiter
Aurore Lagache
farm owner's wife

in Brussels
Jacky Lambert
receptionist
Philippe Katerine
cabaret singer
Dominique Delhotte
waiter
Christophe Salengro
go-go dancer
Olivier Simola
client
Pascal Rabaté
family having breakfast
Clotilde Delcommune
hostess
Aurélia Petit
hostess on Segway vehicle
Nicolas Crousse
miraculously cured manager

in Jersey
Gustave Kervern
boat captain
Frédéric Pierre
second in command
Stéphane Canda
manager in a hurry
Guillaume Le Braz
lawyer
Denis Robert
watchman
Jean-Luc Ormières
businessman
Charles Steve Davey
old rocker
Aliette Langolf
businessman's wife
Anais Samoko
adopted baby
Duarte Prioste
'garden gnome' watchman

in prison
Robert Dehoux
chaplain
Isabelle Delépine
wise woman
Manael Simola-Bourgaux
baby
Franck Benoist
policeman
workers
Pierrette Traubouillet
Stéphanie Traubouillet
Lydie Sueur
Anielle
Chantal Degremont
Elise Minot
Vanessa Masset
Minette Sene
Lou Mary
Claudine Personne
Sylviane Boitel
Brigitte Bourgeois
Monique Martin
Angélique Olszyna
Anita Brios
Sabine Thorel
Aurélien Ganachaud
Catherine Lorient
Sabrina Lorient
Lucilla Dos Santos
Véronique Lenfant
Marie Ancelin
Vanessa Bue
Delphine Chakaria
Marcelle Nemache
Pierrette Nicaud
Jessica Roux
Kathie Saure

and
Géraldine Bastien
Violaine Arzac
Corinne Blond
Amandine Seeuws
Claire Wartel
Héloïse Devérité
Mélanie Beauvais
Louise Labouche
Léa Cratère
Justine Courbo
Gaëlle Lemaire
Kevin Pelletreux
Dylan Pelletreux
Chloé Morins-Foropon
Pelletreux Family
M. and Mme. Verdez
Jean Brochart
Anne Bennet
Fabien Jankowiak

Joseph Simas
voice of policeman

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[L66:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Axiom Films Limited



Natural bored killers: Yolande Moreau, Bouli Lanners

Mars Needs Moms

USA 2011

Director: Simon Wells

With Seth Green, Dan Fogler, Elisabeth Harnois, Mindy Sterling
Certificate PG 87m 57s

Nine-year-old Milo (motion-capture body of Seth Green, voice of Seth Dursky) is an underappreciative brat whose mom (Joan Cusack) snaps and sends him to bed. When Milo feels bad and goes to apologise, he finds her being abducted by Martians. In *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977), Melinda Dillon panicked as her son was snatched by aliens; here, it's the other way round. Resourcefully clambering on board, Milo is knocked unconscious by the zero gravity and wakes up on the red planet, where he discovers Gribble (Dan Fogler), a slobby Apatow male. ("There's no such thing as too much television," he enthuses in between frequently questioning Milo with the hopeful, "Best bros?") Wanting nothing more than videogames all day, this obese overgrown infant initially refuses to help Milo rescue his mother. Only when cajoled by the idealist needling of rebellious Martian Ki (Elisabeth Harnois) does Gribble agree to join the team.

Together, Milo, Gribble and Ki form one of the most grating trios in children's animated movies in recent memory. Milo has Seth Green's distinctive body language, all bandy-legged swaying, but with the voice of a real adolescent pain. Gribble hyperventilates pop-cultural threads of associations and blurts out songs like a cut-rate mid-1990s Robin Williams, and Ki completes the noxious threesome with a language derived entirely from sitcoms making fun of hippie slang (a riff, perhaps, on the aliens in Joe Dante's *Explorers* who speak only in the television broadcasts they've received, but dumbed-down).

In this film's Mars, the women live indoors and run society, while the males are systematically cast out onto the planetary surface, illiterate and drooling; a decision made when the Martians noticed that the men only wanted to dance and play, while the women actually accomplished things. Like a much more sinister

Knocked Up, the film suggests that, left to their own devices, men will live out a perpetual childhood (granted, all the bong-hits and beer cans are elided here). Simplistic though such gender notions may be, the already loud and annoying film takes it one step further, ultimately blaming this beyond-feminist state of affairs on 'the Supervisor' (Mindy Sterling), a withered crone whose sad shrieking to her fellow females ("I did this for you") tells the final moral: live by the nuclear family or die without it. No wonder Gribble's been on Mars since the Reagan administration: so has this film. **➔ Vadim Rizov**

CREDITS

Directed by

Simon Wells

Produced by

Robert Zemeckis

Jack Rapke

Steve Starkey

Steven Boyd

Screenplay

Simon Wells

Wendy Wells

Based on the book by

Berkeley Breathed

Director of

Photography

Robert Presley

Edited by

Wayne Wahrman

Production Designer

Doug Chiang

Music

John Powell

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Production Companies

Walt Disney Pictures and

ImageMovers Digital

present

Line Producer

Performance Capture

Unit:

Peter M. Tobiansen

Associate Producers

Ryan Chan

Performance Capture

Unit:

David H. Venhaus Jr

Unit Production

Manager

David Bernstein

IMD Production

Managers

Yvette Memory

Daniel Carbo

Production Supervisor

Gabriela Rios

Production

Co-ordinators

Laura C. Bowers

Jessica Beisler

David Binegar

Shayna Louise Cohen

Brandon Foster

Allison L. Francis

Jenna Rose Kerr

Ashley Koons

Samantha Liss

Jodi Miller

Cheryl Ann Sansonetti

Leah M. Santos

Brett Skaggs

Lisa Skinner

Chris Thomas

Bethany Young

Corie Yang

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1st: David H. Venhaus Jr

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Luca Koumellis

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Scot Boland

Camera Operators

Performance Capture

Unit – Stage:

Brian Garbellini

Performance Capture

Unit:

Maurice McGuire

Dale Myrand

Tony Olivieri

Nick Paige

Chris Schenck

Benjamin Spek

Key Grip

Performance Capture

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Supervisors

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Senior:

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Digital Executive

Producer

Sandra Scott

Digital Production

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Mei-Ming Casino

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Guy Riessen

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Supervisor

Performance Capture

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Michael Lantieri

Motion Graphics Artists

Dav Mrozek Rauch

Kathryn Otoshi

Animation Supervisors

Huck Wirtz

Senior:

Jenn Emberly

Animation Leads

Jamee Houk

Tracie Horie

Webster Colcord

Jonathan Lyons

Jimmy Almeida

Animators

George Aleco-Sima

George Banks

Jason Behr

Jeremy Bolan

Evelyn Botter

Ross Burgess

Bryon Caldwell

Stéphane Cros

Mike Dacko

Cameron D. Folds

Rena M. Fowler

Oz Gani

Julie Jaros

Keith Johnson

Evan Kreutzinger

Dan Kunz

David Latour

Jax Lee

Jean Lin

Patrick Lowery

Guido Muzzarelli

Yuhon Ng

Richard Oey

Micheal Parks

Tal Peleg

Salvador Ruiz Jr

Andrew Schneider

Brett Schroeder

Roland Vallet

Ryan Walker

Effects Supervisor

Doug Creel

CG Builds Supervisor

Pete Billington

CG Supervisor

Rudy Grossman

Data Acquisition CG

Supervisor

Damon Wolfe

Crowds Supervisor

Craig Halperin

Effects/Crowds

Technical Directors

Michael Brainerd

Derek Cheung

Rony Edde

Allan Gersten

Christopher Hamilton

David Hermanson

Christina Hsu

Michael Janov

Jeff A. Johnson

William Konersman

Tom Lynnes

Andrew D. Lyons

Clear Menser

Josh Paller

Dave Rand

Evan Ryan

Kawaldeep Singh

Eric Texier

Erich Turner

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Brian Kulig

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Michael Clemens

Edward Davis

Richard Ducker

Brad Fox

Jonathan Harman

Thomas L. Hutchinson

Ian Jenkins

Betsy Mueller

Alex Prichard

John Stillman

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Karen Ansel

Jeff Arnold

Al Bailey

Joe Bailey

Natalie Baillie

Marco Brezzo

Georgia Cano

Josh Cardenas

Arun P. Chidambaram

Kate Choi

Christina Drahos

Daniel Fazel

Alex A. Fleming

Diego Garzon Sanchez

Howard Gersh

Jim Gibbs

Edward Ted Helmers

Kevin Iching Hong

Sunghwan Hong

Adrian Iler

Chris Jolly

Michael Kennen

Woei Hsi Lee

Michael Leung

Christopher Lexington

Richard Liukis

Christopher J. Logan

Steve Molin

Julie Neary

Patrick Neary

Maggie Oh

Scott Paleiko

Ralph Procidia

Logan Rogers

Jesse Russell

Juwana Samman

Manuela Scalin

Frederic Schmidt

Alex Schworer

Misty Segura

Jeremy Squires

Ellen Trinh

Guerdon Trueblood

Scott G. Troclair

Wayne Vincenzi

Kelly Walsh

Chris Winters

Jason Yanofsky

Yi Zhao

Surfacing Supervisor

Ryan Michero

Rigging Supervisor

Tim Coleman

Rigging Leads

Anton Dawson

Geordie Martinez

Chad Vernon

Nathan Frigard

Lead Texture Artist

Stephanie Dubé

Digital Layout

Supervisor

Matthew A. Ward

Layout Supervisor

Gary Parks

Digital Layout

Camera Supervisor:

Eric Carney

Technical Director</

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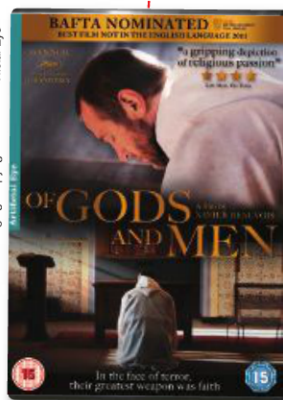
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Artificial Eye



Archipelago
Joanna Hogg

British writer/director Joanna Hogg follows her debut *Unrelated* with another insightful, impressively acted study of upper-middle-class family friction.

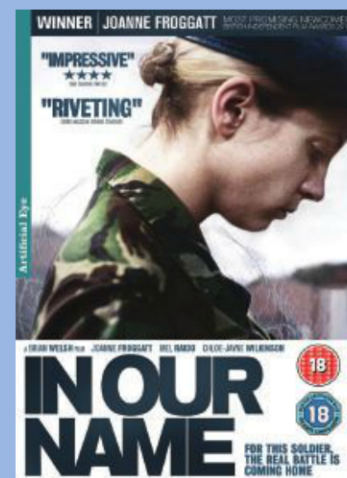
● On DVD 9 May



On Tour
Mathieu Amalric

Mathieu Amalric received the Best Director award at last year's Cannes Film Festival for this candid portrait on the lives of a group of Burlesque performers.

● On DVD 25 April



In Our Name
Brian Welsh

A young soldier battles with post traumatic stress whilst trying to adapt to civilian life after leaving the army. Features an award-winning performance from Joanne Froggatt.

● On DVD 25 April

www.artificial-eye.com

Meek's Cutoff

USA 2010

Director: Kelly Reichardt

With Michelle Williams, Bruce Greenwood, Will Patton, Zoe Kazan

Philip French once dubbed the western genre "a voracious bastard of a form, open equally to visionaries and opportunists". Kelly Reichardt's austere, resolutely enigmatic and desolately beautiful pioneer fable suggests she's both at once, paring the western audaciously back to the bone and infusing it with her trademark minimalism.

Meek's Cutoff is simultaneously cerebral and astonishingly cinematic, a historical road movie that stretches the inhospitable landscapes and marginal living of *Wendy and Lucy* (2008) in intriguing directions. Reichardt is the mistress of signalling much from minute details,

transforming the serene opening image of settler women wading across a river, straight out of N.C. Wyeth's pioneer paintings, with the terse, tension-inducing 'LOST' scratched into a branch by Thomas Gately. Her spare vision seems the embodiment of novelist Marilynne Robinson's suggestion, heading up the press notes, that alongside the noisy male myths of gunplay and conquest, there is one – mostly perceived by women – of "a West dominated by space and silence".

There's plenty of both here, surrounding a small wagon train of three settler couples, trudging through the sun-baked Oregon High Desert in 1845, increasingly mistrustful of their blowhard guide Stephen Meek as water, and his blustering excuses, run low. Watching their struggle, *Meek's Cutoff* creates a parallel Old West, one stripped of the traditional trappings of action sequences, expressive characterisation and widescreen. Its Academy ratio gives a claustrophobic, domestic feel – you jump when the camera, roaming over firewood foraging, ends on a pair of Indian feet. Though one could glimpse *The Searchers* (1956) in its lunar landscapes, or *Days of Heaven* (1978) in its detached mood and often eerie beauty, the film's small, inward-looking narrative and headily large themes make it a piece of considerable originality. Time, like the wagon-train, moves molasses-slow here, and Jon Raymond's subtle scripting locates the drama within the pioneers'



Into great silence: Michelle Williams

predicament as they bicker over whether to trust Meek, or the Cayuse Indian they eventually capture to guide them, who may be leading them to water, or to massacre. What invests us in their plight is Reichardt's lingering obsession with the wheel-mending, bread-kneading, water-rationing, hardscrabble materiality of pioneer life, a close-up view of the women's West unearthed recently by historians. We're riding shotgun, feeling the precarious struggle for survival as Michelle Williams's stoical, compassionate Emily shares food with her struggling neighbours, and Shirley Henderson's journey-frayed mother reminisces about the easy life her father's pigs led by comparison.

However, the film's unswerving severity, with muttered dialogue as heavily rationed as water (it's as taciturn as *True Grit* is prolix) and the coralling of its cast in Christopher Blauvelt's gorgeous but distancing long-shots, leads the viewer to scrabble restlessly for meaning. The political allegory aligning Meek's cowboy bluster with the Bush years is a tad heavyhanded, even more so when young wife Millie's rants about the Indian's rock-scratched petroglyph 'signals' suggest today's hysteria about terrorism. Rather more effective are the film's glancing but resonant hints at biblical allegory, feminist fable or the reimagining of macho pioneer melodramas such as

The Way West (1967). Raymond's concentration on the fracturing community rather than the individual, part of the film's upending of genre norms, also means that only Bruce Greenwood's garrulous Meek and Michelle Williams's expertly nuanced Emily, wary and warm in equal measures as she reluctantly defends the Indian against Meek's kneejerk racism, register strongly. But while its overarching ambiguity can infuriate, most notably in a daring and frustratingly oblique ending, it's also its strongest suit. What's manifest in *Meek's Cutoff* isn't destiny, but the difficulty of gauging truth, whether it concerns what's over the hill, or within a human heart.

➔ **Kate Stables**

CREDITS

Directed by

Kelly Reichardt

Produced by

Neil Kopp

Anish Savjani

Elizabeth Cuthrell

David Umrutia

Screenplay

Jon Raymond

Cinematographer

Christopher Blauvelt

Editor

Kelly Reichardt

Production Designer

David Doernberg

Composer

Jeff Grace

@Thunderegg, LLC

Production

Companies

An Evenstar Films,

filmscience and

Harmony/Primitive

Nerd presentation

Executive Producers

Todd Haynes

Phil Morrison

Rajen Savjani

Andrew Pope

Steven Tuttleman

Laura Rosenthal

Mike S. Ryan

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Vincent Savino

Unit Production

Manager

Brett Cranford

Production

Co-ordinator

Tanya Smith

Production

Accountants

Arpita Banker

Nicole Hawkins

Locations

Roger Faires

Post-production

Supervisor

Joshua Rappaport

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1st: Matt O'Connor

2nd: Kyle Eaton

Script Supervisor

Gordon Bell

Casting

Laura Rosenthal

Oregon:

Simon Max Hill

B Camera Operator/

Steadicam Operator

Greg Schmitt

Gaffer

Elrem Peter

Key Grip

Brian Shotzbarger

Art Director

Kat Uhlmannsiek

Property Master

Ryan Smith

Costume Designer

Vicki Farrell

Department Head

Make-up

Leo Won

Key Make-up

Linda Andrews

Make-up Artist

Jamespatrick Smith Jr

Key Hair-Wig Stylist

David Kennedy

Title Design

Marlene McCarty

Main Title Illustration

Guthrie McCarty-

Vachon

Score Produced by

Jeff Grace

Dave Eggar

Sound Design

Leslie Shatz

Sound Mixer

Felix Andrew

Re-recording Mixer

Leslie Shatz

Supervising Sound

Editor

Javier Bennassar

Stunt Co-ordinator

Jason Rodriguez

Historical Consultants

M.E. Buckner

Michael P. Jones

Animal Provider

A-List Animals

CAST

Michelle Williams

Emily Tetherow

Bruce Greenwood

Stephen Meek

Will Patton

Solomon Tetherow

Zoe Kazan

Millie Gately

Paul Dano

Thomas Gately

Shirley Henderson

Glory White

Neal Huff

William White

Tommy Nelson

Jimmy White

Rod Rondeaux

the Indian

In Colour

[L33:1]

Distributor

Soda Pictures

Passenger Side

Canada 2009

Director: Matthew Bissonnette

With Adam Scott, Joel Bissonnette, Richard Medina, Mickey Cottrell

Like Abbas Kiarostami's *10* (2002), most of *Passenger Side* takes place in a car as its protagonists drive around a city encountering characters whose life stories provide a portrait of a time and place. Reeled off as a list, this cast of characters – rich suburbanite, transvestite hooker, ex-actor junkie, illegal Mexican workers, desert sage, Valley-girl drunk and porn-movie director – namechecks every cliché in the LA book. But what keeps *Passenger Side* interesting is the understated wit of the dialogue and the way the truth of its situation gradually unfolds.

Driver and passenger are two brothers, 37-year-old novelist Michael and his younger sibling Tobey, a former junkie now come clean. Their relationship feels unforced and natural and their conversations nicely replicate the dynamic of two people so familiar with each other that not everything needs to be spelled out or explained. There are no big scenes or revelations, and it's through listening carefully to their asides and one-liners – with gags whose references range from James Joyce to the Church of Scientology (given added humour by the fact that Adam Scott's Michael is a Tom Cruise lookalike) – that we gradually build a portrait of their shared history and present. Michael may be behind the wheel, but from the outset it's Tobey on the passenger side who is driving the journey.

The brothers are a contrasting pair. Tobey appears streetwise, extrovert and optimistic, at home in every social stratum, understanding and inhabiting the world as it is. Seemingly embittered and self-contained, Michael lives in the past, surrounding himself with outmoded technology, refusing engagement and writing novels that replay his family history in barely disguised form. We absorb this information and make connections much as we might in real life. But the Lynchian twist at the end undermines easy assumptions about the characters' motivations and requires us to replay the dialogue to understand what's really going on.

You'll probably know if you're going to like *Passenger Side* from the opening shot (a sofa, typewriter and retro telephone, which rings, is answered by Michael – framed from chest to knees – who talks, hangs up and then sits down and thinks, allowing us to see his face for the first time). It's held for long enough to give anyone expecting an action movie time to leave. Michael and Tobey are Canadians who've lived in LA for eight years, and other images – of the ocean, of desert wildlife, of car tail-lights snaking along the highway – play like the vision of an outsider wondering at the details of a city its

SYNOPSIS Oregon, 1845. Three pioneer families have been led on a route off the main wagon trail by boastful guide Stephen Meek, and are lost. Meek's insistence that he knows the way is increasingly disbelieved as water supplies dwindle and they trek through the Oregon High Desert. Young wife Emily Tetherow encounters an Indian brave. Ten-year-old Jimmy White finds gold nuggets but, seeking water, they can't stop to investigate further. Meek and Emily's husband Solomon hunt down the Indian. After some arguing, the pioneers reluctantly decide to let him lead them to water. Emily feeds him, and mends his boot. The Indian scratches carvings in the rocks, and the pioneers fight over whether he is signalling to his tribe. Emily's wagon is smashed to pieces being lowered down a hill. She draws a gun on Meek when he threatens the Indian. William White collapses from exhaustion. The Indian leads them to a tree, which may indicate water nearby. Millie and Thomas Gately don't trust him, and wish to head north. The rest of the group, including Meek, appoint Solomon their leader. They decide to follow the Indian, who strides into the distance. The scene fades to black.

SYNOPSIS Los Angeles, the present. Novelist Michael cancels his plans to spend his 37th birthday on a date when his ex-junkie younger brother Tobey phones to ask for help. As they drive around LA on Tobey's instructions, encountering a rich suburbanite, a transvestite hooker, an ex-actor junkie, illegal Mexican workers, a desert sage, a porn-movie director and a racist mechanic, Tobey reveals that he is on the trail of his former girlfriend, Theresa. He tells Michael they haven't seen each other for six months but spoke on the phone the night before and agreed to marry. As each lead draws a blank, the brothers give up and go to a bar; Theresa walks in and while Tobey is buying drinks she tells Michael that she knows Tobey loves her, whereas Michael never did. After asking her to promise never to tell Tobey the truth, Michael walks out and returns to his apartment.

inhabitants no longer notice. Sometimes the camera seems to hover simply so we can hear entire songs from the assortment of indie tapes Michael plays in his vintage BMW. (It's a soundtrack that even features two songs by the Mekons – a band we fans know to be the best in the world.) The diegetic music comments on the action – “Just an ordinary night”, “Where is she now?” – but there is also huge pleasure in just looking and listening, in allowing yourself to drift along in the film world much as Michael and Tobey drift through the city. ♦♦ Vicky Wilson

CREDITS

Directed by
Matthew Bissonnette
Produced by
Corey Marr
Written by
Matthew Bissonnette
Director of Photography
Jonathon Cliff
Editor
Matthew Hannam

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Production Companies
Corey Marr Productions and 105 Films present
Produced with the participation of Telefilm Canada
Produced in association with The Movie Network, Movie Central
Executive Producers
Adam Scott
Corey Marr
Matthew Bissonnette
Line Producer/Associate Producer
Mitch Glick
Assistant Director
1st: Paige Reinis

Script Supervisor
Paige Reinis
Steadicam Operator
Hugh Bell
Gaffer
Scott Tremblay
Key Grip
Chuck May
Visual Effects
Darren Wall
Set Decorator/Props
April Glover
Costume Designer
Melissa Clemens
Make-up Artist/Hair Stylist
Rhianon Webb
Soundtrack
“Punks in the Beerlight” – Silver Jews; “Hit the Ground Running” – Smog; “Cannibal Café” – SNFU; “Mini TV’s”; “Graveyard” – Chad Van Gaalen; “Ordinary Night”; “Last Night on Earth” – the Mekons; “Kid Dynamite” – Squirrel Bait; “The Goldheart Mountaintop Queen Directory” – Guided by Voices; “Good Guys & Bad Guys”; “We Saw Jerry’s Daughter” – Camper

van Beethoven; “Call of the Wild” – The Nils; “Final Day” – Young Marble Giants; “Jak” – Volcano Suns; “Driveway to Driveway” – Superchunk; “Freak Scene” – Dinosaur Jr.; “Fucked Up Ronnie” – D.O.A.; “Isabel” – Unrest; “Wild Sage” – The Mountain Goats; “Rough Gem” – Islands; “Be What You Want” – Asexuals; “Suzanne” – Leonard Cohen; “You Don’t Have to Make Me Feel Better” – Mac McCaughan; “Hard Drive” – Evan Dando; “Passenger Side” – Wilco
Music Consultant
Mac McCaughan
Sound Recordists
Carnie Sheldon
Adam Douglass
Re-recording Mixers
Matt Chan
Jan Rudy
Supervising Sound Editor
Matt Chan

CAST

Adam Scott
Michael
Joel Bissonnette
Tobey
Richard Medina
man with knife
Mickey Cottrell
suspicious man
Vitta Quinn
Carla
Dimitri Coats
Goofus
Victor Martinez
Alberto
Roberto Enrique
Manuel
Penelope Allen
Henrietta
Kimberly Huie
Laurie

Greg Dulli
porn director
Gale Harold
Karl
Maja Miletich
Karen
Rachael Santhorn
Anna
Adam Balsam
porn PA
Travis Walck
gas station attendant
Robin Tunney
Theresa
Sean Parker
Dog
Rebecca Buhr
nurse
Eileen McIntire
nurse
Ben Booker
porn camera
Steve Hunt
porn sound
James Delmer
Connor Murphy-Boyd
Siobhan Murphy-Boyd
beach teens
Ricardo A. Garcia
bartender
Theo Burkhardt
Shannon Cornett
Sarah Emmons
Stephen Glover
Jenny Gustavson
Anette Hein
Megan Menzel
David Saucedo
bar patrons

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Axiom Films Limited

Pina

Germany/France/
United Kingdom 2011
Director: Wim Wenders

Filmgoers may have first encountered the work of celebrated experimental German choreographer Pina Bausch through Pedro Almodóvar’s *Talk to Her* (2002), which opened with her performance of ‘Café Müller’, a dance whose themes of unconsciousness and desire resonated throughout the film.

Bausch is the ghost at the heart of this new 3D documentary/dance film from Wim Wenders. She died of cancer on 30 June 2009, after several years spent discussing the film with Wenders and two days before shooting was scheduled to begin. Intended as a tribute and a conversation, *Pina* is charged by its status as a monument and a memento mori – yet with only tantalising archival glimpses of Bausch in rehearsal, and the recollections of her dancers cut up until they resemble the platitudes of reality TV contestants, the film struggles to generate a narrative or thematic backbone, relying instead on – often breathtaking – visuals that make the viewer want to see the dancing live.

While Almodóvar’s film drew on Bausch’s work (and her living presence) for its haunting themes, Wenders is engaged in a different project, one that’s concerned with what is lost when live performances go unrecorded, and also when they are recorded. At times, as in the opening sequence from ‘The Rite of Spring’, Wenders offers both a clear introduction to Bausch’s singular dance language and, as the dancers appear to come towards us, vertiginous wonders, capturing the choreographic thrill of bodies moving singly and together in space.

While the film offers arguably the least sensationalist and most cinematic use of 3D technology seen so far, its insistence on securing the illusion of depth of field often works against, rather than for, its goal of capturing the staged dance performances. Cutting to close-ups and changing perspectives not only breaks the illusion (a complaint frequently made about filmed performances) but also undermines the 3D as the frame intrudes, severing dancers’ limbs as they approach the camera. The question of film’s relation to theatre, which vexed early critics such as Hugo Münsterberg, arises again here, complicated by the fact that Bausch was an anti-illusionistic choreographer, committed to fracturing narrative and space.

Dance film has been involved in technological innovations since the early years of cinema, as Loie Fuller, Mary Wigman, Maya Deren and Busby Berkeley developed choreographic and cinematic techniques in tandem, something that has arguably continued in the work of video-makers and artists such as Spike Jonze and Sam Taylor-Wood. Bausch’s stage work was not conceived, or reconceived, for film (and unlike many contemporary choreographers, she didn’t use film

on stage), so in some ways *Pina* feels obsolete: conceived outside the history of dance film, and without the innovations that mark it.

It is only when Wenders moves the dancers away from the theatre and out into the world that his use of 3D comes into its own. Positioning dancers in fabulous evening wear around the uncannily tidy town of Wuppertal with its surreal suspension railway and pavilions, and out into the equally surreal countryside of Bergisches Land (which appears to have a river, a desert, a quarry and an escarpment, as well as transcendent light), Wenders begins to find a cinematic language equivalent to – rather than dedicated to archiving – Bausch’s innovations in dance.

In the film’s only clip of Bausch talking, she describes returning to her role in ‘Café Müller’ and finding herself unable to dance it with conviction until she remembered that, in the initial run, she’d danced it with her eyes looking down behind closed lids, rather than towards the front. It is this kind of haptic, uncanny detail that Almodóvar’s film suggests by embedding the dance in the narrative and his characters’ bodies, while Wenders focuses on technical mastery. Yet *Pina* also points the path to regeneration, by moving dance into strange, suggestive landscapes and away from the theatrical space that continues to haunt cinema’s idea of itself. ♦♦ Sophie Mayer

CREDITS

Directed by
Wim Wenders
Produced by
Wim Wenders
Gian-Piero Ringel
Written by
Wim Wenders
Based on pieces and choreographies by Pina Bausch
Directors of Photography
Hélène Louvart
Jörg Widmer
Editor
Toni Froschhammer
Art Director
Peter Pabst
Film Score
Thorn Hanreich

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Production Companies
HaniWay Films presents a Neue Road Movies production in co-production with Eurowide Film Production, ZDF and ZDFtheaterkanal in association with Arte, 3sat, Tanztheater Wuppertal Pina Bausch, Pina Bausch Foundation, L’Arche Editeur and Pictorial das Werk
With the support of Filmstiftung NRW, DFFF – Deutscher Filmförderfonds, FFA – Filmförderungsanstalt, MBB – Medienboard Berlin-Brandenburg, BKM, CNC – Centre national de la cinématographie
With the participation of the French Ministry of Culture and Communication (Centre National du

Cinema et de l’Image Animée) & CNC New Technologies in Production
A film for Pina Bausch by Wim Wenders
Executive Producer
Jeremy Thomas
Co-producers
Claudie Ossard
Chris Bolzu
Commissioning Editors
Wolfgang Bergmann
Gabriele Heuser
Dieter Schneider
Line Producers
Peter Hermann
Helen Olive
Associate Producers
Heiner Bastian
Stefan Rüll
Stephan Mallmann
Dr Mohammad Zahoor
Co-ordinator
Sabine Hesselberg
Production Co-ordinators
Marie-Christine Ernst
Elisa Gomis
Production Accountants
Boris Dillen
Marie-Noëlle Hauville
Stage Manager
Tanztheater Wuppertal Pina Bausch
Felicita Willems
Location Manager
René Saldjughian
Post-production Supervisor
Dominik Bollen
Assistant Directors
1st: Corinne Le Hong
Reshoot
1st: Heidi Frankl
Script/Continuity
Annie Lensing
Sonja Zoe Simijonovic
Lighting Director
Fernando Jacon
Camera Operator
B: Hugo Barbier
Steadicam
Jörg Widmer



Cherchez la femme: Joel Bissonnette, Adam Scott



Rite of spring cleaning: 'Pina'

Key Grip
Jean Chesneau
Visual Effects
Kalle Max Hofmann
3D Producer
Erwin M. Schmidt
Director of Stereography
Alain Derobe
3D Supervisor
François Garnier
Stereography
Josephine Derobe
Thierry Pouffary
3D Consultant
Patrick J. Palmer
Stereoscopic Consultant
Stefan Albertz
Set Design
Peter Pabst
Rolf Börzik
Artwork
Helga Rechenbach
Ulrike Robben
Propaganda B
Artistic Consultants
Dominique Mercy
Robert Sturm
Props
Arnulf Eichholz
Jan Szto
Costume Design
Marion Cito
Rolf Börzik
Wardrobe
Harald Boll
Silvio Franco
Andreas Maier
Katrinn Moos
Ulrike Schneider
Make-up
Astrid Weber
Fritz Schulze
Susanne Tenner
Music Supervisors
Milena Fessmann
Beckmann
Soundtrack
tbc
Choreographies
Pina Bausch
Rehearsal Directors
Café Müller
Malou Airaudo
Helena Pikon
Le Sacre du printemps
Barbara Kaufmann

Dominique Mercy
Kenji Takagi
Kontakthof
Bénédicte Billiet
Josephine Ann Endicott
Vollmond
Daphnis Kokkinos
Dominique Mercy
Robert Sturm
Ballet Masters
Tanztheater Wuppertal
Pina Bausch
Malou Airaudo
Christine Biedermann
Ernesta Corvino
Andrey Klemm
Ed Kortlandt
Christine Kono
Paul Melis
Agnes Pallai
Janet Panetta
Anthony Rizzi
Sound Recordist
André Rigaut
Re-recording Mixer
Matthias Lempert
Technical Directors
Manfred Marczewski
Jörg Ramershoven

WITH

performed by
Regina Advento
Malou Airaudo
Ruth Amarante
Jorge Puerta Armenta
Pina Bausch
Rainer Behr
Andrey Berezin
Damiano Ottavio Bigi
Bénédicte Billiet
Ales Cucek
Clementine Deluy
Josephine Ann Endicott
Lutz Forster
Pablo Aran Gimeno
Mechthild Grossmann
Silvia Farias Heredia
Barbara Kaufmann
Nayoung Kim
Daphnis Kokkinos
Ed Kortlandt
Eddie Martinez
Dominique Mercy
Thusnelda Mercy
Ditta Miranda Jasfji
Cristiana Morganti

Morena Nascimento
Nazareth Panadero
Helena Pikon
Fabien Priville
Jean-Laurent Sasportes
Franko Schmidt
Azusa Seyama
Julie Shanahan
Julie Anne Stanzak
Michael Strecker
Fernando Suels
Mendoza
Aida Vainieri
Anna Wehsarg
Tsay-Chin Yu

guest dancers for "Le Sacre du printemps"
Alexeider Abad
Gonzales
Stephan Brinkmann
Meritxell Checa
Esteban
Paul Hess
Rudolf Gligleberger
Chrystel Wu
Guillebaud
Mu-Yi Kuo
Szu-Wei Wu
Tomoko Yamashita
Sergey Zhukov
Andy Zondag

"Kontakthof" dancers with teenagers over 14
Flutura Ajvazi
Bastian Bastian
Kira Clemens
Philipp Danisch
Timo Dieckmann
Pia Jansen
Maria Färber
Marvin George
Luca Greco
Lisa Hymmen
Lisa Kleinschmidt
Jonas Kiran Kosmoll
Lydia Kumi
Kim Lörken
Katja Manke
Jan Möllmer
Ben Pfennig
Lennard Pfennig
Jonas Quatuor
Melissa Raucamp
Mona Remford
Ramona Rexfort

Alexandros Sarakassidis
Andy Sichui
Björn Tappert
Rosario Tavano
Florian Wisniewski
Jory Wonnernberg

"Kontakthof" dancers with ladies and gentlemen over 65
Rosemarie Asbeck
Karlheinz Buchwald
Ulla Buchwald
Lore Duwe-Scherwat
Bernd Geike
Jutta Geike
Günter Glörfeld
Peter Kemp
Gerd Killmer
Anke Klammer
Werner Klammer
Thea Koch
Krista Lange
Dieter Linden
Ernest Martin
Heinz Meyer
Brigitte Montabon
Renate Nickisch
Heinz Nölle
Klaus Rubert
Bärbel Sanner-Egemann
Hannelore Schneider
Reiner Strassmann
Margarita Schwarzer
Ursula Sieckmann
Margret Thierer

Sandrine Pillon
narrator

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[1.78:1]
3D
Subtitles

Distributor
Artificial Eye Film Company

Rango

USA 2011

Director: Gore Verbinski

Voices of Johnny Depp, Isla Fisher, Abigail Breslin, Ned Beatty

Certificate PG 107m 9s

In 1991, Steven Spielberg produced *An American Tail Fievel Goes West*, a pleasant drawn cartoon spoofing the western, with heroic mice, black-hatted cats and James Stewart in his last role, as a grizzled law-dog. Now Gore Verbinski directs *Rango*, a grittier, CGI western with snakes, toads, armadillos and Johnny Depp's Rango, a highly strung chameleon who uses the myth of the west to mould his shapeless identity. It seems likely that *Rango* will gain a cult fanbase and be a contender for next year's animated Oscar. Its commercial prospects are shakier.

That's because *Rango* isn't a family film like *Fievel Goes West*. It's debatable whether it's for families at all. The film is more interested in grandiose archetypes and loving pastiches than in creating appealing characters, and it's as parched of warmth as its desert town is of water. The starting-point is a cartoon cliché: hollow-man hero Rango arrives in town pretending to be what he's not. On to this the script pours a heavily annotated hero's journey, culminating in Rango's delirious quest through vast desert landscapes, the chameleon with no identity meeting the Man With No Name – Clint Eastwood, albeit voiced by Timothy Olyphant.

True, *Rango* remembers it's a cartoon, with a band of omnipresent doleful owls providing musical commentaries on the story. The best slapstick is in a bar scene (partly alluding to Alan Rafkin's 1968 film *The Shaggiest Gun in the West*), where Rango belches fire into the face of a bad-guy (Ray Winstone), resulting in a 'slow-burn' glare. There's also the expected CGI spectacle, scored magnificently by Hans Zimmer; a stagecoach chase is crossbred with an *Apocalypse Now*-style air-attack starring a squadron of dive-bombing bats.

Rango resembles *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* (1988) in that both are genre pastiches by live-action directors using animation to attract parents with kids, while not making any concessions to the latter in their scripts. Both draw on *Chinatown* (1974), with villains who don't want to skin puppies or rule nurseries (agendas that children can understand) but instead want to build superhighways or animal Las Vegas. The dialogue isn't the split-level kind from Pixar, exemplified by the 'laser envy' double entendre in *Toy Story* (1995). Instead it's aimed over children's heads for long stretches, delivered by the likes of Ned Beatty (who was, admittedly, folksy villain Lotso in *Toy Story 3*) and Harry Dean Stanton. In *Rango*'s campfire scene, a critter thoughtfully remarks, "I found a human spinal column in my faecal matter once..."

Viewers may split in a commercially dangerous way. Older animation fans, especially those tired of the adulation given to Pixar, may embrace *Rango*; but

the casting vote could go to parents of bored tots. For decades, cartoon creators and fans have railed against the dictum that animation is for children. (Gore Verbinski told the *New York Times* that he was "dying for" animated films rated PG-13 or R.) *Rango*, though, may struggle against a mainstream audience that doesn't give a fig for grown-up cartoons.

♥♥ Andrew Osmond

CREDITS

Directed by
Gore Verbinski
Produced by
Gore Verbinski
Graham King
John B. Carls
Written by
John Logan
Story
John Logan
Gore Verbinski
James Ward Byrkit
Edited by
Craig Wood
Production Designer
Mark 'Crash' McCreery
Music
Hans Zimmer

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Production Companies
Paramount Pictures and Nickelodeon Movies present a Blind Wink/GK Films production
A Gore Verbinski film
Executive Producer
Tim Headington
ILM Executive Producer
Janet Lewin
ILM Senior Producer
Jacqui Lopez
ILM Producer
Kate Lynch
Co-producers
Shari Hanson
Adam Cramer
David Shannon
Consulting Producers
Nils Peyron
Mark Bakshi
Unit Production Manager
Emotion Capture Unit:
Adam Sommer
ILM Production Managers
Carol Norton
Danielle Rubin
Jenna Grigg Thomas
Lisa Todd
Production Supervisors
Digital:
Michael Bauer
Emotion Capture Unit:
Gary Kout
Christine Altomari
Production Co-ordinators
Chrysta Marie Burton
ILM:
Christopher Bannister
Barbara Bellanca
Mélanie Cussac
Cynthia Crimmins
Rachel Galbraith
Marie Stephanie Gruet
Flannery Huntley
Peisan Kang
Karen Kelly
Tauni Oxborrow
Morgan Smith
Production Accountant
Patrick Siembieda
Assistant Directors
1st: Simon Morgan
Emotion Capture Unit
1st: Adam Sommer
2nd: Ian Calip
Script Supervisor
Emotion Capture Unit:
Sharron Reynolds-Enriquez

Casting
Denise Chamian
Head of Story
James Ward Byrkit
Story Artists
Josh Hayes
David Gosman
David Feiss
David Lowery
Tom Derosier
Anthony Leonardi III
Jurgen Gross

Director of Photography
Emotion Capture Unit:
Rafael E. Sanchez
Cinematography Consultant
Roger Deakins
Camera Operators
Emotion Capture Unit:
Rafael E. Sanchez
Martin Schaer
Chief Lighting Technician
Emotion Capture Unit:
Patrick Hoeschen
1st Company Grips
Emotion Capture Unit:
J. Michael Popovich
Thomas Gibson
Visual Effects Supervisors
Tim Alexander
John Knoll
Feature Animation
Industrial Light & Magic
Animation Director
Hal Hickel
Technical Animation Supervisor
Virginie Michel
D'Annunzio
Lead Animators
Charles Alleneck
Derrick Carlin
Maia Kayser
Shawn Kelly
Cedric Lo
Jakub Pisteky
Andy Wong
Peter Kelly
Animators
Samati Boonchitsitsak
William Alex Cannon
Jerry Cantor
Kian Shyang Chong
Michael Coedel
Frederic Cole
Chuck Duke
Michael Easton
Simon Fillat
Marco Foglia
Nick Fredin
Maria Goodale
Jean-Denis Haas
Tim Harrington
Geoff Hemphill
Jason Ho
Zaini Jalani
Gary Kout
Yee Sang Khet
Alicia Kho
Chansoo Kim
Stephen Kim
Atsushi Kojima
Alexander K. Lee
Eric Leong Mun Fai
Barry Lim
Zeng Lin
Bradley Lorimer
Michael Lum
Jason Malinowsky
Neil Michka
Michael Midlock
Shawn Miller
Christopher Mitchell
Erik Morgansen
Jess Morris
Philip Morris
Steve Rawlins
Jay Rennie
Maureen Seng
Miles Southan
Johnny Spinelli
Peter Tan
Roy Tan Luck Loi
Weihong Tan
Travis Tohill
Andre Tong
Greg Towner
Delio Tramonozzi
Chi Chung Tse
Marc Beaujeau
Weppenauer
Jeff Vacanti
Tim Waddy
Edmund Wong Mun Lit
Jackson Yeoh Lean Chiew

SYNOPSIS The Mojave Desert, near Los Angeles. A car swerves on the freeway, throwing out a terrarium containing a confused chameleon. The aged armadillo who caused the accident tells the lizard to go to the desert town of Dirt. On the way, the lizard encounters a monstrous hawk and a strong-willed female iguana called Beans.

Arriving in Dirt, the chameleon pretends to be a hero gunslinger called Rango. He has a run-in with the local bad guys, but their showdown is interrupted by the hawk. By luck, Rango squashes it with a water tower. Dirt's mayor, Tortoise John, appoints Rango sheriff.

Dirt is desperately short of water. Thanks to Rango's stupidity, a team of burrowing raiders enter the bank, seemingly stealing the water reserves. Rango, Beans and others give chase, taking on the raiders in an epic battle. However, it turns out the water was stolen before the raiders entered the bank. Rattlesnake Jake, who is Tortoise John's ally, attacks Rango, exposing him as a fraud. Rango wanders delirious into the desert and has a vision of 'the Spirit of the West' – Clint Eastwood – who encourages him to try again. Seeing Las Vegas, Rango realises that Tortoise John stole Dirt's water in order to buy the land and start his own city.

Rango enlists the raiders to send a deluge down Las Vegas's water pipes to Dirt. In the battle that follows, Rattlesnake Jake realises he has been betrayed by Tortoise John and drags him off to his doom. Dirt is saved.

Vincent Yu
John Zdzienkiewicz
Edward Zhou
Effects Leads
Dan Bornstein
Jeff Grebe
Willi Geiger
Michael Jamieson
Lee Uren
Effects Artists
Florent Andorra
François Antoine
Joakim Arneson
Jeremy Bloch
Aron Bonar
Michael Gaiser
Mei Gangwen
Branko Grijic
John Harpe
Neil Herzinger
Toan-Vinh Le
Adam Lee
Scott Mease
Steven Ong
Frank Petterson
Christopher Root
Dong Shin
Timothy Teramoto
Florian Witzel
Don Wong
CG Supervisors
Kevin Sprout
Raul Essig
Leandro Estebeconera
Patrick Cohen
Thomas Fejes
Gerald Gutschmidt
Polly Ing
David Meny
Patrick Myers
Nigel Sumner
Lighting Sequence Supervisors
Mathieu Boucher
Steve Braggs
Amelia Chenoweth
Jay Cooper
Christian Foucher
Jeff Hatchel
Tom Martinek
Akira Onikasa
John Walker
Lighting Technical Directors
Siau Yene Ang
Lin Ayeut
Jill Berger
Matt Brumit
Bernard O. Ceguerra
Kien Geay Chan
Roger Chih Chao
Paul Churchill
Patrick Conran
Bora Dayioglu
Natascha Devaud
Colin Downs-Razouk
Shine Fitzer
Brian Flynn
Andy Garcia
Robb Gardner
Timothy Gibbons
Indira Guernieri
Michael Halsted
David Hirschfield
Maung Maung Hla Win
Zain Homer
Peg Hunter
Erich Ippen
Ashley Gum Young Kim
Shilpa Kirpalani
Frankie Kwak
Kimberly Lashbrook
Jaewook Lee

Roger Lee
Melissa Lin
David Marsh
Ryan Martin
Will McCrate
Joseph Metten
Jui Ying Mow
Thaddeus Parkinson
Bruce Powell
Scott Prior
Steven Quinones-Colon
Ricardo Ramos
Philippe Rebours
Michael Rich
Jessica Riewe
Amanda Ronai
Ronald S. Samson
Durant Schoon
Paul Sharpe
Sean Schur
Erik Shepherd
Kirk Shimano
Ryan Smith
Siyu Song
Andre Surya Wiyono
Marlon Sutherland
Tan Lee Chia
Tay Chin Siong
Kieran Teltel
Tsae Yen Cheong
David Wallace
Robert Weaver
Khaituck Wong
Vong Yongchow
Texture Supervisor
Steve Walton
Texture Leads
Justin Holt
Martin Murphy
Production Manager
Simulation Leads
Karin Cooper
Eric Wong
Layout Supervisors
Colin Benoit
Nick Walker
Rough Layout Lead
Gerald McAleese III
Environment Supervisor
Andrew Proctor
Environmental Development Lead
Carlos Munoz
Environmental Lead
Jason Rosson
Daniel Wheaton
Additional Visual Effects Provided by
Whiskytrees Inc
Additional Editing
Wyatt Jones
Tom Barrett
Visual Consultant
Emotion Capture Unit:
Christine Cantella
Supervising Art Director
John Bell
Art Director
Aaron McBride
Look Development Supervisors
Kevin Reuter
Damian Steele
Hard Surface Model Supervisor
Russell Paul
Model Lead
Jung-seung Hong
Set Decorator

Emotion Capture Unit:
Rosemary Brandenburg
Conceptual Artists
James Carson
Jim Martin
Property Master
Emotion Capture Unit:
Kristopher E. Peck
Construction Co-ordinator
Emotion Capture Unit:
Michael F. Diersing
Make-up Department Head
Emotion Capture Unit:
Nicole Sortillon
Hair Department Head
Emotion Capture Unit:
Gloria Pasqua Casny
Main Titles Designed by
Prologue Films
End Titles
Scarlet Letters
Vocalist
Jose Hernandez
Music Conducted by
Nick Glennie-Smith
Supervising Orchestrator
Bruce L. Fowler
Music Arranged by
Adrian Tsao
Lorne Balfe
Tom Gire
Michael Levine
Dominic Lewis
Atli Örvarsson
Adam Peters
Heitor Pereira
John Sponsler

Geoff Zanelli
Soundtrack
"Rango" – Mariachi Sol de Mexico de José Hernández, Mariachi Reyna de Los Angeles; "Latin Lounge"; "Ave Maria" by Franz Schubert – Studio Group; "Forkboy" – Lard; "Welcome Amigo"; "The Bank's Been Robbed" – Rick Garcia; "Cool Water" – Hank Williams Sr.; "Selenger's Round"; "Ride of the Valkyries" by Richard Wagner; "An der schönen blauen Donau, Op.314" by Johann Strauss – Berliner Philharmoniker; "La Muerte a llegado" – Rick Garcia, George Del Hoyo; "Finale" from *The Kingdomb* by Danny Elfman; "Right on Target" by Hans Zimmer; "El Canelo"; "Rango Theme Song" – Los Lobos; "Walk Don't Rango" – Los Lobos featuring Arturo Sandoval
Music Consultant
Bob Badami
Choreographer
Emotion Capture Unit:
JoAnn Jansen
Sound Designer
Peter Miller

Development Sound Supervisor
Sean Massey
Production Sound Mixer/Emotion Capture Unit Sound Mixer
Lee Orloff
Re-recording Mixers
Paul Massey
Christopher Boyes
Supervising Sound Editors
Addison Teague
Peter Miller
Stunt Co-ordinator
Emotion Capture Unit:
Keith Campbell

VOICE CAST

Johnny Depp
Rango
Isla Fisher
Beans
Abigail Breslin
Priscilla
Ned Beatty
Tortoise John, the mayor
Alfred Molina
Roadkill
Bill Nighy
Rattlesnake Jake
Stephen Root
Doc/Memmack
Harry Dean Stanton
Ray Winstone
Bad Bill
Timothy Olyphant
The Spirit of the West
Ian Abercrombie
Amberose
Gil Birmingham
wounded bird
James Ward Byrkit
Waffles/Gordy/Papa/Joad/Cousin Murt/Curlie/Knife attacker/rodent kid
Claudia Black
Angelique
Blake Clark
Buford
John Cothran
Elgin
Patrika Darbo
Dellah/Maybelle
George Del Hoyo
Señor Flan, mariachi accordion
Johnny Depp
Lars
Maile Flanagan
Lucky
Charles Fleischer
Blowbs
Beth Grant
Bonnie
Ryan Hurst
Jedidiah

Vincent Kartheiser
Ezekial/Lasso rodent
Hemky Madera
Chorizo
Alex Manugian
Spoons
Mark 'Crash' McCreery
Parsons
Joseph A. Nuñez
Rock-Eye
Chris Parson
Hazel Moats/Kinski/Stump/Clinker/Lenny/Boseefus/dirt kid
Stephen Root
Mr Snuggles
Lew Temple
Furgus/Hitch
Alanna Ubach
Boo Cletus/FrescaMiss/Daisy
Gore Verbinski
Sergeant Turley/Crevise/Slim/Lupe, mariachi violin
Kym Whitley
Melonee
Keith Campbell
sod buster

Emotion Capture Unit
Jordi Caballero
Troy Christian
Marco Antonio De La Cruz
Nadine Ellis
Teresa Raquel Espinosa
Ruthy Inchaustegui
Rachel McDonald
Elizabeth Eloise Ramos
Sarah Christine Smith
Allen Walls
dancers

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Paramount Pictures UK

9,643 ft +8 frames

Redemption

USA 2007

Director: Robert Conway

With Dustin James, Tom Noga, Ash Morgan, Clint James

Certificate: not submitted 89m

What's the notch below straight-to-DVD? Straight-to-the-Poundsaver-DVD-bin? Whatever it is, this low-budget, low-intelligence western is down there. *Redemption* is essentially a clumsy compilation of genre clichés – a bloody tale of revenge, atonement and redemption, set in a two-bit town called, yes, *Redemption*, with taciturn gunmen, corrupt army officers, a gnomish Native American tracker, virginal whores and saloon-bar gun battles.

Not that clichés are unforgivable in a western: as with *noir* or horror, they're the recurring features that define the genre. Handled correctly they give genre its internal consistency even as a filmmaker plays with or subverts them. But director Robert Conway makes nothing new out of them in *Redemption*: on the contrary, you feel more acutely the wear and tear already inflicted on his hand-me-down ideas and images. Instead he brings incompetence: there are basic technical howlers here that belong in a film-school tutorial. A woman approaches a saloon bar, but in the reverse shot seems to have transformed into a different character – until you realise that Conway has simply allowed two actors to walk in file, each obscuring the other in a different shot. One of the villains appears to have fired a gun off into the air, until the next shot reveals he has hit someone point blank in the head – the victim was simply cropped out of the previous view. The gunfights are just visual gibberish.

Conway isn't helped by a cast largely out-acted by the horses, but as a director, his only signature seems to be the cheap injection of sex and violence. Establishing shots of the town and its bar usually involve an extra getting into a gunfight over cards and a couple having drunken sex in a corner; the film's hero has a hacksaw applied to his leg under interrogation. Conway not only writes but directs and edits *Redemption*, though I wouldn't mistake this for auteurist obsession. My suspicion is that he had to direct because no one would shoot his script, and he had to edit because no one would edit what he'd shot.

♦♦ Sam Davies

CREDITS

Directed by
Robert Conway
Produced by
Justin Anderson
Robert Conway
Jason Mager
Written by
Robert Conway
Director of Photography
Justin Anderson
Editor
Robert Conway
Production Designer
Anthony Casanova
Music
Justin R. Durban

©Gallery Films LLC
Production Companies
A Gallery Films & Cas-Mor production in association with Media Farm
A Robert Conway film
Executive Producers
Anthony Casanova
Dennis Moore
Co-producer
Laurin Yazzie
Associate Producer
Yosef Rodell
Unit Production Manager
Jenniffer McConnell
Assistant Director



Last rango in Vegas: 'Rango'



Trigger happy: Dustin James

1st: David Friedman
Script Supervisor
John Paul Giago
Casting
David Paul Gillette
Lighting Director
Joshua Anderson
Camera Operators
Justin Anderson
Joshua Anderson
Michael Bostick
Robert Conway
Laurin Yazzie
Steadicam Operator
Robert Agee
Gaffer
Tyrone Baker
Visual Effects Supervisor
Michael Bostick
Art Director
Wes Still
Wardrobe Provided by
Cas-Mor
Jack Timal
Key Hair/Make-up
Dana Varges
Special Effects Make-up
Richard 'Quin' Davis
Post-production
Sound Design
Justin Anderson
Dustin James
Sound Mixer
Rick MacDonald
Post-production Mixer
Dustin James
Stunt Co-ordinator
Tom Noga
Historical Adviser
Jack Timal

CAST

Dustin James
Frank Harden
Tom Noga
The Apostle
Ash Morgan
Angelina
Clint James
Captain Till
Grady Hill
Black Feather
Candy Stanton
Jenny
Peter Sheraiko
Sam
Shane Stevens
Jack
Issac Farm
Olson
Royce O'Donnell
Red Nose
Slade Hall
Saul Harden
Sandy Gibbons
Adams, 'The General'
Wes Still
Thompson
Anthony Casanova
Matis
John Durban
the doctor
Matthew Dearing
Jackson
Chris Poulos
Young
Mark Gluckman
sheriff
Yosef Rodel
Johnny
Miguel Corona
Miguel

Jim Cigan
renegade
Kevin Holzer
Mad Dog
Christina Rea Stewart
Saul's wife
Leanne Dearing
Frank's mother
Connor Adkysay
young Frank
Drake Sherman
young Saul
Father Francisco
Scott Goff
Jody Davis
Sally's mother
Grace Howard
Anna Harden
Michael Ladezma
Sally's brother
Owen Conway
Billy the Kid
Chad Grimes
Pat Garrett
Dennis Moore
Harvey
Dakota Dine
outlaw
Paul Metigue
half-soldier
Don Logan
sarcastic outlaw
Rod Ladezma
cantina barkeep
Bartley J. Overbey
man in street
Debbie Overbey
woman in street
Ashley Walden
Anna Mae

Renee Smith
Dolly
Phillip Hubner
Gene Kurz
Jim Bell
Dominic Mancini
Larry Zueg
Confederate soldiers
Jack James
the butcher
Patrick Lick
rat-boy
John Rios
bloated corpse
Monica Avalos
girl in street
Jeremy Womac
Patty Boy

Dolby Digital/DTS/In Colour
[1.85:1]
Distributor
Metrodome Distribution Ltd

Not submitted for theatrical classification
Video certificate: 18
Running time: 89m 19s

Red Riding Hood

USA 2011

Director: Catherine Hardwicke

With Amanda Seyfried, Gary Oldman, Billy Burke, Max Irons
Certificate 12A 99m 42s

It may take place under a blood moon rather than a *New Moon* but *Red Riding Hood* still shamelessly covets the commercial success of Catherine Hardwicke's first instalment in the *Twilight* franchise. This is the sequel she never got to make. Again a teenage girl (Amanda Seyfried) vacillates between two men: Henry, a rich, wimpy blond (the undersized Max Irons essaying the Taylor Lautner part), and woodcutter Peter (Shiloh Fernandez, doing the bad-boy Robert Pattinson bit he was a finalist for in the original *Twilight* film).

Seyfried's Valerie lives in a sleepy village (a world rendered as a soundstage against a generic forest) where residents put out monthly offerings to fend off the werewolf. When the werewolf breaks the truce, Father Solomon (Gary Oldman) comes to town to help. A Roman Catholic sadist, Solomon sniffs out witchcraft, throwing a mentally disabled boy into a metal chamber over a furnace to torture information out of him.

Unsurprisingly, patriarchy is the ultimate villain here. Valerie spends a lot of time worrying about whether or not she's a 'good girl' – perhaps an inappropriate term for a young woman in her late teens, especially creepy coming from her grizzled father (Billy Burke, another *Twilight* holdover). Her inner struggle is whether to go with solid-and-sensitive Henry or rough-but-exciting Peter, who nearly takes her virginity at one point. *Red Riding Hood* is, after all, ostensibly a psychosexual take on the fairytale: not a new idea (cf Neil Jordan's *The Company of Wolves*) but still one wilder than this film can handle. The suggestive red cape and drops of blood trailing Valerie notwithstanding, this is chaste territory.

Hardwicke gained fame with 2003's *Thirteen*, a lurid portrait of LA pre-teen girlhood run amok in a hypersexualised landscape, rendered

at a pitch Kenneth Anger might find shrill. She then tried her hand at skate-punk hagiography (*Lords of Dogtown*, 2005) and innocuously reverential biblical filmmaking (*The Nativity Story*, 2006) before hitting it big with *Twilight* in 2008. Nothing if not nakedly calculating, she offers up more of the same here: pale young men not too overbearingly enticing maidens to shed their innocence, moody indie rock (Fever Ray) and some truly indifferent dialogue. "I have been so disrespected," the werewolf explains. Stupid, but not as much as the dance sequence, in which Zeffirelli's *Romeo & Juliet* ballroom hand-dances mesh with booty-grinding. **➡ Vadim Rizov**

CREDITS

Directed by
Catherine Hardwicke
Produced by
Jennifer Davissan
Killoran
Leonardo DiCaprio
Julie Yorn
Written by
David Leslie Johnson
Director of Photography
Mandy Walker
Edited by
Nancy Richardson
Julia Wong
Production Designer
Tom Sanders
Music Composed by
Brian Reitzell
Alex Heffles

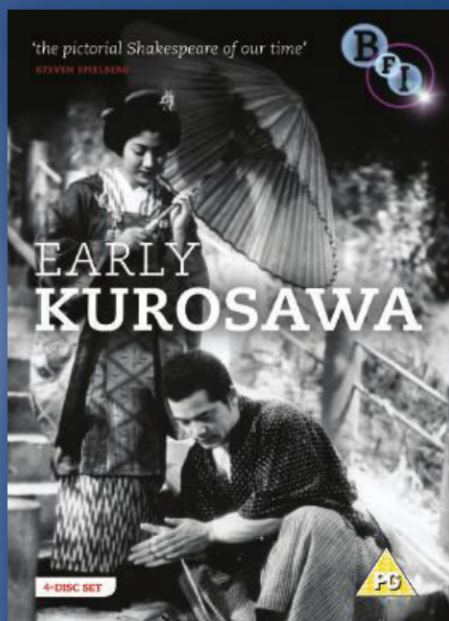
©Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.
Production Companies
Warner Bros. Pictures presents an Appian Way production
A Catherine Hardwicke film
Executive Producers
Jim Rowe
Michael Ireland
Catherine Hardwicke
Co-producer
Alex Mace
Unit Production Managers
Jim Rowe
Brendan Ferguson
2nd Unit Production Manager
Colleen Mitchell
Production Controller
Jani Dennehy
Location Manager
Hans Dayal
Post-production Supervisor
Christy Dimmig
2nd Unit Director
Andy Cheng

Assistant Directors
1st: Paul Barry
2nd: Misha Bukowski
2nd: Tracey Poirer
Script Supervisor
Kimi Webber
Casting
Ronina Kress
Canadian:
Michelle Allen
A Camera Operator/ Steadicam
Stephen Campanelli
B Camera Operator
Andy Wilson
Chief Lighting Technician
David Tickell
2nd Unit Chief
Lighting Technician/Additional Photography
Ryan Bailey
Key Grips
Mike Kirilenko
2nd Unit:
Glen Hawkins
Visual Effects Supervisor:
Jeffrey A. Okun
Producer:
Tom Boland
Visual Effects/ Animation by
Rhythm & Hues Studios
Visual Effects by
Zoic Studios
Soho VFX
Cos FX Films
Special Effects Co-ordinator
Joel Whist
Model Maker
Geoff Wallace
Art Director
Don Macaulay
Set Designers
Peter Stratford
John Burke
Liz Goldwyn
David Hadaway
Jay Mitchell

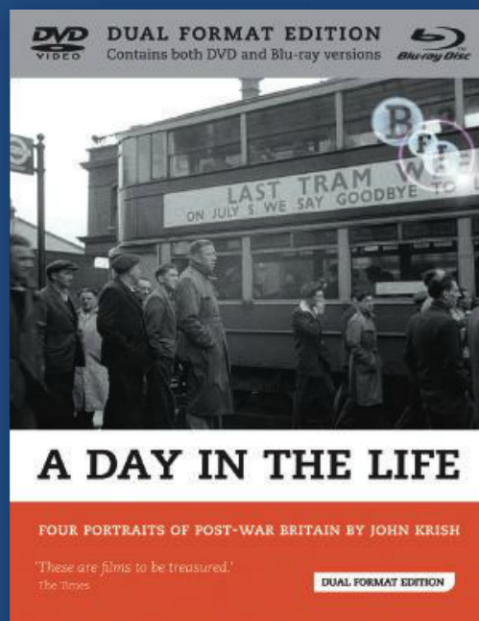
SYNOPSIS A small village in a fairytale land. The villagers give monthly offerings to the wolf that lives in the forest. One of the villagers, Valerie, is supposed to marry comparatively rich blacksmith Henry but loves woodcutter Peter. On the day Valerie and Peter plan to elope, Valerie's sister Lucie is found dead. A hunting party brings back a wolf's head. Catholic priest/werewolf hunter Father Solomon arrives and explains that if it were the werewolf's head it would transform back into a human head; the real werewolf is still out there.

During the next three days of the blood moon, anyone bitten will become a werewolf. Disbelieving Solomon, the villagers throw a party. The werewolf attacks and speaks to Valerie, the only person who can understand him, offering to stop the attacks if Valerie comes away with him. When the mentally disabled brother of Valerie's friend Roxanne is arrested and tortured as a suspect, Roxanne tells Solomon about the incident. Indicted as a potential witch, Valerie is tied up in the town square as bait for the wolf, then rescued by Henry and Peter. Increasingly fearful that everyone around her might be the wolf, Valerie visits her grandmother. Arriving at her forest cabin, Valerie finds that her father has killed her grandmother because she realised he was the werewolf. Her father asks Valerie to come away with him, but she and Peter kill him. Bitten and infected, Peter goes away to learn how to control himself. Living in her grandmother's cabin, Valerie waits until Peter returns in werewolf form.

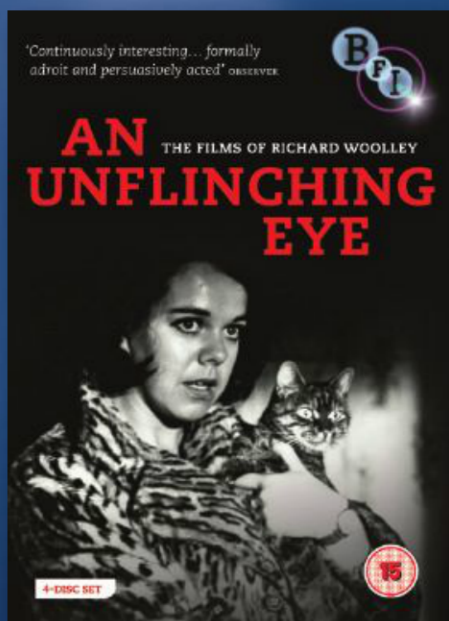
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Set Decorator
Shane Ferro Vieau
Special Artwork
Mark Francis
Irene Hardwicke Olivier
Set Illustrator
Dean Sherriff
Property Master
Dan Sissons
Construction Co-ordinator
Charles Lettrants
Costumes Designed by
Cindy Evans
Wardrobe Set Supervisors
Debbie Geaghan
Patrick Gray
Key Make-up Artist
Monica Huppert
Make-up Effects
Bill Terezakis
Hair Stylist
Department Head
Julie McHaffie
Hair Stylists
Dianne Holm
Roy A. Sidick
Sharon Markell
Sharon Mosley
Main/End Titles
PIC Agency
End Credits
Scarlet Letters
Orchestrators
Jeff Atmajian
Andrew Kinney
Patrick Russ
Music Supervisor
Brian Reitzell
Soundtrack
"Towers of the Void";
"Fire Walking" by
Anthony Gonzalez;
Brian Reitzell; "Crystal
Visions"; "The Wolf";
"Keep the Streets
Empty for Me" – Fever
Ray; "Let's Start an
Orchestra" by Ken
Andrews, Brian Reitzell
– Ken Andrews, Brian
Reitzell; "Ozu Choral";
"Piano Study No.1
(Symphonic)" by Brian
Reitzell – Brian Reitzell;
"Crystal Visions" – The
Big Pink; "Just a
Fragment of You" by
Anthony Gonzalez;
Brian Reitzell – Anthony
Gonzalez, Brian Reitzell
Choreographer
Sarah Elgart
Creature Sound Designer
David Farmer
Sound Designers
Aaron Glascock
Scott Martin Gershin
Ai-Ling Lee
Sound Mixer
Michael McGee
Re-recording Mixers
Ron Bartlett
D.M. Hemphill
Supervising Sound Editor
Laurent Kossayan
Stunt Co-ordinators
Andy Cheng
Scott Nicholson
Animal Wranglers
Danny Virtue
Paul Jasper

CAST

Amanda Seyfried
Valerie
Gary Oldman
Father Solomon
Billy Burke
Cesaire
Shiloh Fernandez
Peter
Max Irons
Henry
Virginia Madsen
Suzette
Lukas Haas
Father Augustine
Julie Christie
grandmother

Shauna Kain
Roxanne
Michael Hogan
The Reeve
Adrian Holmes
captain
Cole Heppell
Claude
Christine Willes
Madame Lazar
Michael Shanks
Adrien Lazar
Kacey Rohl
Prudence
Carmen Lavigne
Rose
Don Thompson
tavern owner
Matt Ward
captain's brother
Megan Charpentier
young Valerie
DJ Greenburg
young Peter
Jennifer Halley
Marguerite
Alexandria Maillot
Lucie
Archie Rice
wolf voice
Bella
Olivia Steele-Falconer
Solomon's daughters
Alexander Pesusich
man in wolf costume
Jordan Becker
woodcutter
James Michalopoulos
Darren Shahavi
Dalias Blake
Michael Adamthwaite
Lauro Chartrand
Brad Kelly
Paul Wu
Gavin Buhr
Samuel Smith
Solomon's soldiers
Che Pritchard
Kaitlyn McCready
Michelle C. Smith
Sarah Elgart
dancers

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS
In Colour
Prints by
Technicolor
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Warner Bros
Distributors (UK)

8,972 ft +9 frames



That sinking feeling: Hilary Swank

The Resident

USA/United Kingdom 2010

Director: Antti J. Jokinen

With Hilary Swank, Jeffrey Dean Morgan, Lee Pace, Christopher Lee

Certificate 15 91m 16s

There's a tiny subgenre of horror melodrama in which stalkers lurk in the interstices of ideal homes – attics, wall cavities, secret passageways and basements – breathing heavily as they spy through peepholes on innocents who think they live alone. Among these are *Bad Ronald* (1974), *Crawlspace* (1986), *Hider in the House* (1989) and *The House that Mary Bought* (1995), though the closest in premise to this new addition to the roster is the 1992 TV movie *Through the Eyes of a Killer*, adapted from a short story ("The Master Builder") by the British writer Christopher Fowler. All the conventions of these modern gothics are deployed in *The Resident*: a subjective camera creeping through spaces behind the walls and peering out at Hilary Swank in stages of casual undress; a blatant red herring on site (Christopher Lee) to make the actual villain seem more plausible in the early stages; staring eyes behind plug sockets and antique ventilation holes; the notion that the stalker is trying to insinuate himself into a normal world his weird family background has denied him; and a final confrontation in which the burly menace keeps on attacking the supposedly medically qualified heroine no matter how many nails she pumps into his chest.

Once, this was intended as the first theatrical release from the new Hammer Films outfit, but it was bumped in favour of the vampire movie *Let Me In* and the Irish supernatural horror *Wake Wood*, which are more obviously in the Hammer style of supernatural melodrama. Throughout its existence, Hammer did make films like *The Resident* – brief British B-

pictures built around fading American stars turned out in the 1950s (*Stolen Face*, *Mantrap*) before the breakthrough of *The Curse of Frankenstein*, the strain of 1960s grand guignol designed to ride the coattails of *Psycho* or *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* (elements of *Paranoiac* and *Fanatic* float about here somewhere) and, especially, the makeshift tired-old-plot TV movies the original company made in its last gasps in the 1980s under the rubric Hammer House of Mystery and Suspense.

First-time director Antti J. Jokinen, who co-wrote with Robert Orr (*Underworld Rise of the Lycans*), has a background in music videos, but unwisely undercranks the bravura here. Only an excess of style could have made this play, but it feels almost too respectable, as if Jokinen the director was ashamed of the clichés forced on him by Jokinen the writer. Hilary Swank is rangily photogenic, and seen often in lingerie, the bath or a sweat, but somehow doesn't convince as a stalker's ideal woman. The script doesn't dare make its heroine even partially complicit in her situation (for all the misread signals that so enrage the villain) or actively maniacal, though a proper mad scene might suit Swank's angular presence better than yet another chased-about-while-

whimpering heroine. Jeffrey Dean Morgan, all shy smile and salt-and-pepper beard, is similarly not quite right for the heavy. The film is coy about the degree to which he molests the drugged heroine, but predictable when it comes to the incidental body count. The only surprise is that the flea-collared dog who shows up with the doomed ex-boyfriend doesn't get killed in line with the landlord's 'no pets' rule. **Kim Newman**

CREDITS

Directed by
Antti J. Jokinen
Producers
Simon Oakes
Guy East
Cary Brokaw
Tobin Armbrust
Written by
Antti J. Jokinen
Robert Orr
Director of Photography
Guillermo Navarro
Edited by
Stuart Levy
Bob Murawski
Production Designer
Dennis Washington
Music
John Ottman

©Resident Productions, LLC
Production Companies

Exclusive Media Group
presents a Hammer
Films production
An Antti J. Jokinen film
Executive Producers
Tom Lassally
Renny Harlin
Hilary Swank
Alex Brunner
Nigel Sinclair
Co-producers
Vicki Dee Rock
Jillian Longnecker
Line Producer
Additional Photography:
Drew Bracken
Unit Production Managers
Anne Johns
NY Unit:
Lucille Smith
Production Supervisors
Tiffany Tesiera
Additional Photography:
Joseph Tomczak

SYNOPSIS Brooklyn, the present. Having broken up with her boyfriend Jack, Dr Juliet Devereau needs to find an apartment. She moves into a surprisingly affordable flat in a building that's being restored by its handyman owner Max, who has taken over running the place from his elderly grandfather August. Encountering Max at an art gallery, Juliet asks him to walk her home and they almost begin a relationship, though she calls a halt before they sleep together, admitting she is still hung up on Jack.

Max, who saw Juliet in the hospital when he took his grandfather in with a suspected stroke, has been obsessed with her ever since and has lured her to the building, which is honeycombed with secret passages and spy-holes. Max – traumatised as a child when his father killed his mother and himself – lurks in the walls, spying on Juliet. When it seems that Jack and Juliet might get back together, Max attacks Jack in the street. He takes to drugging Juliet and molesting her in her sleep. He kills August. When Jack shows up, Max attacks him again. Juliet, disturbed by many clues, has set up surveillance cameras and realises what Max has been doing. Max attacks her, chasing her through the passageways. After finding Jack's corpse, Juliet kills Max with a nail-gun.

Production
Co-ordinators
 Robert Corlew
 NY Unit:
 Pamela Bertini
Production
Accountant
 Barbara Long
Location Managers
 Clay Peres
 NY Unit:
 Ellen Athena Catsikas
Post-production
Supervisor
 Claire O'Brien
Assistant Directors
 1st: Nick Mastandrea
 2nd: Maria Mantia
 Additional Photography:
 1st: Scott Thaler
 2nd: Adam Fiel
Script Supervisors
 Joanna Kennedy
 Additional Photography:
 Liz Trainor
Casting
 Matthew Barry
 Nancy Green-Keyes
 LA:
 Nancy Green-Keyes
 Matthew Barry
 New Mexico:
 Jo Edna Boldin
**A Camera Operator/
 Steadicam**
 David Crone
Camera Operators
 B: Paige Thomas
 NY Unit:
 B: Peter Fernberger
Gaffers
 David Lee
 NY Unit:
 Andrew T. Watts
Key Grip
 Rick Stribling
**Visual Effects
 Supervisor**
 David Stump
Visual Effects by
 Spy
 Kroma
**Special Effects
 Co-ordinator**
 Werner Hahnlein
Effects Master
 Additional Photography:
 Dave Peterson
Effects Co-ordinator
 Additional Photography:
 Mark Viniello
Additional Editor
 Tony Bacigalupi
Production Designer
 Additional Photography:
 Jesse Benson
Art Director
 Guy Barnes
Set Designer
 Amahl Lovato
Set Decorators
 Wendy Barnes
 NY Unit:
 Justin Scoppa
 Additional Photography:
 Julie Drach
Property Masters
 Ben Lowney
 NY Unit:
 James McDonagh
**Construction
 Co-ordinators**
 Ron Jaynes
 NY Unit:
 Michael Finnerty
Costume Designer
 Ann Roth
Costume Supervisors
 Daniela Moore Landrith
 Additional Photography:
 Nancy Collini
**Make-up Department
 Head**
 Blair Leonard
NY Unit Key Make-up
 Kathryn Bhir
Hair Department Head
 Gunnar Swanson
NY Unit Key Hair
 Frank Vazquez
Main Titles
 Ferroconcrete
End Credits
 Scarlet Letters
Music Performed by
 The Menegroth

Philharmonic
**Orchestrated/
 Conducted by**
 Jason Livesay
 Nolan Livesay
Music Supervisor
 Michelle Belcher
Soundtrack
 "Solitaire"; "Double Dare
 You" – Katherine Limer;
 "Luck's Run Out" – Little
 Fish
Sound Designer
 Leslie Shatz
Sound Mixers
 Matthew Nicolay
 NY Unit:
 William Sarokin
 Additional Photography:
 Moe Chamberlain
Re-recording Mixers
 Chris David
 Gabriel J. Serrano
Stunt Co-ordinator
 John Robotham

CAST

Hilary Swank
 Dr Juliet Devereau
Jeffrey Dean Morgan
 Max
Lee Pace
 Jack
Aunjanue Ellis
 Sydney
Christopher Lee
 August
Sean Rosales
 Carlos
Deborah Martinez
 Mrs Portes
Sheila Traister
 ER nurse
Michael Showers
 August ER doctor
Nana Visitor
 real estate agent
Arron Shiver
 architect
Michael Badaluco
 moving man
Michael Massee
 security tech
Penny Balfour
 drug addict
Mark Vincent Morocco
 ER surgeon
Veronica Hool
 nurse girl

**Dolby Digital/DTS
 Colour by**
 FotoKern
[2.35:1]

Distributor
 Icon Film Distribution

8,214 ft +0 frames

The Silent House

Uruguay/France 2011

Director: Gustavo Hernández

With Florencia Colucci,
 Abel Tripaldi, Gustavo Alonso,
 María Paz Salazar

Certificate 15 86m 6s

Like other Spanish-language horror films of late – *The Orphanage*, the *[REC]* enterprise, the less successful *Hierro* – this Uruguayan picture tracks the physical and psychological perils of a young woman, Laura, as she and her father Wilson enter a house in the woods closed up for years, to get it ready for sale by its owner Néstor. But as soon as father and daughter try to bed down for the night, a series of mysterious noises and encounters dramatically alters the tenor of their visit.

Already remade in the English language, *The Silent House* is based on a real story that occurred in the 1940s in Uruguay, brought to vivid life here on a shoestring budget. Directed by newcomer Gustavo Hernández, the film tries to reconstruct the story from the Polaroid stills that were found at the scene, treading familiar territory effectively and resorting to characteristic traits of the horror and psychological thriller genres – a nursery rhyme, ghostly figures running in the background and, of course, a major twist. It's this twist that constitutes the film's main drawback, as it retrospectively triggers certain incongruous reactions to elements that don't work narratively, skewing our identification with the characters. In addition, the fact that Laura is dropped into the danger-zone too early on doesn't help either, as it doesn't allow enough time to build up the necessary tension.

That said, *The Silent House* has one final trick up its sleeve; the film was shot in its entirety in one take – arguably an efficient way of cutting costs but more pertinently a means of enhancing claustrophobia, a sense of being entangled in a continuous threat that never lets go. It's not a new technique – Aleksandr Sokurov famously used it in *Russian Ark* in 2002, and so in a way did Hitchcock in *Rope* in 1948, tricking the viewer into believing that a series of ten-minute takes (the average length of a reel back then) were continuous – but cinematographer Pedro Luque skilfully turns this gimmick into an engrossing technical and visual contrivance. The action therefore plays out in real time; Florencia Colucci's subtly incarnated Laura is an acting *tour de force* which, with barely any dialogue, relies on a startlingly dexterous choreography and close-ups on her brightly lit face. A remarkable exercise in atmosphere and suspense, *The Silent House* is mostly filmed in the dark; the use of impromptu lighting issuing from a halogen lamp, a torch or a candle facilitating a stunning, virtually

SYNOPSIS Uruguay, the present. A young woman named Laura arrives with her father Wilson at a house in the woods. The house has been closed for many years; Laura and Wilson are going to get it ready to be sold by its owner, Néstor. When they arrive, Néstor gives them some blankets to spend the night and tells them not to go to the first floor. On the verge of sleep, Laura hears noises coming from the first floor and wakes her father, who goes to investigate. After hearing a loud thump, Laura goes upstairs to find her father dead. She runs into the woods, where she encounters Néstor and sees the ghostly figure of a young girl in a white dress. Néstor takes her back to the house. The noises are heard again, and Néstor is also attacked. Laura finds incriminating Polaroid pictures of Néstor, her father and herself. When Néstor regains consciousness he asks Laura why she killed her father and attacked him. It transpires that Néstor and Laura had a child, whom Néstor and her father killed. The house is Laura and Néstor's home; Laura is responsible for the attacks. Laura slits Néstor's throat.

Over the end credits the Polaroids show the three characters in sexually incriminating positions. We are told that Néstor and Wilson's bodies were found mutilated, and that police investigations were dropped for lack of evidence; Laura was never found. In a coda we see Laura looking for her daughter in the woods; she finds her and they walk towards the horizon. When the camera stops following, we see that Laura is holding a doll, but the girl isn't there.

black-and-white cinematography that deepens the film's singular sense of time and space.

There's a mesmerising inventiveness on display throughout; Luque uses all kind of props, reflections and even a Polaroid camera to elicit shocks and to trick us into thinking we've witnessed counter-shots. But most amusingly he is capable of making one handheld camera fracture into a prism of shifting perspectives – lurking in the background or watching through Laura's, the viewer's, and even the dying victims' eyes – making him the true puppetmaster of this labyrinthine journey.

♥♦ Mar Diestro-Dópido

CREDITS

Directed by
 Gustavo Hernández
Produced by
 Gustavo Rojo
Screenplay
 Oscar Estevez
Original Idea
 Gustavo Hernández
 Gustavo Rojo
**Director of
 Photography**
 Pedro Luque
Editor
 Gustavo Hernández

Production Design
 Federico Capra
Original Music
 Hernán González

Production Company
 Tokio Films presents a
 Tokio Films production
 in association with Elle
 Driver
 A Gustavo Hernández
 film

Executive Producer
 Gustavo Rojo
Line Producer
 Ignacio García

CAST

Florencia Colucci
 Laura
Abel Tripaldi
 Néstor
Gustavo Alonso
 Wilson
María Paz Salazar
 girl
Patricia Silveira
 Emiliana Nuñez
Estefanía Machado
 girls in picture
Verónica Cáceres
 radio voice

In Colour
[1.78:1]
 Subtitles

Distributor
 Optimum Releasing

7,749 ft +0 frames

Uruguayan theatrical
 title
La casa muda
 French theatrical title
The Silent House



One-take wonder: Florencia Colucci

A Small Act

USA/Australia 2010

Director: Jennifer Arnold

There is a very simple and very persuasive idea at the heart of this documentary from filmmaker Jennifer Arnold (*American Mullet*): that every small act of kindness causes ripples, setting in motion a cascade of other good deeds.

The small act that sets things in motion in this case dates back to the 1970s, when Swedish teacher Hilde Back decided to pay a modest amount each month towards the education of a child from a poor rural background in Kenya. The child was Chris Mburu. He worked hard, did well, won a Fulbright scholarship to Harvard and became a human-rights advocate for the UN in Geneva... then returned to his homeland and set up a small foundation to sponsor other kids who would otherwise miss out on secondary education for want of the \$10-a-week fees. He named it the Hilde Back Foundation in honour of the woman who'd helped him, even though they'd never met. Education, he says at one point, "is not some process by which you become more knowledgeable and read more books. For me education is a life-and-death issue."

It certainly seems that way to Ruth, Caroline and Kimani, the three bright sparks Arnold's film follows as they study hard for their upcoming KCPE (Kenya Certificate of Primary Education) exams, chasing the top score that could be their ticket out of coffee-picking poverty. "I can't even explain how much knowledge I want," says Ruth, shy and serious, avoiding the camera's gaze; her friend Caroline dreams of going to a boarding school where there is electricity so that she can study at night; top-of-the-class Kimani has the burden of family expectations weighing on his little shoulders. The scene where the students wait – 15 minutes, then four hours, then 31 hours – for the mobile-phone text that will give them their exam results makes us hope and fear along with them, and feel their disappointments.

Given its central spread-the-love theme, it's perhaps fitting that the film itself ripples out in several meandering



Educational hazard: 'A Small Act'

narrative directions: Chris meeting the lovely Hilde in Sweden and presenting her with a 'Harvard Mom' sweatshirt; the fact that, as a Jew in Nazi Germany, Hilde was herself denied access to school in 1938; the brewing unrest and ethnic tensions of the 2007 Kenyan elections; the violence that Chris has witnessed in conflict zones around the world, where "people have so little education they are so gullible; it's easy for a politician to come and mislead them, and they take up arms".

But in the end Arnold always comes back to Caroline, Ruth and Kimani, who will, we ardently hope, grow up as confident and cheery as Chris and make waves – and ripples – of their own. **♦♦ Jane Lamacraft**

CREDITS

Directed by

Jennifer Arnold

Produced by

Jennifer Arnold

Patti Lee

Jeffrey Soros

Written by

Jennifer Arnold

Director of

Photography

Patti Lee

Edited by

Carl Pfirman

Tyler Hubby

Music

Joel Goodman

©Harambee Media, Inc.

Production Companies

HBO Documentary

Films presents a

Harambee Media

production in

association with

Considered

Entertainment, Cherry

Sky Films

A film by Jennifer Arnold

Fiscal sponsorship

provided by

International

Documentary

Association

Supported by a grant

from Sundance Institute

Documentary Film

Program

With support from

Chicken & Egg Pictures,

Cinereach, IFP

Made with assistance

from The Australian

Broadcasting

Corporation

Executive Producers

Joan Huang

for Home Box Office:

Sheila Nevins

Senior Producer

for Home Box Office:

Lisa Heller

Associate Producers

Norman Arnold

Thiew S. Chin

Kenneth Lee

Marilyn Lee

Gwedolyn Sessions

Jimmy Tsai

Richard Vogel

Patricia Vogel

Neil H. Weiss

Production Manager

Kenya Crew:

Vincent Mbugua

Wanyoike

Production

Co-ordinators

Kenya Crew:

Scholar Muigai

Sweden Crew:

Thomas Lee

Story Consultant

Tom Schlesinger

Additional Editing

Jennifer Arnold

Consulting Editor

for Home Box Office:

Geoff Bartz

Post-production

Consultant

Cece Hall

Titles/Graphic Design

Carina Feldman

Vincent Tsu

Soundtrack

"Ndaiture Ndimiraga

Muiruri"; "Je! Wajua,

Yesu anipenda"

Sound Recording

Jennifer Arnold

Sound Mixed by

Jonathan Wales

Richard "Tricky" Kitting

Supervising Sound

Editor

John Leveque

WITH

Hilde Back

Chris Mburu

Patrick Kimani

Nyambura

Caroline Gacari

Ruth Wairimu

Jane Wanjiru Muigai

George Kihara

Thang'wa

also appearing

Mary Wanjiku

Doris Karimi

Jacinta Mumbi

Nancy Wambui Ndaua

Geoffrey Mwitui

Nathaniel

Patrick Gacheru Kanja

George Nugi

Dinah Kajuju M'Aburi

Michael Njenga

Caroline Njoki

Ruth Wairimu Ndaua

Joseph Kibui Ndaua

Teresia Njoki

Sarah N. Munenge

Florence N. Kihara

Joseph Mwaura

Gachunga

Inga Björk-Klevby

Regina Wacici

Solomon K. Muthee

Valerie Gullberg

Regina Gathoni

Scott Campbell

Charles M. Mathu

Martin N. Mburu

Joel Kariuki

Esther Wairimu

Kamau

Faith Kariuki

Peter Gitau Kamau

Ann Waceke David

Nancy Nyambura

Bonface Karuru

Moses Waweru Njeri

Richard N. Munene

Margaret W. Kuria

Peris Nyambura

Beth Wambui Ndaua

Jane Kimotho

Dennis Muiruri

Karuma

Daniel Ndaua

Wycliff Murimi

Lydia Mburu

Bonface Muriithi

Christina Bleyle

Benedict Mburu

Astrid Roos

In Colour

[1.85:1]

Part-subtitled

Distributor

Dogwoof Pictures

Sparrow

Hong Kong 2008

Director: Johnnie To

With Simon Yam, Kelly Lin, Lam Ka Tung, Lo Hoi Pang

Taking three years to make and another three years to find distribution in the UK, Johnnie To's *Sparrow* is by no means a new film but one well worth catching. Known in the west as one of the best genre filmmakers from Hong Kong, beloved by the likes of Quentin Tarantino, To has been in the public eye over a relatively long and consistent career thanks to well-choreographed action movies such as *Fulltime Killer* (2001), *Election* (2005) and *Mad Detective* (2007). *Sparrow* is a minor film for him, a highly personal labour of love never intended for a large audience; it's a romantic mood-piece with all sorts of nods to cinema in general and a kind of gentle nostalgia for the old days. It's the kind of film you'd watch on a rainy Saturday afternoon.

We open in the apartment of a pickpocket named Kei (Simon Yam) as a sparrow flies in and perches on a large lamp – it looks like a superannuated lighting rig used on a movie set. Though Kei tries to set it free, the bird returns again. Puzzled, Kei makes his way to breakfast in his local café, as per ritual, with his three pickpocketing pals. He asks if the bird is an omen and is told it's almost certainly bad luck.

'Sparrow' is Hong Kong slang for a pickpocket but the sparrow here seems an emissary of the mysterious and beautiful Chun Lei (Kelly Lin), who keeps turning up in the lives of all four men, casting a spell on each. It transpires that she is the unhappy moll of ageing gangster Mr Fu, who like that London racist cliché Fu Manchou seems to wield almost supernatural power and influence over his enemies. He too was once a pickpocket, and when he detects that these smalltime crooks are in his orbit he sets out to knock them back: the legs of the busiest movers get broken, the hand of the most skilful lifter of wallets gets smashed by a nail-spiked piece of packing crate. But this is the only violence in the movie, and not much of it is really seen. Soon the men are determined to help Chun Lei even more, contriving to steal the keys of Fu's safe from about his neck during a session with his acupuncturist. Finally, all is resolved in a pickpocketing showdown akin to a dance-off, only with umbrellas, lightning handiwork and Hong Kong monsoon rain. It's a lovely scene, 'Snatchin' in the Rain' with a dash of *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*.

There are many things to delight in. One is the shimmering camerawork, all smooth dollies and crane shots and views from those vertiginous Hong Kong highrises; the acting is a fine ensemble work of some subtlety. The score from French composers Xavier Jmaux and Fred Avril is integral to the movie, keeping the mood light, from smooth jazz modifiers to a ride in a car with a woman smoking a cigarette, the musical soundscape somehow evoking

SYNOPSIS Hong Kong Island, present day. A sparrow flies into the apartment of Kei, leader of a gang of pickpockets, portending bad luck. Soon afterwards a mysterious and beautiful woman approaches all four members of Kei's pickpocketing team. Falling for her charms, each man finds himself on the wrong side of local crime kingpin Mr Fu. Henchmen shadow the men, who are beaten up and brutalised. A poster campaign in the neighbourhood publicises their faces as thieves.

Coming face to face with Mr Fu, the men learn that the mysterious woman is his moll Chun Lei, and that she is desperate to escape his clutches. She looks longingly at her captive Taiwanese passport every time Fu opens his safe, but they fail to take the hint. When Fu orders that all the pickpockets be brought to his den for a showdown, Kei defies him and demands a pickpocketing contest to win the girl. The pickpockets fail to take the passport from Fu's jacket; unexpectedly, Fu gives it to Chun Lei anyway, crying as he is driven away in the back of his limousine. The four men return to their carefree lives.

Mulholland Drive. The film's old-fashioned 1960s aesthetic (not so much steampunk as transistor-punk) is also beguiling: men with briar pipes watch women in phone booths, cars are old, medical equipment antique and mobile phones barely used. There's no pop culture here, no TV, no internet, just newspapers and bicycles and letterboxes and horrible British-style fried breakfasts from another era.

There's no serious plot to speak of and the motivation of the woman at the centre of the piece wouldn't pass muster in a Hollywood scriptwriting class, but that's all part of the charm. This is in essence a highly skilled director relaxing and having fun, indulging a private pleasure and fashioning a love letter to Hong Kong, particularly the Hong Kong of his 1960s childhood. **✶ Roger Clarke**

CREDITS

Directed by
Johnnie To
Produced by
Johnnie To
Screenplay
Milkyway Creative Team
Chan Kin Chung
Fung Chih Chiang
Director of Photography
Cheng Siu Keung
Cinematographer
To Hung Mo
Editor
David Richardson
Art Director
Tony Yu

Music
Xavier Jarnaux
Fred Avril
@Universe
Entertainment Limited
Production Companies
Universe Entertainment
Limited presents a
Milkyway Image (Hong Kong) Limited, Newlink Development Limited, Foj Limited co-production.
Executive Producers
Daneil Lam
Chiu Suet Ying

Administrative Producer
Alvin Lam
Production Manager
Jackson Ha
Production Supervisor
Ding Yui Shan
Project Manager
Elaine Chu
Post-production Executive
Calmen Lui
Assistant Directors
1st: Jeff Cheung
2nd: Chan Wai Hung
2nd: Joe Chan
Continuity
Andy Ma
Jack Lai
Gaffer
Wu Kwok Chiu
Digital Effects Artist
Man Siu Lun
Property Masters
Lam Wai Ming
Ko Kin Wah
Lau Kwok On
Costume Designer
Stanley Cheung
Make-up
Man Yuen Ling
Midco Chu
Hair Stylist
Joe Kwong
Supervising Sound Editor
Martin Chappell
Action Choreography
Yuen Bun

CAST

Simon Yam
Kei
Kelly Lin
Chung Chun Lei
Lam Ka Tung
Bo

Lo Hoi Pang
Mr Fu
Law Wing Cheong
Sak
Kenneth Cheung
Mac
Lam Suet
Lo Chun Shun
Jonathan Lee
Jackson Ha
Jeff Cheung
Hung Wai Leung
Yeung Yee Yee
Lo Hau Keung
Cheung Chi Ping
Tong Pui Chung
Tiffany Wu Wai Ling
Charis Chung Hoi Ying
Tang Tai Wo
Singh Manjit

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[2.35:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Terracotta Distribution Ltd

Chinese theatrical title
Man jeuk

Sweetgrass

USA 2009

Recorded by: Lucien Castaing-Taylor

Sweetgrass is our Film of the Month and is reviewed on p50.

SYNOPSIS Montana, 2003. In early spring on the Raisland-Allestad Ranch in Sweetgrass County, 3000 sheep are rounded up and sheared and new lambs are tended to, in preparation for summer pasture. This involves a 150-mile journey into the Absaroka-Beartooth Mountains to graze on public land across four counties. Though this tradition has existed since the 19th century, this is the final time such a journey will take place (the ranch, founded in 1900, will shut down in 2004).

A group of cowboys herds the sheep into the mountains, but several eventually depart, leaving just two herders, John and Pat, to tend the flock over the summer. They face numerous challenges protecting the sheep, not least from packs of bears. Like their own dogs and horses, the duo – in particular the younger Pat – seem worn out by the strains of the job. When they finally bring the sheep down from the mountains in late summer, the elderly John faces an uncertain future.

CREDITS

Recorded by
Lucien Castaing-Taylor
Produced by
Ilisa Barbash
Editing
Ilisa Barbash
Lucien Castaing-Taylor

@Ilisa Barbash and Lucien Castaing-Taylor
Sound Editing/Mix
Ernst Karel
Consultant
Bill Heaney

WITH

John Ahern
Elaine Allestad
Lawrence Allestad
Pat Connolly
Billy Allestad
John Jankens
Jackie McKenney
Mark Miller
John Sweet

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Dogwoof Pictures

Tomorrow, When the War Began

Australia 2010

Director: Stuart Beattie

With Caitlin Stasey, Rachel Hurd-Wood, Lincoln Lewis, Deniz Akdeniz
Certificate 12A 103m 39s

There are faint echoes of *Picnic at Hanging Rock* (1975) in the first story in Australian author John Marsden's series of popular novels for young adults. In Peter Weir's celebrated antipodean arthouse milestone, teenage girls daytripping to the eponymous outcrop mysteriously disappear without trace; in the paradoxically titled *Tomorrow, When the War Began*, a group of teens trek to a remote sinkhole called Hell and discover on their return that the world they knew has disappeared: their hometown has been invaded and totally suppressed by foreign forces.

Screenwriter Stuart Beattie's past credits include a story and some of the characters for the *Pirates of the Caribbean* films, and his solidly mounted directorial debut feels like a self-assured recce into virgin franchise country. From the outset, with its motley teens already guerrillas hiding in the bush as Ellie (Caitlin Stasey) starts to narrate in flashback the events that brought them to this point, there's a sense that *Tomorrow, When the War Began* will end on a dot dot dot, with the promise of a follow-up. The imperative then is to set up characters that viewers will want to come back to, so it may be a drawback to the prospective series that this gang of friends is so blandly drawn. As Ellie phones round her mates to enlist them for the camping trip, each character is established with a single brushstroke – 'the posh one', 'the straitlaced one', 'the loud one' – which the film barely advances on.

These soap-opera-ready seven (later eight, when they're joined by 'the stoner') are relatively engaging in the peppy early stages of the film as they muck about in the lush, subtropical paradise of Hell and the foregone-conclusion romantic pairings edge closer to fruition. There's an atmospheric moment when the group wonder at a fleet of bombers flying over their haven in the dead of night. But Beattie's film becomes less convincing as an action movie once Ellie's band return to find their hometown of Wirrawee under foreign (tellingly Asian) control and they realise they are the community's last hope.

The teens are forced to grapple with what it takes to kill in wartime, leading to a *Went the Day Well?* moment in which the pacifistic 'straitlaced one' finally takes up a machine gun at a crucial juncture. But Beattie struggles to juggle such a large group of protagonists once the narrative is given over to lots of running around in the dark and evading capture. Nor does he engineer very exciting situations for them: apart from a daring escape in a bulletproof bin lorry, the



Bollywood: Law Wing Cheong, Lam Ka Tung, Simon Yam, Kenneth Cheung



Flock doc: 'Sweetgrass'

action highlights are a couple of lavishly billowing explosions. The impressed lingering of the camera on these pyrotechnics gives the film a quaint, parochial flavour. When the finale involves the blowing up of a bridge, a vital supply route for the invaders, the sense of repetition is palpable – you can feel the film's fuse fizzling out. **Samuel Wigley**

CREDITS

Directed by
Stuart Beattie
Produced by
Andrew Mason
Michael Boughen
Written by
Stuart Beattie
Based on the novel by
John Marsden
Director of Photography
Ben Nott
Editor
Marcus D'Arcy
Production Designer
Robert Webb
Original Score
Composed by
Johnny Klinek
Reinhold Heil

©Screen Australia and
Omnilab Media Pty
Limited

Production Companies
Omnilab Media and
Screen Australia
present in association
with Paramount
Pictures [Australia] an
Ambience
Entertainment
production
A Stuart Beattie film
Produced with the
assistance of the Screen
NSW Regional Filming
Fund

In association with
Paramount Pictures
Financed with the
assistance of Omnilab
Media and Screen
Australia

Executive Producers
Christopher Mapp
Matthew Street
David Whealy
Peter Graves

Line Producer
Anne Bruning
Production Managers
Libby Sharpe
2nd Unit:
Fiona Pakes

Production Co-ordinators
Anna Steel
2nd Unit:
Naomi Piper

Production Accountant
Jeremy Atcliffe
Locations Manager
Mary Barltrop
Post-production Supervisor
Colleen Clarke
2nd Unit Director
Ian Thorburn
Assistant Directors
1st: Phil Jones
2nd: Betty Fotofili
2nd Unit
1st: Jamie Crooks
2nd: Guy Campbell
Additional Photography
1st: Charles Rotherham
2nd: Hamish Roxburgh
Miniature Photography
1st: Jamie Crooks
2nd: Chris Evans

Script Supervisors
Kristin Voumard
2nd Unit:
Jo Weeks

Casting
Anousha Zarkesh
Camera Operator/ Steadicam/Aerials
Marc Spicer
Camera Operators

2nd Unit:
David Williamson
Miniature Photography
David Elmes

B Camera Operator/ Additional Photography
David Elmes
Gaffers

Reg Garside
2nd Unit:
Steve Monk
Additional Photography:
Mark Jeffries
Miniature Photography:
Grant Wilson

Key Grips
David Nichols
2nd Unit:
Simon Cooke
Miniature Photography:
David Nichols

Visual Effects
Supervisor:
Chris Godfrey
Producers:
Mat Harrington
Alex Taussig

Visual Effects by
Jets over Hell/Dog



Alien nation: Caitlin Stasey

Fight/Helicopter & Bombing of Corrie's House
Iloura
Robyn's Hill/ Showground/Main Street Truck Chase/ Buggy Crash/Bridge Explosion
Fuel VFX
Landscapes/Cobbler's Bay/Snake Sequence/ Mower Explosion/Truck Chase/Tanker at Bridge
The Lab Sydney

Special Effects Supervisors
Dan Oliver
Lloyd Finnemore

2nd Unit – Set:
Taj Trengove
Miniature Photography

Special Effects Supervisors:
Dan Oliver
Lloyd Finnemore

Build Supervisor:
Torn Davies

Additional Editor

Ceinwen Berry
Supervising Art Director
Michelle McGahey
Art Directors
Damien Drew
2nd Unit:
Brian Edmonds
Additional Photography:
Martin O'Neill

Set Designer
Amanda Clarke
Set Decorator
Bev Dunn

Concept Illustrator
Katie Sharrock
Construction Co-ordinator
Stefhan Perry

Construction Manager
Greg Hajdu
Costume Designer
Terry Ryan

Make-up/Hair Supervisors
Paul Pattison
Additional Photography:
Trish Glover

Make-up Artist
Zeljka Stanin

Hair/Make-up Artists
Shane Thomas
Hayley Atherton
2nd Unit:
Sabrina Domenis

Titles/End Credits Design
The Lab Sydney
Original Score
Performed by
Sydney Scoring
Orchestra

Conductor:
Brett Kelly
Orchestrations
Jordan Balagot
Jonathan Levi Shanes

Jessica Wells
Angus O'Sullivan
Daniel Baker
Lochlan Mackenzie-
Spencer

James K. Lee
Music Supervisor
Norman Parkhill
Soundtrack

"Steer" – Missy Higgins;
"Honeymoon Is Over" –
The Cruel Sea; "Cosmic
Egg" – Wolfmother;
"Restaurant Piano" –
Guy Gross; "Fader" –
The Temper Trap; "Don't
You Think It's Time" –
Bob Evans; "Black
Hearts (On Fire)" – Jet;
"Flame Trees" – Sarah
Blasko; "Poison in Your
Mind" – Powderfinger;
"Tomorrow" – Nic
Cester; Davey Lane,
Kram

Sound Recordist
Mark Blackwell
Sound Mixer
David Lee
Re-recording Mixers
Gethin Creagh
Robert Sullivan

Supervising Sound Editor
Andrew Plain
Stunt Co-ordinator
Chris Anderson

CAST

Caitlin Stasey
Ellie Linton
Rachel Hurd-Wood
Corrie McKenzie
Lincoln Lewis
Kevin Holmes
Deniz Akdeniz
Homer Yannis
Phoebe Tonkin
Fiona 'Fi' Maxwell
Chris Pang
Lee Takkam

Ashleigh Cummings
Robyn Mathers
Andy Ryan
Chris Lang
Colin Friels
Dr Clement

Don Halbert
Mr Linton
Olivia Pigeot
Mrs Linton

Stephen Bourke
police officer
Kelly Butler
Mrs Maxwell

Julia Yon
Mrs Takkam
Dane Carson
Mr Mathers

Matthew Dale
Mr Coles
Gary Quay
senior soldier

Michael Camilleri
tanker driver

Dolby Digital/DTS In Colour [2.35:1]

Distributor
Paramount Pictures UK

9,328 ft +9 frames

Tracker

United Kingdom/New Zealand 2010

Director: Ian Sharp

With Ray Winstone, Temuera Morrison, Nicholas McGough

Certificate 12A 101m 54s

Set in New Zealand shortly after the conclusion of the Second Boer War (1899-1902), *Tracker* explores the personal consequences of British colonialism by setting up a three-way conflict between newly immigrated Boer farmer Arjan van Diemen (Ray Winstone), native Maori Kereama (Temuera Morrison) and various representatives of the British army, institutionally responsible for the deaths of van Diemen's family and Kereama's ancestors. So despite a central situation in which van Diemen is hired by the British to track down Kereama (framed for the manslaughter of a British corporal), it comes as little surprise that the two men turn out to have far more in common than otherwise, and the cat-and-mouse game that forms the bulk of the narrative has at least as much to do with establishing mutual respect as with carrying out designated tasks.

The bulk of the film is a two-hander between well-matched leads. Winstone and Morrison are broadly similar in age and CV (they made powerful impressions as violent yet psychologically complex patriarchs in *Nil by Mouth* and *Once Were Warriors* respectively), and their already resonant screen presences are backed by a weighty physicality: each looks more than capable of doing serious harm to the other. The full-bearded, heavy-set Winstone is particularly effective as the taciturn Boer, gradually and usually reluctantly drip-feeding details of his wartime experience when pressed by the more garrulous Kereama – whose ability to live off the land establishes him as a fellow son of the soil. Quite literally in Kereama's case, since he carries a small bag of earth bequeathed by his grandfather, hanged by the British for unspecified acts of subversion.

The British on the other hand are caricatures to a man. The contrast between the ramrod-straight Major Carlyle, the drunken buck-passer Sergeant Major Saunders and the greenhorn Private Renwick works on the simplistic level of representing different facets of imperialism in microcosm, but Nicolas van Pallandt's overly schematic script gives these characters little room to breathe.

Thanks to an accident of distribution, *Tracker* is opening in Britain at roughly the same time as Jerzy Skolimowski's fugitive opus *Essential Killing*, and suffers badly from the comparison. The New Zealand scenery can hardly fail to impress but Harvey Harrison's images are strictly picture-postcard, lacking the surreal charge with which Skolimowski and his cinematographer Adam Sikora infuse their landscapes. Similarly, David Burns's overly declamatory score has none of the aural inventiveness of Pawel Mykietyn's



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subtle string harmonics, and much of the dialogue is too concerned with establishing plot points. Winstone in particular is at his best when taking a leaf out of Vincent Gallo's book and not saying anything at all, which is no criticism of his (convincing) South African accent: like his character, he acquires himself with honour.

➡ **Michael Brooke**

CREDITS

Directed by
Ian Sharp
Produced by
David Burns
Trevor Haysom
Written by
Nicolas van Pallandt
Director of Photography
Harvey Harrison
Editor
Sean Barton
Production Design
Rick Kofeod
Music
David Burns

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Production Companies
UK Film Council & New Zealand Film
Commission present in association with NZ On Air an Eden Films & T.H.E. Film production in association with Phoenix Wiley & Liberty Films
Made with the support of the National Lottery through UK Film Council Premiere Fund
Executive Producers
Stephanie Pettigrew
Sue Cook
Garth Wiley
Richard Fletcher
Line Producer
Emma Slade
Associate Producers
Jon Staton
Irfan Mian
Production Co-ordinator
Desray Armstrong
Production Accountant
Alex Cole-Baker
Location Managers
North Island:
Jacob McIntyre
South Island:
Phil Turner
Post-production Supervisor
Emma Zee
Assistant Directors
1st: Joe Nolan
2nd: Donna Kofeod

Script Supervisor
Sarah Hinch
Casting
Stu Turner
Script Editor
Brad Haami
Steadicam Operator/Splinter/2nd Camera
Alex McDonald
Gaffer
Grant McKinnon
Key Grip
Tony Keddy
On-set Visual Effects
Mike Latham
Media Missions Ltd
Film FX
Visual Effects by
Rolf Mohr Studios
Additional:
Andrews UK Ltd
Molinaré - MIM
Pixion
South Island Art Director
Ken Turner
Lead Props Buyer/Dresser
Deirdre McKessar
Construction Manager
William (Winks) Schmidt
Costume Design
Bob Buck
Costume Supervisor
Paul Booth
Make-up/Hair Designer
Linda Wall
Make-up/Hair Artist
Jayne Donaldson
Make-up Artist
Lisa Shearer
Main Titles Concept
Mardi-Louise van Heerden
Main Titles Created
Fugitive Studios Ltd
Stuart Pitcher
Simon Dowling
Music Produced by
Alex Wilkins
Sound Design
Matthew Gough
Key Sound
Ken Saville
Re-recording Mixers
Matthew Gough
Johnathan Rush
Stunt Co-ordinators
Augie Davis
Tim Wong



Grizzly Boer: Ray Winstone

Maori Cultural Consultants
Brad Haami
Ngamuru Raerino
Riki Bennett

CAST

Ray Winstone
Arjan van Diemen
Temuera Morrison
Kereama
Nicholas McGough
Brooke
Gareth Reeves
Major Carlisle
Mark Mitchinson
Sergeant Major Saunders
Greg Johnson
customs official
Jody Brown
lampighter
Jodie Hillock
Lucy
Tim McLachlan
Levin
Steve Reinsfield
Corporal Drake
Stephen Papps
police officer
Mick Rose
Sergeant Leybourne
Dan Musgrove
posse soldier Private Renwick
Andy Anderson
Bryce
Matt Sunderland

posse soldier Crowther
Jed Brophy
posse soldier Barker
Ross Brannigan
Murray the batman
Mark Clare
long boat sailor
Stephen Ure
recruitment clerk

Dolby Digital
Colour by
DeLuxe Laboratories
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Kaleidoscope Home Entertainment

9,170 ft +10 frames

The Way

USA/Spain/United Kingdom 2010

Director: Emilio Estevez

With Martin Sheen, Deborah Kara Unger, Yorick van Wageningen

Certificate 15 128m 19s

Emilio Estevez's fourth feature as writer-director took shape via a real-life odyssey of self-discovery when he and his father Martin Sheen set out to reconnect with their Spanish ancestry by travelling the Camino de Santiago, the iconic pilgrim route to Santiago de Compostela in Galicia. *The Way* is fiction but it inevitably draws on true experience, notably travel writer Jack Hitt's *Off the Road* compendium. Moreover, minor characters have very real antecedents: Tchéky Karyo's beatific cop, who claims to have walked the Camino three times, is a proxy for DP Juan Miguel Azpiroz's father.

Sheen plays Tom Avery, a conservative SoCal ophthalmologist whose estranged son Daniel is killed in an accident in the Pyrenees shortly after beginning the Camino. Shell-shocked by the loss of the son he feels he never really knew, Tom impulsively decides to complete the monumental journey himself, taking Daniel's ashes with him. Estevez cameos as Daniel, glimpsed in brief flashback and posthumous visions; an early scene hints at his strained relationship with Tom, as the Berkeley dropout remonstrates with his father that a life should be lived, not chosen.

Initially it seems curious that Estevez prefers to shoot the spectacular terrain in standard widescreen, but it befits Tom's tunnel-vision obduracy – one character complains that he never stops to admire the scenery; instead he trudges onwards, his face set rigid with grim determination, as if this is a kind of penance. When he hesitantly bonds with fellow pilgrims – a comically stereotyped Dutch pothead (Yorick van Wageningen), a brittle Canadian divorcee (Deborah Kara Unger) and a blocked Irish writer (James Nesbitt) – the tone starts to wobble. Estevez's direction is pleasingly unhurried but his script is often clumsy, and the quartet's travels lurch variously between gentle drama, whimsical road-movie farce and

self-help inspirational à la *Eat Pray Love* (though Sheen's Tom is the antithesis of Julia Roberts's wide-eyed soul-searcher).

Sheen, in commanding form here as a stifled man gradually coaxed out of his torpor, benefits from having the least to say of anyone. At times Estevez tends to over-egg the Chaucerian pudding – Nesbitt's bizarrely overstated entrance, prancing around on hay bales and soliloquising manically, is a case in point. A general paucity of dramatic thrust is also apparent. It's as if Estevez doesn't trust his own material when he attempts to inject jeopardy by having Tom nearly lose Daniel's ashes – twice. And by the time the pilgrims near Santiago, there's a sense of entropy and padding as Estevez succumbs to listless montage propped up by the MOR angst of Alanis Morissette and David Gray.

On the positive side, sentimentality is strenuously kept at bay and nobody undergoes a bogus renaissance at journey's end. This is, despite its numerous flaws, an obviously heartfelt project for Estevez and Sheen. It's just a pity that their film doesn't really get under the skin of its pilgrims, living or departed. ➡ **Matthew Taylor**

CREDITS

Directed by
Emilio Estevez
Produced by
Emilio Estevez
David Alexanian
Julio Fernández
Written for the screen by
Emilio Estevez
Story by
Emilio Estevez
and selected stories from *Off the Road* by Jack Hitt
Director of Photography
Juan Miguel Azpiroz
Edited by
Raúl Davalos
Production Designer
Victor Molero
Music
Tyler Bates

©The Way Productions, LLC
Production Companies
Filmax Animation, Castela Productions and Icon Entertainment International present an Elixir Films production An Emilio Estevez picture
Executive Producers
Janet Templeton

Ramon Gerard Estevez
Julio Fernández
Alberto Marini
Stewart Till
Co-producer
Lisa Niedenthal
Line Producer
Toni Novella
Associate Producers
Johannes Brinkmann
Taylor Estevez
Delegate Producers
Castela:
Teresa Gefaell
Filmax Animation:
Inma Castaño
Unit Production Manager
Toni Novella
Production Co-ordinators
Cecilia Maric
Filmax:
Elisa Sirvent
Accountant
Pilar Pérez López
Location Manager
Sergio Díaz Bermejo
Assistant Directors
1st: Manu Calvo
2nd: Emilio Martínez-Borso
Script Supervisor
Gloria Soriano
Casting
Mary Vernieu
J.C. Cantu
Europe:
Lola Sopeña

SYNOPSIS New Zealand, 1903. British army officer Major Carlisle discovers that his Boer War adversary Arjan van Diemen has recently arrived from South Africa. That night, Sergeant Major Saunders and two soldiers disturb AWOL Maori sailor Kereama's tryst with a prostitute in an army stable. In the ensuing altercation, Saunders accidentally kills Corporal Drake. Correctly expecting blame, Kereama flees.

Carlisle leads a military search party including expert tracker Bryce, and invites van Diemen to accompany them, promising 100 gold sovereigns for Kereama alive, 25 if dead. Disputing Bryce's footprint analysis, van Diemen leaves the party early and captures Kereama independently. The two men discover much in common, both being educated outsiders with a reason to hate the British. Van Diemen's wife and daughters were killed during the war, and he used to cut the trigger fingers off the best British soldiers as a mark of respect; Kereama's father and grandfather were hanged for sedition. They rejoin the soldiers and van Diemen helps Kereama escape. Deliberately faking clues to throw Bryce off the scent, van Diemen tracks Kereama to a cave in which the latter performs a chant to Ruamano, his spiritual guardian. As the British approach, Kereama asks van Diemen to shoot him. The soldiers hear a gunshot and a body falling. Van Diemen produces Kereama's freshly severed index finger and is paid the reward.

Carlisle later realises that Kereama is still alive, and orders his recapture. Van Diemen boards a ship for Australia.

SYNOPSIS The Pyrenees, the present. Dr Tom Avery has come to collect the ashes of his estranged son Daniel, who has died in an accident while walking the Camino de Santiago, the famed pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela in Galicia. On impulse, Tom decides to complete Daniel's journey himself, taking with him Daniel's ashes.

At a walkers' hostel, Tom grudgingly befriends Joost, a Dutchman walking the Camino to lose weight. Tom accidentally drops Daniel's backpack containing the ashes into a river, but swims in to retrieve it. Tom and Joost are joined by Sarah, a Canadian divorcee trying to quit smoking, and Jack, a blocked Irish writer. Jack angers Tom by deciding to write about Tom's motivation for walking the Camino. Sarah reveals that she had an abortion shortly before leaving her abusive ex-husband. After a drunken row with Jack, Tom spends a night in a police cell; Jack pays the bail. Tom has his backpack stolen by a gypsy teenager; the youth's father, Ishmael, returns it. Ishmael invites the pilgrims to a street party, where he advises Tom to take Daniel's ashes beyond Santiago to the ocean. The pilgrims reach Santiago, where Tom has Daniel's name inscribed on the completion certificate instead of his own. Tom continues to the coast, depositing Daniel's ashes in the ocean.

An epilogue shows Tom embarking on future solo travels.

Additional Photography
Anthony Von Seck
Emilio Estevez
Steadicam/B Camera Operator
Raul Manchado
Gaffer
Josu Cejuela
Special Effects Supervisor
Raul Romanillos
Additional Editor
Richard Chew
Art Directors
Tania Wahlbeck
Israel Pérez
Props Buyer
Pablo Alvarado Saco
Costume Designer
Tatiana Hernández
Make-up Artist
Raquel Fidalgo
Hairdresser
Carmela Maellas
Main/End Titles
Lawson Deming
Solo Vocals
Nan Vernon
Guitars/Piano/Guitar/Keyboard/Group Vocals
Tyler Bates
Orchestrations
Tim Williams
Music Supervisor
Dondi Bastone
Soundtrack
"Country Road" – James Taylor; "Lost!" – Coldplay; "My Oh My" – David Gray; "New Slang" – The Shins; "Pink Moon" – Nick Drake; "Thank U" – Alanis Morissette; "Fusco" – "Nadal de Luintra" – Berroqueto
Supervising Sound Designer
Glenn T. Morgan
Sound Recordist
Aitor Berenguer
Sound Re-recording Mixers
Chris Jenkins
Frank A. Montaño
Supervising Sound Editor
Glenn T. Morgan

CAST

Martin Sheen
Dr Tom Avery
Deborah Kara Unger
Sarah
Yorick van Wageningen
Joost

James Nesbitt
Jack
Tchéky Karyo
Captain Henri
Ángela Molina
Angelica
Carlos Leal
Jean
Simón Andreu
Don Santiago
Eusebio Lázaro
El Ramón
Antonio Gil
Ishmael
Spencer Garrett
Phil
Emilio Estevez
Daniel Avery
Romy Baskerville
Eunice
Renée Estevez
Doreen
David Alexanian
Roger
William Holden
Cal
Joe Torrenueva
Father Sandoval
Stéphane Dausse
French mortician
Pabxi Pérez
waiter
Joan Díez
Carlo
Anthony Von Seck
setar-playing pilgrim
Matt Clark
Father Frank
José Luis Molina
policeman 1
José Javier Ruiz
policeman 2
Omar Muñoz
gypsy boy
Coro El Encuentro
Burgos
gypsy singers
Alfonso Delgado
penitent 1
Víctor Molero
penitent 2
Manu Calvo
penitent 3
Milagros Alcalde Díez
Maximiano Benito
Nebreda
El Molino innkeepers
Santi Prego
Santiago office clerk

Dolby/DTS/SDDS
In Colour
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Icon Film Distribution
11,548 ft +8 frames

Young Hearts Run Free

United Kingdom 2009

Director: Andy Mark Simpson

With Andy Black, Jennifer Bryden, Lyndsey Lennon, Dorothy Lawrence
Certificate 12A 93m 27s

Back in 1974, when *Young Hearts Run Free* is set, I was a teenager in a small mining village not far from the film's fictitious location. Like its protagonists, I was about to leave for university in London, fulfilling a longstanding dream sparked years earlier by the romantic stories in my mother's old-fashioned magazines. The standard plotline ran something like this: provincial northern girl is seduced by bright city lights; girl meets callous adman, who throws her over for a more sophisticated rival; girl returns home to discover her friendship with the boy next door is really love; marriage; the end. Substitute 'boy' for 'girl' and you've pretty much got the premise of Andy Mark Simpson's debut film. You might say that the old stories aren't necessarily the best ones.

Though its background is the 1974 miners' strike that brought down the Heath government, Simpson claims his film is really about the timeless themes of teenage love, friendship and rebellion. His cast of young newcomers turn in some good performances, especially Lyndsey Lennon as Claire, whose girl next door is underplayed enough to seem like the real thing. But often both story and setting fail to convince – despite the swaths of patterned orange wallpaper and brown corduroy. The decision of miner's son Mark to work as a scab to save up to go to art college seems a particularly Thatcherite form of teenage rebellion from a couple of decades later. And while there was certainly a north-south divide back then, I don't believe provincial girls were all kindhearted innocence and city dwellers had the monopoly on infidelity, cruelty and lust. The supposed culture clash between Londoner Sue and the village drives the narrative, but its ramifications are never explored – certainly no one grows in understanding or changes as a result of the encounter, which makes it seem a bit pointless.

In terms of politics, the meetings between Mark and colliery manager Mr Stevenson provide a handy summary of the debate between worker solidarity and individual pragmatism, with Stevenson easily persuading Mark that it's worth betraying his friends in order to get on in the world. Mark's choice of scabbing seems as unlikely and hard to fathom as some of the film's other details: for instance, the 1974 strike ended with the defeat of the Conservative government at the end of February but the story is set in July/August; my memory of 1974 was that grants were generous and only well-off parents were expected to fund their children's education; I believe the relationship between police and picket lines was antagonistic rather than friendly; and even in the rural

SYNOPSIS Barnston, Northumberland, 1974. Miners at the village pit are on strike. Mark, whose father was killed in a mining accident ten years ago, has given up his ambition to go to art college to stay at home with his mother. Girl-next-door Claire, whose father leads the strikers, has won a place at university. Claire has a crush on miner Tony; Mark has a crush on Sue, a Londoner staying with her aunt between school and university. When Sue discovers Mark is an artist she seduces him and they start a relationship.

Claire's parents say they can't afford to send her to university because of the strike. To the disgust of the village, Mark works as a scab to save the money to follow Sue to London and attend art college. Tony tries to have sex with Claire but she realises this is not what she wants.

In the local pub Sue and Mark have a confrontation with Tony and his friends. Just before returning to London Sue tells Mark their relationship won't survive. Claire and Mark argue. Mark goes to London for an interview and stays with Sue; she takes him to a club where she flirts and kisses other boys.

When Mark returns home Tony beats him up for being a scab. Mark is offered a place at art college but hangs up the phone. He and Claire make up and become a couple. She goes to university and he plans to start college the following year.

northeast mothers had long since given up on 'brazen hussy' as a term of abuse for other people's daughters.

In this fairytale world events are signalled well in advance and then recapped to make sure we have understood their significance. Characters are little more than symbols, with Mark depicted as a goody-two-shoes who is enchanted and corrupted before returning to his former self. I think we are meant to warm to him, but for me it was hard going – and like his friends I found his betrayal of their principles hard to believe.

❖ Vicky Wilson

CREDITS

Directed by
Andy Mark Simpson
Produced by
Andy Mark Simpson
Written by
Andy Mark Simpson
Director of Photography
David Beaumont
Editor
Mark Waters
Production Designer
Richard Reay
Original Music
Robert Owen

©Bede Films Ltd
Production Company
A Bede Films production
Associate Producers
Stephen O'Neill
Margaret Pullan
Joyce Spencer
Production Co-ordinator
Graeme Stokoe
Accountant
Jamie Pullan
Assistant Directors
1st: Katy Roberts
Stunt Scenes
Jack Tarling
Casting
Sam Claypole
2nd Unit Camera
Garry Douglass
Additional Editing
Richard Reay
Costume Consultant
Eric Doughney
Make-up
Wayne Thompson
Faye Garland
Elliott Sinclair
Soundtrack
"I Believe That We Can Find a Groove"; "Keep Yer Feet Poundin'" – James Marsh; "Wor Lass Is a Bonny Lass" – Duncan Stuart; Susan Craven; "Sunshine"; "Yeah I Need Your Love" – Beth McDonald; James Marsh; "Animal"; "Northern Boy Down

Deep South"
Sound Design
Chris McQuillan
Sound Recordists
Garry Allsopp
2nd Unit:
Chris McQuillan
Fight Co-ordinator
Bret Yount

CAST

Andy Black
Mark Summers
Jennifer Bryden
Sue Proudlock
Lyndsey Lennon
Claire Armstrong
Dorothy Lawrence
Mary Summers
Danny McCready
Big George Armstrong
Jay Carter
Tony Best
Peter G. Reed
Mr Stevenson
Matthew Brown
Jonta
Fran Biggs
Mrs Jean Tait
Ann Ridley
Margaret Armstrong

Kevin Bradley
Simon Conroy
Christian Davis
Andrew Doyle
Andrew Edwards
Patrick Edwards
Susan Edwards
John Finlayson
Dave Furness
Christopher Gray
John Hall
John Harland
Daniel McCready Jr
Anthony Moad
Kirsty O'Neill
Sarah O'Neill
Dennis Pullan
Erica Pullan
Jamie Pullan
Craig Simpson
Paul Simpson
Elliott Sinclair
Ian Skinner
Kevin Somers
Paul Tyrell
Emma Whitehall
Ian Wiggett
Paul Wrightson
pit scenes background
Shelley Clark
Ann Lawrence
Claire Lawrence
Joan Lowerson
Richard Moore
Dennis Pullan
Margaret Pullan
Kath Simpson
Paul Simpson
Bret Staward
Malcolm Staward
pub, village hall and streets background

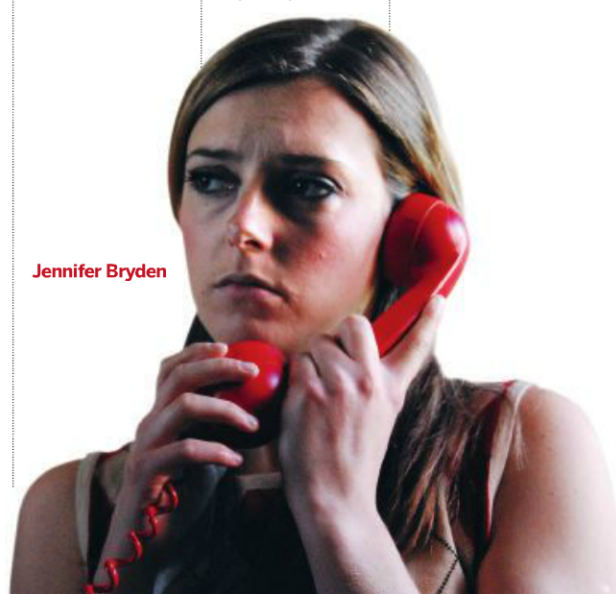
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Bede Films Ltd

8,410 ft +0 frames



Breathtaking sheenery: Martin Sheen



Jennifer Bryden

Your Highness

USA/Japan/United Kingdom 2010

Director: David Gordon Green

With Danny McBride, James Franco, Natalie Portman, Zooey Deschanel

Certificate 15 102m 23s

The directorial trajectory of Darren Aronofsky might seem unexpected, given his progress from the shoestring indie grunge of *Pi* to the lavish melodramatic kitsch of *Black Swan* (even if certain running themes – notably self-destructive monomania – are evident). But Aronofsky's progress is a model of predictability beside that of David Gordon Green. His debut feature *George Washington* (2000) was a languorous, near-plotless film set in the rustbelt North Carolina city of Winston-Salem which turned its quasi-documentary gaze on a group of youngsters (all played by non-professionals) whiling away a summer day. In its cool originality, unhurried gentleness and indifference to conventional narrative neatness, it epitomised an appealing style of laidback independent filmmaking. In an interview given at the time of the film's release, Green remarked, "If I ever make anything clever you can shoot me. Incoherent is fine. Clever, who needs it?"

Now, a decade later, Green might need to put the firing squad on speed-dial, since his latest film definitely falls into the category of clever – and by no means incoherent. *Your Highness* is an adult-oriented fantasy film in the tradition of *The Princess Bride* (1987) and *Stardust* (2007), but with added raunch – it's probably the first Hollywood fantasy movie to include the term "buttfuck". The plot follows the familiar fairytale template of the seemingly useless younger brother who makes good in the end (the Brothers Grimm's 'The Three Feathers' furnishes a classic example) but treated in the Judd Apatow locker-room mode of 'triumph of the asshole'. The script, co-written by Danny McBride (who also plays the slobbish Prince Thadeous), works in gags about penises, masturbation, child abuse, genital warts, bestiality and the aforementioned anal sex, along with a few rude puns: a disreputable tavern is named the Horse Piss (read 'hospice') Inn. The cast are evidently enjoying themselves: McBride of course is in his element, James Franco sends up his clean-cut image as heroic elder brother Prince Fabious, and after the rigours of *Black Swan*, Natalie Portman relaxes into the less demanding role of invincible warrior-maiden Isabel. Justin Theroux visibly relishes his turn as über-baddie Leezar, casually plucking a passing Tinkerbell-style fairy out of the air to pull off its wings before crunching it up and sniffing it like a line of coke.

Green directs with wit and pace, paying enough attention to the play of relationships to ensure that the elaborate special effects never entirely take over. To be fair, after the witless stoner-fest of 2008's *Pineapple Express* (which also featured Franco and McBride), *Your Highness* marks a step



My aim is true: Natalie Portman

back up in Green's filmography, and if appealing to the brighter end of the frat-boy market was the aim, he's probably dead on target. But it's hard not to regret the fresh, offbeat promise that was shown in the limpid vision of *George Washington*. **Phillip Kemp**

CREDITS

Directed by David Gordon Green

Produced by Scott Stuber

Written by Danny R. McBride, Ben Best

Director of Photography Tim Orr

Edited by Craig Alpert

Production Designer Mark Tildesley

Music Steve Jablonsky

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Production Companies Universal Pictures presents a Stuber Pictures production Produced with the support of financial incentives provided by Northern Ireland Screen In association with Dentsu Inc. Northern Ireland Production Services: Generator Entertainment Limited

Executive Producers Danny McBride, Andrew Z. Davis, Jonathan Mone, Mark Huffam

Co-producer Peter McAleese

Unit Production Managers Peter McAleese, Andrew Z. Davis

Production Manager 2nd Unit: Donald Sabourin

Production Supervisor Lisa Drayne

2nd Unit Production Co-ordinator Mark Devlin

Financial Controller Andy Hennigan

Location Manager Andrew Wilson

Production Consultant Jeff Fradley

2nd Unit Director Simon Crane

Assistant Directors 1st: Chris Newman

2nd: Richard Goodwin

2nd Unit: 1st: Terry Madden

2nd: Terence Madden

Script Supervisors Morag Cameron

2nd Unit:

Lynda Marshall

Casting Gail Stevens

Aerial Director of Photography 2nd Unit:

John Marzano

Camera Operators A: Gerry Vasbenter

B: Mark Milsome

2nd Unit: A: Fraser Taggart

B: Peter Field

Gaffers Steve Costello

2nd Unit: Martin Smith

A Camera Grip Rupert Lloyd Parry

2nd Unit Key Grip John Flemming

Visual Effects Supervisor: Mike McGee

Producer: Garv Thorp

Animation/Visual Effects by Framstore

Visual Effects by Lola Visual Effects

Special Effects Nefzers Special Effects

2nd Unit Special Effects Supervisor Gerd Feuchter

Creature Effects Created by Spectral Motion, Inc.

Additional Editor Colin Patton

Supervising Art Director Gary Freeman

Art Directors Tom McCullagh

Paul Kirby, Dave Warren

Set Decorator Art Director Stuart Rose

Set Decorator Dominic Capon

Concept Artists William Simpson, Norman Walshe

Peter Popken

Production Buyers Shane Bunting

Alice Felton

Property Master David Balfour

Construction Co-ordinator Brian Martin

Construction Manager Tom Martin

Costume Designer Hazel Webb-Crozier

Costume Supervisors Rachael Webb-Crozier, Mark Ferguson

Armour: Simon Brindle

2nd Unit: David Craig

Make-up Designer Tina Earnshaw

Key Make-up Pamela Smyth

Key Make-up Artist 2nd Unit:

Kerry Skelton

Creature/Make-up Effects Designed by Mike Elizalde

Key Hair Designer Nana Fischer

2nd Unit Key Hairdresser Natalie Reid

Main/End Titles Picture Mill

Opticals Technicolor

Score Conducted by Nick Glennie-Smith

Orchestrations Y. Suzette Moriarty

Penka Kouneva

Geoff Stradling

Frank Macchia

Soundtrack "Tanz Nachtanz", "La Volta", "Propinan de melyn", "Courante" – arranged by Paul Englishby; "Julie's Lute"; "Isabel's Panflute" by Paul Englishby; "Greatest Quest"; "Horse Piss Tavern"

Choreographer Stuart Hopps

Production Sound Mixer Chris Gebert

2nd Unit Sound Mixer Ronan Hill

Re-recording Mixers Chris Jenkins

Frank A. Montaño

Supervising Sound Editors Darren King, Yann Delpuech

Stunt Co-ordinators Paul Herbert

2nd Unit: Rob Inch

Horse Master Hernan Ortiz

CAST

Danny McBride Prince Thadeous

James Franco Prince Fabious

Natalie Portman Isabel

Zooey Deschanel Belladonna

Justin Theroux Leezar

Toby Jones Julie

Charles Dance King Talious

Damian Lewis Boremont

Rasmus Hardiker Courtney

Simon Farnaby Marious the Bold

Deobia Oparei Thundarian

BJ Hogg royal adviser

Matyelok Gibbs Angela Pleasance

Anna Barry mothers

Amber Anderson maiden

Stuart Loveridge skinny prisoner

John Fricker Marteteetee

Rupert Davis 2nd knight

Julian Rhind-Tutt warlock

Mario Torres Great Wise wizard

Noah Huntley head knight

Ben Wright Dastardly

Susie Kelly Roma Tomelty

Brigid Erin Bates Elish Doran

Rene Greig hooded witches

Kiran Shah tiniest one

Simon Cohen the Barbarian

Graham Hughes dwarf king

Zhaidarbek Junguzhinov

Nurlan Altayev Brothers Mein

David Garrick Daronius the Swift

Dorian Dixon Darren Thompson

Darren Thompson Darren Thompson

Darren Thompson trolls

Brian Steele minotaur performer

Ben Willbond ranger

Phil Holden dwarf executioner

Chris Burke dwarf man

Sinead Burke dwarf woman

Tobias Winter Timotay, dungeon master

Paige Tyler pale-skinned beauty

Rhian Sugden Amii Grove

Madison Welch forest women

Iga Wyrwal Charles Shaughnessy

narrator/Soul of the Maze

Dolby Digital/DTS/SDS

In Colour [2.35:1]

Distributor E1 Films

9,214 ft +8 frames

CREDITS UPDATE

The reviews of these films were published in April issue but unfortunately credits were unavailable at the time of going to press. We are still waiting for credits for *The Company Men*, *The Dilemma* and *Waiting for "Superman"*

All American Orgy

USA 2010

Certificate 18 98m 19s

CREDITS

Directed by

Andrew Drazek

Produced by

Jordan Kessler

Producers

James Bruce

Brent Caballero

Written by

Ted Beck

Director of

Photography

Dave McFarland

Edited by

Andrew Drazek

Production Designer

Robert Savina

©Camp Ranch

Productions

Production Company

Finish Films

Executive Producer

Todd Gilbert

Co-executive Producer

Daniel Lewis

Production

Accountant

Pamela Jones

Post-production

Supervisor

Jerry Gilbert

Assistant Directors

1st: Ben Ledoux

2nd: Sean O'Reagan

Script Supervisor

Stacey England

Gaffer

Ian McGlockin

Key Grip

Robert Exner

Visual Effects

Supervisor

DJ Shea

Art Director

Robert Savina

Wardrobe

Katherine Wade

Key Hair/Make-up

Courtney Lether

Hair/Make-up

Dwight Dugas

Soundtrack

"Narma Numa",

"Whatever", Rocky

Balboy, "Do What You

Do" - Mookie, "Take It

Back" - Pink Nasty,

Steve Squire, Jeremy

Sidenier, "Black Santa"

- Kid Congo and the

Pink Monkey Birds;

"Wash It Down Good" -

Ryder McNair; "Rhythm

and Soul" - Spoon;

"Götterdämmerung -

Funeral March" by

Richard Wagner; "La

Traviata - Prelude to Act

I" by Giuseppe Verdi;

"Prelude and Liebestod"

from "Tristan and

Isolde" by Richard

Wagner; "Fuck All Nite"

- Black Nasty, Pink

Nasty, Steve Squire

Sound Mixers

Michael Russo

Jiles Gehbauer

Sound Re-recording

Mixer/Supervising

Sound Editor

Jason Dotts

CAST

Laura Silverman

Tina

Adam Busch

Alan

Aimee Lynn Chadwick

Rachel

Jordan Kessler

Gordon

Yasmine Kittles

Yasmine

Ted Beck

Todd

Edrick Browne

Larenz

Marcus Bennett

half-a-cup

Brent Caballero

meth head

Adriene Collins

siren

In Colour

[2.35:1]

Distributor

Metrodome Distribution

8,848 ft +4 frames

US festivals title

Cummings Farm

Arthur and the Great Adventure

France 2009 & 2010

Certificate PG 107m 14s

CREDITS

A film by

Luc Besson

Screenplay/Dialogue

Luc Besson

Based upon the film

*Arthur and the**Invisibles/Arthur et les**Minimoys* written by

Luc Besson, Céline

Garcia, based on a

universe by Patrice

Garcia

Director of

Photography

Thierry Arbogast

Editing

Julien Rey

Production Designer

Hugues Tissandier

Original Music

Composed, Arranged

and Produced by

Eric Serra

©EuropaCorp, TFL

Films, Apipoulai Prod.,

Avalanche Productions

Production Companies

EuropaCorp presents a

EuropaCorp production in

co-production with

TFL Films Production,

Apipoulai Prod and

Avalanche Productions

with the participation of

Canal+

In association with

Sofica EuropaCorp

With the support of

Région Île-de-France

In partnership with CNC

- Centre national de la

cinématographie

Associate Producer

Emmanuel Prévost

Unit Production

Manager

Reshoots:

David Deshayes

Production Managers

Camille Courau

Reshoots:

Leila Smith

Project Manager

Fannie Pailloux

Production

Co-ordinator

Live Action

Photography:

Fanny Besson

Production

Accountants

Live Action

Photography:

Romain Benoist

Claude Dallet

Head of

Post-production

Eric Bassoff

2nd Unit Directors

Live Action

Photography:

Stéphane Glück

Reshoots:

Eric Boissier

Set Direction

English Voices:

Barbara Weber Scaff

French Voices:

Fannie Pailloux

Assistant Directors

1st: Stéphane Glück

Live Action

Photography

2nd: Vanessa Djan

Reshoots

1st: Fannie Pailloux

2nd: Sandie Louit

VMC Shoot

1st: David Deshayes

Script Girl

Live Action

Photography/VMC

Shoot:

Mali Cilla

Live Action

Photography Casting

France:

Swan Pham

UK:

Gail Stevens

US:

Todd Thaler

Reshoots Director

of Photography

Vincent Richard

Steadicam Operators

Live Action

Photography:

Loïc Andrieu

Reshoots:

Mathieu Caudroy

Electrician Chief

Laurent Héritier

Electrician Gaffers

Reshoots:

William Gally

Roland Dondin

Key Grip

Jean-Pierre Mas

CG Animation, Images

and Effects

BUF

CG Animation Design

Pierre Buffin

Visual Effects

Sequences

Supervisors

Cyrille Sicard

Clément Renaudin

Nolwenn Rimbault

Mickael Girod

Sébastien Vergnon

Romain Bavent

Xavier André

Audrey Ferrera

On-set Visual Effects

Supervisors

Yann Avenati

Photography:

Christophe Bernard

Laurent Panissier

Benoit Houtin

Video Capture Camera

Operators/Visual

Effects Photographers

Florent Chedreau

Gaspard Audouin

Edgar Becourt

Thomas Busuttil

Joseph Crosland

Arthur Fevrier

Souleymanne Dicko

Thomas Fontaine

Emmanuel Paulin

Dennis Schultz

3D Special Effects

Supervisor

Arash Habibi

Matte Supervisor

Rami Hage

Sequence Supervisors

Thibault Debeurme

Ludovic Chailloleau

Frédéric Barbe

Fabrice Lacroix

John Reich

Aline Lemaire

Isabelle Penin-Leduc

Clément Richard

Frédéric Boulon

Mourad Simoussa

Geordie Vandendaele

Lead Animators

Julien Belloteau

Cédric De La Forest

Divonne

Damien Zeelen

Fabien Le Gal

Jérôme Rouvelet

Rémi Martin

Richard Villatobas

Marc Phoutharath

Emmanuel Margoux

Julien Aullas

Nicolas Candido

Bruno Etchepare

Benjamin Mulot

Ekkarat Rodthong

Thomas Devorsine

Yanni Lagoutte

Boris Plateau

Restore Supervisor

Guillaume Desbois

Senior CG Artists

Chadi Abo

Christophe André

Xavier Allard

Nicolas Chevalier

Frédéric Barbe

Djelloul Bekri

Herve Barbereau

Florent Cadel

Anne-Sophie Bertrand

Anne Sophie Palermo

Julien Bolbach

Stéphane Bourdageau

Julien Buisseret

Sébastien Corne

Anne Coulet

Antoine Deschamps

Sylvain Crombet

Benoit Delozier

Boris Duong

Pascal Etangsale

Aurelien Faure

Alexandre Lagallarde

Aurélien Fuentes

Yoël Godo

Mickaël Goussard

Sylvain Gremion

Baptiste Henry

Thibaut Bunoust

Tristan Hocquet

Jeff D'Izarny

François Jumel

Jean Louis Kalifa

John Lagache

Fabrice Lagayette

Hervé Thouement

Grégory Lanfranchi

Yann Le Corre

Natacha Leroux

Anthony Lyant

Anh-Tu Mai

Christophe Moreau

Eddy Moussa

Thierry Nguyen

Bruno Dubois

Olivier Diacci

Alex Maugé

Anne Dolet

Vincent Gazier

CREDITS UPDATE

Francis
James Angelo Baffico
Martin Baltimore
Dashiell Harmon Eaves
Simon
Joseph Rezwini
Brad
Stephen Shagov
Captain Bellerive
Stephen Croce
fireman 1
Anthony Hickling
fireman 2
Lee De Long
Miss Kerman
Alan Fairbairn
pump attendant
Peter Hudson
General Montgomery
Cyril Descours
Officer Connolly

voices of
Freddie Highmore
Arthur
Selena Gomez
Selena
Lou Reed
Maltazard
Iggy Pop
Darkos
Snoop Dog
Max
Will.I.Am
Snow
Stacy Ferguson
Replay
Douglas Rand
Betameche/clerk
David Gasman
the king/Bogo chief
Allan Wegner
mono cyclop/Di Vinci
Barbara Weber Scaff
Miss Perlannapple
Jerry Di Giacomo
Proscuitto/guard
Paul Bandy
Miro/unicorn chief
Leslie Clack
the ferryman/translator
Matthew Géczy
Pitberry
Dominic Gould
Jesse Joe
Seide chiefs
Tercelin Kirtley
Seide 1
Jeffrey Bracco
Seide 2
Nathan Rippy
Seide
Robert Burns
commander
Jodi Forrest
Mrs Springler
Lee Delong
Mrs Kerman
Matthew Géczy
Mike Powers
graffiti artists
Paul Bandy
Robert Burns
Andy Chase
Lee Delong
Jerry Di Giacomo
Jodi Forrest
David Gasman
Matthew Géczy
Dominic Gould
Barry Johnson
Tercelin Kirtley
Nathan Rippy
Michael Robinson
Stephen Shagov
Jimmy Shuman
Jesse Joe Walsh
Barbara Weber-Scaff
Christian Erickson

Christine Flowers
Alexis Kendrick
Christian Merret
Palmair
Matthew Gonder
additional voices

video photography cast
for animation
Douglas Rand
chief
Régis Royer
the king
Tonio Descanville
ferryman
Philippe Sax
Tonio Descanville
Pitberri
Agnès Delachair
Sélénia
Boris Vigneron
Seides/ferryman
Matthew Gonder
Proscuitto/Di Vinci
Boris Vigneron
Jack
Maya Gueritte
Koolo girl
Emmanuelle Moreau
Douglas Rand
Philippe Sax
Minimays
Alain Etouind
Fabien Christine
Venus McGomis
Mahamadou Coulibaly
Mogothis

video photography cast
for clip/end credits
Mathias Malzieu
Darkos
Éric Serra-Tosio
Seide
Elisabet Ferrer
Seide
Guillaume Garidel
Seide

Dolby Digital/DTS
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Entertainment Film
Distributors Ltd

9,651 ft +11 frames

This film is a re-edit, for
UK release, of *Arthur et
la vengeance de
Maltazard* / *Arthur and
the Revenge of
Maltazard* ©2009 and
*Arthur 3 La Guerre des
Deux Mondes* / *Arthur
and the War of Two
Worlds* ©2010.

Cave of Forgotten Dreams

Canada/USA/France/UK 2010
Certificate U 90m 2s

CREDITS

Directed by
Werner Herzog
Produced by
Erik Nelson
Adrienne Ciuffo
Written by
Werner Herzog
Director of
Photography
Peter Zeitlinger
Edited by
Joe Bini
Maya Hawke
Music
Ernst Reijseger

©Creative Differences
Productions, Inc.
Production Companies
History Films presents a
Creative Differences
production
A film by Werner Herzog
Produced in association
with More4

Produced in Partnership
with The French Ministry
of Culture and
Communication
With the participation of
Conseil Général de
l'Ardèche, Syndicat
Mixte de l'Espace de
Restitution de la Grotte
Chauvet, Région Rhône-
Alpes

Executive Producers
for Creative Differences:
Dave Harding
for History Films:
Julian P. Hobbs
David McKillop
Molly Thompson
in France:
Le Cinquième Réve
Co-producers
Judith Thurman
Amy Briamonte
Phil Fairclough
Commissioning
Editors, Channel 4
Tabitha Jackson
Hamish Mykura
Associate Producers
Nicolas Zunino
Alain Zenou
Andrea Anderson
Accounting
Bill Hayes
Hong La
Supervising Producer
Post-production
Randall Boyd
3D Systems Design
Kaspar Kallas
Stereographer
Chris Watts
Stereoscopic 3D
Consultants
Dave Blackham
Esprit Film
Motion Graphics
Van Ling
3D Animation
Cabinet Perazio
José Péral
Serge Valcke
Production Sound
Eric Spitzer
Post-production Mixer
Mike Klingner

Chauvet Cave
Julien Monney
archaeologist
Jean-Michel Geneste
Director of the Chauvet
Cave Research Project
Michel Philippe
paleontologist
Gilles Tosello
artist, archaeologist
Carole Fritz
Valérie Feruglio
archaeologists
Dominique Baffier
archaeologist, curator of
Chauvet Cave
Nicholas Conard
archaeologist, University
of Tübingen
Maria Malina
archaeological
technician
Wulf Hein
experimental
archaeologist
Maurice Maurin
master perfumer

WITH

Jean Clottes
former Head of
Scientific Research,

narrated by
Werner Herzog

In Colour
[1.85:1]
3D
Part-subtitled

Distributor
Picturehouse
Entertainment

8,103 ft +0 frames

Drive Angry

USA 2010
Certificate 18 104m 12s

CREDITS

Directed by
Patrick Lussier
Produced by
Michael De Luca
Producers
René Besson
Adam Fields
Written by
Todd Farnier
Patrick Lussier
Director of
Photography
Brian Pearson
Edited by
Patrick Lussier
Devin C. Lussier
Production Designer
Nathan Amondson
Music by/Score
Produced by/Guitars
and Solo Strings
Michael Wandmacher

©M4 Films, Inc.
Production Companies
Millennium Films
presents a Michael De
Luca Production and a
Nu Image production in
association with Saturn
Films
A film by Patrick Lussier
Executive Producers
Boaz Davidson
Joe Gatta
Ari Lerner
Danny Dimbort
Trevor Short
Co-producers
Ed Cathell III
Zach Schiff-Abrams
Josh Bratman
Unit Production
Manager
Ed Cathell III
Production Supervisor
Matthew Hirsch
Production
Co-ordinator
Stacy Parker
Production Controller
Alan Lam
Location Manager
Jennifer Radzikowski
Post-production
Supervisor
Devin C. Lussier
2nd Unit Director
Johnny Martin
Assistant Directors
1st: Steve Danton
2nd: Janell Sammelman
2nd Unit
1st: Juan Mas
2nd: Adam C. Boyd
Script Supervisors
Christine Lalonde
2nd Unit:
K. Lynn Martin
Casting
Nancy Naylor
LA:
Nancy Naylor
Louisiana:
Ryan Glorioso
3D Stereographer
Max Penner
2nd Unit
Stereographer
David Mickey Taylor
Camera Operators
A: David Crone
B: Adam S. Ward
2nd Unit
B: Adam S. Ward
Steadicam Operator
David Crone

Chief Lighting
Technicians
Max Pomerleau
2nd Unit:
Jamie Moreno
Key Grips
Steve Smith
2nd Unit:
Ferrell A. Shinnick
Visual Effects
Supervisor
Glenn Neufeld
Visual Effects by
Worldwide FX
Additional:
Creative Dataworks, Inc.
GodKiller Designed/
Created by
Gary J. Tunncliffe
Art Director
William Budge
Set Designer
Carl Stensel
Set Decorator
Kristin Bicksler
Property Masters
Andrew 'Big Toe' Wert
2nd Unit:
Wade Easley
Construction
Co-ordinator
Jerry G. Henery
Costume Designer
Mary E. McLeod
Costume Supervisor
Andrée Fortier
Department Head
of Make-up
Kristina Vogel
Key Make-up Artist
Keith Sayer
Special Make-up
Effects Designed/
Created by
Gary J. Tunncliffe
Two Hours in the Dark,
Inc.
Make-up Effects
Designer:
Gary J. Tunncliffe
Puppeteers:
Mike Jay Regan
Department Head
Hair
Solina Tabrizi
Key Hair Stylist
Rita Parillo
Main/End Titles
Designed by
Eric Ladd
Orchestrations
Susie Benchasi Seiter
Music Supervisor
Selena Arizano
Soundtrack
"Raise a Little Hell" –
Trooper; "Wrong Path";

"Final Hour Blues";
"F**k the Pain Away" –
Peaches; "Laser Love" –
T. Rex; "Sandman" –
Robbyn Kimmsey; "I Like
to Rock" – April Wine;
"You Want the Candy" –
The Raveonettes; "The
Answer" – UNKLE; "All
Things Bright and
Beautiful"; "That's the
Way I Like It" – Easy
Action; "Stone in My
Hand" – Everlast;
"Amazing Grace";
"Alive" – Mark
Campbell; "Drive Angry"
– Weston Cage
Sound Designer
Steve Falconi
Boeddeker
Sound Mixer
Jay Meagher
Re-recording Mixers
Tom 'Cougar' Johnson
Juan 'Charger' Peralta
Supervising Sound
Editor
Robert 'Chopper' Shoup
Stunt Co-ordinators
Johnny Martin
2nd Unit:
Johnny Martin
Oakley Lehman

CAST
Nicolas Cage
John Milton
Amber Heard
Piper
William Fichtner
The Accountant
Billy Burke
Jonah King
David Morse
Webster
Charlotte Ross
Candy
Christa Campbell
Mona
Tom Atkins
Cap
Katy Mixon
Norma Jean
Jack McGee
Fat Lou
Todd Farmer
Frank, Piper's boyfriend
Wanetah Walmsley
American Indian mother
Robin McGee
guy with camera phone

Nicolas Cage



Fabian Moreno
Latino busboy
Edrick Browne
rookie
Marc Macaulay
Sarge
Pruitt Taylor Vince
Roy
Julius Washington
uniformed officer
Jamie Teer
babysitter
Bryan Massey
trooper 1
Tim Walter
trooper 2
Kent Jude Bernard
teen 1
Brent Henry
teen 2
Gerry May
TV male news reporter 1
Sherri Talley
TV female news
reporter 2
Arianne Martin
Milton's daughter
(older)
Con Schell
fucking driver
Nick Gomez
fucking middle
Joe Chrest
fucking passenger
Oakley Lehman
cultist with iron pipe
Thiri R. Haston
cultist with sickle
Jake Brake
cultist with machete
Tim J. Smith
cultist with hatchet
Jeff Dashnaw
cowboy with cattle prod
Tim Trella
cultist with sledge
James Hebert
man in leather jacket
Kenneth Wayne
Bradley
man in wig
Kendrick Hudson
burly dude
Michael Papajohn
tattooed guy
April Littlejohn
business woman
Henry M. Kingi
thin old man
Simona Williams
lady in leopard skin
Shelby Swatek
truck-driving woman
Kimberly Shannon
Murphy
girl in Morgan

Dolby Digital/DTS
In Colour
[1.78:1]
3D

Distributor
Lionsgate UK

9,378 ft +0 frames



"Its privileged glimpse deep into unfamiliar spiritual territory has the strength of revelation" Los Angeles Times

"A real-life examination of the same rituals and traditions observed in Martin Scorsese's Kundun"

New York Times



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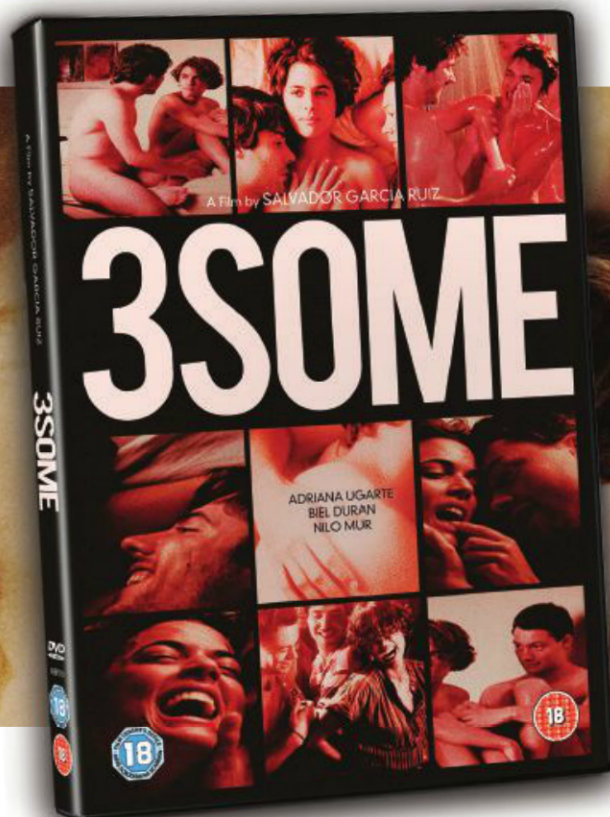
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The art of Michelangelo

Even in his earliest films, Antonioni reveals himself to be one of cinema's modern masters, says Michael Brooke

La signora senza camelie

Michelangelo Antonioni; Italy 1953; Eureka/Masters of Cinema/Region B (Blu-ray)/Region 2 (DVD); Certificate PG; 102 minutes (Blu-ray)/98 minutes (DVD); Aspect Ratio 1.37:1; Features: Gabe Klinger introduction, trailer, booklet

Le amiche

Michelangelo Antonioni; Italy 1955; Eureka/Masters of Cinema/Region B (Blu-ray)/Region 2 (DVD); Certificate PG; 106 minutes (Blu-ray)/102 minutes (DVD); Aspect Ratio 1.37:1; Features: Gabe Klinger introduction, trailer, booklet

Even though his reputation as one of cinema's great modern masters has been established for more than half a century, the films of Michelangelo Antonioni's first decade as a feature filmmaker remain comparatively sidelined when set against his 1960s and 1970s output. This can partly be blamed on patchy distribution – although 'Le amiche' ('The Girlfriends') was the first of his films to open commercially in Britain (in 1959) and 'La signora senza camelie' ('The Lady Without Camelias') played in BBC2's 'Cinema 625' slot (in 1965), they never had much of a repertory life, and this turns out to be their British video debuts.

Antonioni's third feature chronologically (albeit the second to open in Italy following censorship-related delays to 'I vinti'), 1953's 'La signora senza camelie' can superficially be seen as a precursor to Truffaut's 'Day for Night' (1973) in its entertainingly satirical look at the machinations behind the commercial Italian film industry. Clara Manni (Lucia Bosé) is elevated from shopgirl to starlet as she inadvertently catches the popular taste for lightly eroticised melodramas, but proves unable to measure up to her producer-husband Gianni's desire that she set her sights higher – largely because his crude notion of 'great art' is to have her emoting in costume as Joan of Arc to an understandably indifferent audience. Small wonder that she flees the cinema into the arms of the diplomat Nardo (Ivan Desny), though his view of her is also based more around her image (as an actress, or symbol of glamour) than the woman herself.

At this point it becomes clear that the film-industry setting is merely a conveniently familiar backdrop for what we can now read as a quintessentially Antonionesque exploration of a woman's psychological divorce from the social and cultural norms dictated by her circumstances – in this case, plucked from obscurity to a life of haute bourgeois luxury that she hasn't been trained to



From shopgirl to starlet: Lucia Bosé in 'La signora senza camelie'

It's fascinating to see how close he had already come to his mature style

appreciate. She's forced to perform just as much when the camera is switched off, especially in the toe-curling scene in which Gianni (Andrea Checchi) announces her engagement to her parents, as big a surprise to Clara as it is to them. It's fascinating to see how close Antonioni had already come to his mature style, with his eye for the expressive possibilities of modernist architecture (and de Chirico-like spaces within that architecture) already almost fully formed.

'Le amiche', adapted from a novella by Cesare Pavese by Antonioni and two distinguished female screenwriters (Suso Cecchi d'Amico and Alba de Céspedes), also draws on popular melodramatic forms – indeed, a bald synopsis of its



Sex and the city, Italian-style: 'Le amiche'

account of the travails and romances of a group of five female friends could almost be mistaken for a 'Sex and the City' flick. It was criticised at the time for being excessively novelettish (much more than Pavese's spare original), though each of its various social and romantic encounters adds up to a complex anatomisation of the peculiar ennui experienced by the isolated rich and a guide to the 'social diplomacy' that Clelia (Eleonora Rossi Drago) needs to recognise in an unfamiliar environment. Like Clara in the earlier film, she has risen through the social ranks, though in her case it is under her own steam as a self-made businesswoman recently relocated to Turin to open a branch of her fashion boutique.

She first encounters her future friends when one of them, Rosetta (Madeleine Fischer), attempts suicide in an adjacent hotel room – an early warning to Clelia and viewer alike. Momina (Yvonne Furneaux) has little interest in her husband beyond his financing of her lifestyle (there are plenty of other distractions during his business-related absences), while the vain, superficial Mariella (Anna Maria Pancani) seems interested only in pure hedonism. Ceramicist Nene (Valentina Cortese) is affianced to the painter Lorenzo (Gabriele Ferzetti), whose attempt at capturing the unstable Rosetta on canvas leads to an inevitably doomed affair. Though notionally the most level-headed of the quintet, Clelia herself struggles with her feelings for her assistant Carlo (Ettore Manni): she's

sophisticated enough to recognise that her superior social and professional class shouldn't be a barrier but nonetheless feels that their relationship lacks anything beyond the attractively superficial (Nene and Lorenzo have similar concerns when her creative career outpaces his). Far talkier than most of Antonioni's other films, 'Le amiche' nonetheless clearly indicates his future path: an extraordinarily nuanced and suggestive scene involving multiple meetings on an otherwise deserted beach signposts 'L'avventura' five years later.

Eureka's Masters of Cinema offshoot has already released two superb Antonioni DVDs, 'Il grido' (1957) and 'La notte' (1961), but these dual-format releases (that is, a Blu-ray and DVD in the same box) raise the bar even higher and emphasise how invaluable the high-definition treatment can be to films that have such a keen eye for surface tactility. The lustrous black-and-white photography of the earlier film looks almost lab-fresh, and while 'Le amiche' shows more signs of wear, it too is a marked improvement on all previous small-screen releases, benefiting from the Cineteca del Comune di Bologna's 2008 restoration. Both get very similar extras in the form of video discussions by Gabe Klinger, original theatrical trailers and the usual hefty booklets compiling archival reviews, interviews and correspondence, the most rewarding of which is Antonioni's soul-searching reply to Italo Calvino's criticisms of 'Le amiche'.

NEW RELEASES

The Beyond

Lucio Fulci; Italy 1981; Arrow Video/Region-free Blu-ray, Region 0 DVD; Certificate 18; 88 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1; Features: introduction, audio commentaries, interviews, featurettes, alternative pre-credits sequence, trailer, booklet

Film: Though lauded by genre fans, the grotesquely violent and unabashedly misogynist horror films of Roman director Lucio Fulci (1927-1996) have tended to be dismissed by critics bound to orthodox notions of 'good taste'. Nonetheless, with high-profile figures such as Guillermo Del Toro and Quentin Tarantino repeatedly citing his influence, and an ever-growing appetite for his movies among cult-film audiences, Fulci's stock continues to rise.

Derided by one prominent critic as "shamelessly artless" on its 1981 British theatrical release, *The Beyond* now enjoys the reputation of being exemplary Italian horror, and probably the director's most fully realised work. Featuring an underdeveloped plot in which a New Orleans hotel is found to be built on one of the seven gateways to hell, *The Beyond* sees Fulci eschewing conventional narrative cohesion and instead embracing a stylistically accomplished, surreal mode of filmmaking in which gruesome set pieces segue into onerous passages of 'pure cinema'. Fulci creates a fragmented nightmare within which crumbling zombies shuffle, eyes are gouged out, throats are torn and faces melted with acid.

The Beyond is memorable for these bravura scenes of violence and surrealism, but also for Fulci's original depiction of New Orleans, Fabio Frizzi's haunting score and Sergio Salvati's baroque scope cinematography.

Disc: Arrow's Blu-ray presentation contains a high level of detail and preserves the grain inherent in the 2-perf Techniscope film format. The transfer is slightly brighter than on previous DVD editions. Strangely, the sepia-tinted pre-credits sequence is presented in black and white. (JB)

Blood Simple

Zhang Yimou; China 2009; Momentum/Region 2; Certificate 12; 86 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1 anamorphic

Film: Not a publishing glitch: Zhang Yimou really did shoot a remake of the Coen Brothers' 1984 debut, letting his hair down after a decade of gigantism culminating in the Beijing Olympic ceremonies. As with Gus Van Sant's *Psycho* (1998) and Tom Savini's *Night of the Living Dead* (1990), familiarity with the original boosts enjoyment as Zhang cleaves limpet-like to the Coens' core narrative, including the concluding water droplet (heavyhandedly CGI-enhanced here). But there are differences galore in the treatment: eerily hill-spiked red widescreen landscapes make a compellingly surreal backdrop for the convoluted burial shenanigans; the character previously played by a sweaty,



Dark Star John Carpenter's debut has worn its four decades remarkably well. If Samuel Beckett ever saw it he'd have recognised a kindred spirit

garrulous M. Emmet Walsh is now a near-silent, unnervingly expressionless killer; and the treatment of the central marital triangle (and a typically brilliant use of colour) is a nostalgic reminder that Zhang once made *Ju Dou* (1990). But the most memorable elements are Zhang's own: a dazzlingly choreographed noodle preparation sequence, the abacus-based safe lock, and a comic subplot about two disgruntled workers which turns abruptly to horror as one gets caught up in the main narrative mechanics. It's hardly a masterpiece but it's more fun than most remakes: small wonder the Coens sent Zhang a thank-you letter.

Disc: A fine transfer, although there are no extras. (MB)



Last stop: 'The Elephant Will Never Forget'

Dark Star

John Carpenter; US 1974; Fabulous Films/Region 2; Certificate PG; 70/83 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1 anamorphic; Features: documentary, Andrew Gilchrist commentary, Alan Dean Foster and Brian Narelle interviews, 3D Dark Star tour, trivia, trailer

Film: Hooking up with old flames is a perilous undertaking, as true of films as it is of people. Happily, John Carpenter and Dan O'Bannon's micro-budget debut has worn its four decades remarkably well (better, in truth, than many of his later films). Much of this tale of terminally bored astronauts blowing up unstable planets to aid colonisation missions is still genuinely funny, though its cheeky nose-thumbing to the then recent 2001: A Space Odyssey is paralleled by a similarly palpable sense of loneliness and insignificance in a pitilessly vast universe – if Samuel Beckett ever saw it he'd have recognised a kindred spirit, especially when the computerised bomb reaches its literally devastating conclusion through the application of ruthless logic.

Discs: Like the film, this two-disc 'Hyperdrive Edition' was clearly a labour of love, offering two separate cuts (though not the original 45-minute student version), a two-hour retrospective documentary, a commentary by an unnervingly obsessive but hugely knowledgeable fan, and much more besides. Technical standards are as high as the 16mm source material permits, and a visible advance on earlier editions. (MB)

A Day in the Life

John Krish; UK 1953-64; BFI dual format/Region 0; Certificate E; 90 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: 'I Want

to Go to School', 'Mr Marsh Comes to School', interview with director at BFI Southbank, essay booklet

Film: One of the considerable bonuses of the BFI's laudable exhumation of the British sponsored film has been a reappraisal of Krish's work. These four documentaries are among his finest, showing off the controlled eloquence, technical virtuosity and sheer humanity he brought to his commissioned short films. His best-known work, *The Elephant Will Never Forget*, a Cockney-crammed 11-minute elegy for the London trams scrapped in 1952, made with 'stolen' film stock expressly against the producer's wishes, is atypically sentimental but potently nostalgic. The doomed trams glide like liners through the night, before their burning hulks form an elephants' graveyard, while a music-hall ditty hymns the joy of "riding on top of the car".

By 1961, the affecting NSPCC fundraising film *They Took Us to the Sea* had achieved Krish's characteristic balance of clarity and compassion – forbidden to show cruelty to children, it signals deprivation through the hungry gazes and hungry mouths of Birmingham urchins agog at the delights of Weston-super-Mare. There's the merest whiff of Free Cinema (about which Krish airs trenchant views in the extras) in the shots glued to their antics, but Jack Beaver's mutable score and the skilful contrasts of paddling pleasure versus lobbying bricks on Brummie bomb sites illustrate Krish's deftness at using classical techniques to infuse his sponsor's message with social commentary. *Our School* (1962), an NUT-sponsored 'day in the life' of a Hertfordshire secondary modern, is a harder sell for those not entranced by Krish's constructed scenes of Brylcreemed teens shepherd through vocational classes, or by his earnest, homiletic narration. However, *I Think They Call Him John* (1964), a desperately moving portrait of the Sunday chores of a retired miner, uses a masterly combination of slow pacing, beautifully framed shots and spare and thoughtful narration ("The old are an army of strangers we have no intention of joining") to tease out a life story from his memorabilia and create a portrait of the loneliness of old age.

There's an awful poignancy in watching all four films, products of hope-filled Boom Britain, full of bright new schools and appeals to "interpret each child for what he is, and what he can become", just as Bust Britain is briskly rolling up the welfare state and reality TV immolates its last vestiges of social responsibility. Is there any chance that the Big Society will give rise to documentaries that are half as clear-eyed and empathetic as these?

Disc: A fabulous restoration job whose extras include the engagingly odd careers-guidance short *Mr Marsh Comes to School* (1961), disguising sage advice in sly comic sketches for the bewildered school-leaver, and the charming but penetrating portrait of a primary school *I Want to Go to School* (1959). The booklet provides Patrick Russell's excellent

NEW RELEASES

← overview of Krish's mid-period output and Kevin Brownlow's fond recollections of working with him, but the *pièce de résistance* is a wonderfully waspish interview with Krish himself. (KS)

Empire State

Ron Peck; UK 1987; Network/Region B Blu-ray/Region 2 DVD dual-format; Certificate 18; 98 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1; Features: writer and director commentary, deleted scenes, trailer, screen tests, costume research and production design galleries, audio-only research interview, C4 'Right to Reply' excerpt, PDF screenplay and journal notes

Film: Nine years after the defiantly independent *Nighthawks* and its 16mm evocation of a closeted gay teacher's double life, writer-director Ron Peck edged closer to the mainstream with this clubland thriller set in the early days of London's Docklands redevelopment. Back in 1979 John MacKenzie's *The Long Good Friday* accurately predicted the area's future economic significance, but here we catch that fascinating moment when the old warehouses are still standing, shiny new office complexes are being planned and the smell of money is in the air. Ray McNally's boxing promoter and club owner represents the old East End about to be fleeced by ruthless

yuppies and their lawyers, but he still controls the Empire State nightspot, point of intersection for the film's myriad plot strands. In the director's commentary on this lavish edition, Peck suggests Robert Altman as an influence on his ensemble drama's social fresco, a fair enough comparison except for the fact that its various character trajectories (ambitious rent boy, investigative journo, visiting US investor, etc) never really lock into meaningful dramatic conflict. Thematically, it's spot-on, yet weak storytelling lets the side down, even if the 1980s fashions and electro soundtrack retain a time-capsule appeal. **Discs:** A pristine Blu-ray transfer caps an impressive package of extras. (TJ)

**The Kartemquin Films
Collection: The Early Years
Volumes 1 & 2**

Gordon Quinn, Jerry Temaner, Stan Karter; US 1967-70; Facets/Region 1 NTSC; 175 minutes total; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: interviews, trailers, documents

Films: Still in business, Kartemquin Films was begun in 1966 by University of Chicago grads Gordon Quinn, Stan Karter and Jerry Temaner, and their non-profit mandate in that tumultuous era was on-the-spot, confrontational documentaries that furthered progressive causes and interrogated



Fight club: 'Empire State'

the role of the artist in society, all while maintaining a devoted allegiance to Chicago proper. Many of their first films had no credits (indeed, according to IMDb, Karter has never put his name on any film), and as the years wore on Kartemquin became an expressly educational production studio fostering features such as *Hoop Dreams*, *The Last Pullman Car* and the PBS miniseries *The New Americans*. But at the beginning the fumes of collective purpose and social rage were in the air, whether the team was chronicling the efforts of Christian teens to put on an 'anti-war mass' (the truly inspiring *Thumbs Down*, 1968) or participating in and reflecting on the 1969 student strike and administration-building occupation at the university (*Hum 255* and *What the Fuck Are These Red Squares?*, both from 1970) in response to the invasion of Cambodia.

Ethnographically specific, the films are vintage artefacts from the bygone heyday of gritty 16mm activist doc-making, when idealism was sky-high, when film classes made movies out of on-campus crises, and when active protest was doubly worth doing if you were doing it on film. (The contrast between these fiery co-eds and committed youth-groupers and the American undergraduates of today is horrifyingly extreme.) Quinn and co didn't pioneer the form, nor did they attain the mysterious eloquence of Chris Marker's Vietnam-era shorts. But the practical Kartemquin agenda was always social change and awareness over cinema, and the films fairly pulse with immediacy and consequence. **Discs:** The films have not, it appears, been restored, and thus retain the projector-beaten texture so distinctive of their day. The new interviews with Quinn and Temaner, two ageing grey liberal lions, are both helpful as context and fascinating as history. (MA)

Larks on a String

Jirí Menzel; Czechoslovakia 1969; Second Run/Region 0; Certificate 15; 90 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.66:1 anamorphic; Features: Jirí Menzel introduction, booklet

Film: The closest the Czech Renoir came to barbed political satire, Jirí

Menzel's fourth feature was given the greenlight during the 1968 Prague Spring, blackballed (and mothballed) on completion, and belatedly premiered soon after the Velvet Revolution. Another two decades on, it stands up very well: if historical specifics are blurred by distance and memory, Bohumil Hrabal's source stories mocking political dogma's overweening absurdity have an all too recognisable universality. Václav Neckár essentially reprises his *Closely Observed Trains* role as a hapless beau whose bride is banned from her own wedding, while Rudolf Hrusínský strikes a resonant chord as the proletarian apparatchik overseeing a penal colony-like junkyard whose employees have fallen out of favour with the regime: he knows full well that his own status is primarily due to political fashion. To underscore this essential truth, Hrusínský, Menzel and Hrabal would be blacklisted for much of the following decade. **Disc:** Menzel and cinematographer Jaromír Šofr approved the transfer, and Šofr explains in a booklet note that the variable image quality is due to the negative being mutilated before the film was banned, the missing footage retrieved from a workprint. Menzel contributes some delightfully idiosyncratic self-filmed reminiscences, and the meaty booklet essay is by Czech cinema expert (and *S&S* contributor) Peter Hames. (MB)

The Long, Hot Summer

Martin Ritt; US 1958; Optimum Releasing/Region 2; Certificate PG; 111 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1; Features: trailer

Film: The first of Ritt's 'outsider' movies, this CinemaScope Southern family melodrama injects a little Tennessee Williams and a lot of *Peyton Place* (unsurprisingly, since the film's producer, Jerry Wald, also produced that show) into its bawdy, sweat-beaded adaptation of three William Faulkner stories, in which Paul Newman's canny drifter electrifies a sleepy town run by Orson Welles's ruthless businessman. Released in the same year as *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, it gives the tyranny of its own Big Daddy a more roguish comic spin.

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But if the story, most particularly the implausible barn-burning reconciliation of the finale, seems a tad unwieldy, there's much fascination in a clash of acting styles that sees Newman's laconic Actor's Studio naturalism go head-to-head with Welles's false-nose, BBQ-sauce panstick and declamatory actor-manager stylings. Surprisingly, the result's a draw once you've seen Welles bellow and wheedle for grandchildren from Joanne Woodward's sassy spinster daughter, in a performance that can adroitly (albeit showily) turn on a sixpence.

Disc: It's a just-about-adequate transfer whose colours shift disconcertingly within scenes from 1950s pastels to a murky blue-green hue. The trailer, the single extra, is well worth a look for the neat and shameless way it converts Ritt's stagey but dramatic exchanges into a panting sex-fest. (KS)

Man of Aran

Robert Flaherty; UK 1934; Park Circus/Region 2; 77 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; **Features:** two contemporaneous Flaherty shorts, 1978 documentary, modern short film, outtakes, photo gallery

Film: Robert Flaherty's small corpus remains inescapable, his foundational eminence in both documentary cinema and filmed ethnography ever controversial. For many, Flaherty's commitment to living among and documenting remote, traditional communities, such as the barren Aran Islands off Ireland's west coast, is cancelled out by his fabrications for the screen. The 'family' at the centre of *Man of Aran* were unrelated islanders; a highlight sequence was notoriously premised on an already discarded practice (shark-fishing with harpoons).

It's crucial to note that Flaherty's 'docu-fiction' doesn't psychologise his raw material – *Man of Aran* is less docudrama than 'docu-fable'. The inner lives of Flaherty's islanders, no less than those of John Grierson's drifters, are inaccessible and irrelevant; their relationships to one another as archetypal as their relationships to land and to sea. Dramatisation instead provides *structure* for such themes, within which Flaherty proved himself one of cinema's great stylists, his sound films frequently suggesting silent cinema. Like most 1930s documentaries, *Man of Aran* was shot silent: its intermittent voices are risible as 'dialogue' but fine as a component of dirt-cheap stylised sound design accompanying astounding visuals: majestic wide-lensed compositions alternating with remarkable kinetic sequences conveying the ocean's many moods.

Few filmmakers now attempt (let alone master) such 'dreamlike documentary', perhaps for good reason. It's impossible to disagree, factually, with Paul Rotha's contemporary complaint that *Man of Aran* is essentially reactionary, eschewing socioeconomic analysis and instead transforming rural poverty into romantic poetry, even by reviving dead cultural practices. The problem, still

The independent

Kieron Corless on 'Milestones', a scathing, shambling monster of a movie by American pioneer Robert Kramer

Robert Kramer Collection

Milestones/Ice

Robert Kramer; US 1975/69; Capricci/Arcades Video/Region 0; 199/128 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1

Still little known today, New York-born Robert Kramer was a pioneer of American independent cinema. He started making films in the mid-1960s, developing a style in which fiction and documentary sometimes commingled in striking ways, at the service of a radical left politics and scathing critiques of the US government and its policies. He left America in the mid-1970s after finishing the ciné-vérité epic 'Milestones' – the film most regarded as his masterpiece – profoundly disillusioned by the collapse of the US left and the government's prosecution of the war in Vietnam ('Milestones' is dedicated to the Vietnamese people). He pitched up first in Lisbon, where he shot 'Scenes from the Class Struggle in Portugal' in 1977 in the aftermath of the Portuguese revolution, and finally in Paris, where he endured mixed fortunes until his death in 1999 aged 60.

Kramer's films have garnered a cult reputation in part because they have been so difficult to see. Until recently, only 'Cities of the Plain' and 'Route One USA' have been available on DVD, and even then only in France. A restored version of 'Milestones' (1975) toured festivals a few years ago and now appears on a double-disc set together with an earlier film, 'Ice' (1969), released by the excellent French label Capricci (and available through www.amazon.fr). It's a suggestive pairing. 'Ice' is the shorter, more formally disciplined feature, a fascinating curio and like 'Milestones' at times problematically naïve in its politics. Shot in an almost noirish black and white and set in an unspecified future when a by now fascist



'A shambling monster of a film': Robert Kramer's 'Milestones'

American government wages war on Mexico, it focuses on a group of white militants planning and carrying out terrorist actions and ultimately preparing all-out war against the state. Its power derives from its almost documentary immediacy, particularly in outdoor scenes; circling shots of militants making untraceable calls from telephone booths feel charged with menace and foreboding. Violence can suddenly erupt out of the blue, as when one of the militants (played by Kramer himself) is castrated by police agents, or another is killed by police thugs.

'Milestones' weighs in at over three hours, a shambling monster of a film, jagged, raw, emotionally intense; watching it is like walking on hot coals. Shot in colour, it's essentially a portrait of the depletion and dispersal of the American radical left, traumatised by Vietnam and other horrors but unable to form a coherent, united response as the promise of the 1960s protest movements ebbs away. It takes the form of a loosely woven tapestry of some fifty characters across the country; there's a lot of restless soul-searching in what appears to be a mixture of scripted and improvised discussion, intercut with newsreel footage of the

Vietnam War or montage sequences detailing the US's historical crimes against native Americans and blacks. Even more forcefully, anger and violence can express themselves in strange fictionalised moments suddenly dropped in like incendiary devices, such as the attempted rape of a woman rescued by a blind man, or the death, at the hands of the police, of an activist just released from jail.

'Milestones' was attacked on release for being an unstructured, undisciplined mess. American and British critics in particular were hostile to what they saw as its indulgence of a WASP minority and their misguided and hazily expressed politics; it's true the hippyish jargon can be wearying on prolonged exposure. The film got a much better reception from French critics, especially Serge Daney, who wrote a characteristically subtle, brilliantly insightful piece for 'Cahiers du cinéma': "Had the film been this post-leftist pastoral which we're all rather anxious to see (and what a relief it would be!), it would have included some beautiful, indelibly moving moments of mutual support and solidarity. Nothing of the kind... [It] is more akin to a rite of passage (a difficult passing through, a passage through a void)." You might say into a void, bearing in mind the Reagan years lurking not too far round the corner, but nevertheless 'Milestones' pulls off a profoundly moving conclusion, despite everything we've seen hitherto, a protracted communal birth scene that strikes a note of cautious optimism and togetherness. For all its undoubted flaws, it is itself a milestone and monument of committed American cinema.

Capricci boasts a small but carefully selected number of films on its roster, including significant works by Pedro Costa and Jean-Claude Rousseau. Those two releases were accompanied by extensive booklets providing invaluable framing of the work, which the Kramer set markedly lacks, and certainly needs. There are no extras on the discs either.



Future shocked: 'Ice'

Shooting from the lip

'Firing Line' was a talk show with something important to say. Tim Lucas finds it as gripping as any TV drama

Firing Line: The Young

Warren Steibel; US 1971; Hoover Institution Video Library; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1

A couple of years ago, the Hoover Institution Video Library (www.hooverpress.org) undertook the release of a number of representative episodes of the long-running PBS series 'Firing Line'. Hosted by 'National Review' founder William F. Buckley Jr, a commonplace target of impressionists, the show purported to be "the only program on the air that gives to presidents, and poets, a full hour in which to disclose themselves".

Each show, taped in colour, had a set guest and theme. Among the dozens of programmes now available on region-free disc are Richard M. Nixon on the US presidency, Otto Preminger on the Motion Picture Production Code, Hugh Hefner on the Playboy philosophy, Allen Ginsberg on the avant garde, Huey P. Newton on Black Power, Harry Reems on Deep Throat and the First Amendment, Timothy Leary on LSD, Billy Graham on the decline of Christianity, Tom Wolfe on modern architecture, David Merrick on the state of theatre, and this fascinating 1971 conversation with British novelist Anthony Burgess. The subject is supposedly contemporary youth but – appropriately for the author of 'A Clockwork Orange' and much other dystopian fiction – the conversation settles into a chillingly prophetic discussion of how declining standards of education in the humanities, paralleled with ascending standards in science and technology, are inspiring a laxness of language that, if unchecked, could rob people of their ability to interpret and analyse thought, express themselves with accuracy or, in time, defend their own rights in the face of technological autocracy. It's as riveting as any hour of dramatic television I've seen.

After a somewhat biased introduction in which Buckley attempts to pigeonhole Burgess as the author of "a fantasy of sadomasochistic sex", the two men settle down to a stance of mutually amused jousting, the latter brilliantly authoritative but occasionally levelling the floor with a self-deprecating remark behind a plume of cigarillo smoke. The programme was prompted by an article in which Burgess, then a visiting professor of English literature at New York University, had written for the 'New York Times', despairing over his students' lack of interest in the past, their disregard for tradition, and their contemporary inability to express themselves without resorting to what he calls "counters" –



Conversation piece: William F. Buckley Jr and Anthony Burgess in 'Firing Line'

words and expressions that have a certain force and occupy space in communication while actually communicating nothing (a major case in point being the word 'relevance', which many protesting NYU students were demanding of their curriculum without, Burgess notes, being able to answer the question, "Relevant to what?"). In another, still more foretelling example, one unusual for 1971 television, Burgess enacts a hypothetical conversation in which someone refers to his article as "kind of fucked-up". He argues that he is not morally offended by such language (which he relates to pre-Ebonics "black English" and describes as a disempowered language rife with "the clank of chains and slavery"), nor would he argue the viewpoint, but is appalled by the inability of such meaningless verbiage to form or communicate clear ideas, thus discouraging dialogue and isolating us as a people from each other and, more fundamentally, from ourselves. To watch this from a place only 40 years distant – when F-bombs, once the exclusive property of X films, are sanctioned in PG-13 fare, and when Facebook users habitually communicate in an abstract patois of textese, cryptic song lyrics, YouTube videos and Brainy Quotes forgotten in less time than they took to find – is to feel the spine ice at how far we've fallen in so little time, and how reliant we've become on forms of communication that are fundamentally unsatisfying, thus addicting.

Burgess also laments the young's lack of interest in the past, which has grown worse with time, it being human nature to pay less than complete attention to

To watch this from a place only 40 years distant is to feel the spine ice at how far we've fallen in so little time

anything our technology makes easily retrievable. Burgess notes that disregard for tradition, not being attentive to the cyclic lessons of civilisations past, is a recent phenomenon, not prevalent at the time of his own University of Manchester youth, when the present was understood as it had been for centuries, as a pinpoint of time in which to ponder the future and reflect on the past. Under Buckley's teasing prods, Burgess draws a blank on reasoning why the present has become so important and such a province of the young, but the reason is clearly the media which, in the wake of the war-produced Baby Boom, had begun manufacturing new and non-existent dimensions of the present keyed to the young, a hall of mirrors composed of fashion and advertising and record charts celebrating the new, 'the now' and the cutting edge, while youth-oriented philosophies urged them to 'live in the moment'. Listening to this conversation, staged before an audience of earnest Seton Hall University students (none texting or sending photos as they listen), we can begin to appreciate a subtle but seismic change in popular perceptions, equal in some ways to Freud's definition of the conscious, subconscious and unconscious mind.

The latest DVDs in this series are arriving as movements are afoot in the States to encourage Congress to guarantee permanent funding for public broadcasting, and they serve as an indictment of today's PBS, no longer the haven of intelligent and provocative programming it once was and should be. Slated to attract viewers for one recent fundraiser was 'The Best of Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In', a 1969 retrospective containing a 'News of the Future' joke about 'President Ronald Reagan' being in office at the time of the dismantling of the Berlin Wall. The laugh track was off the charts, confirming – like this other cautionary discussion from our friend the past – that we are now the inhabitants of yesterday's dystopia at best, and at worst, its most absurd joke.

salient for factual filmmaking, is that dispassionate journalism, or radical campaigning, seldom bequeaths such enduring cinema as *Man of Aran's* anarchic conservatism.

Disc: Digital restoration of what was always a technologically compromised production is wholly acceptable. The outstanding extra is *How the Myth Was Made* (1978) by George C. Stoney (himself a significant documentary figure), returning to Aran for participants' reminiscences and his own clear-eyed rumination on Flaherty's legacy. When will Flaherty's last, equally problematic masterpiece *Louisiana Story* get the deluxe release it deserves? (PR)

Films by Otto Preminger

Hurry Sundown

US 1967; Olive Films/Region 1 NTSC; 142 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1

Such Good Friends

US 1971; Olive Films/Region 1 NTSC; 101 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1

Films: As Otto Preminger's stock value continues its slow ascent, we are naturally given cause to explore the less heralded and recognised corners of his filmography, where the filmmaker's distinctively ambivalent, unjudgemental, Fontane-like voice becomes tintured with egomania, celebrity (*Hurry Sundown* came right after several appearances as Mr Freeze on the camp TV series *Batman*) and the demands of a changing industry. By 1967 Hollywood was a different sort of board game, radically changed from the 1940s when Preminger began, and like his fellow expatriate auteur Billy Wilder (among others) he found the generational New Wave transformations difficult to slalom.

These two late career detours are fascinating for their Premingerian ranginess and unpredictability, in tense cooperation with the experimentalism of the day, but they're quirky, uneasy freaks in their own right, too strange to be accepted by wider audiences and too conflicted to be beloved by Preminger fans. *Hurry Sundown*, co-adapted by Horton Foote from a Southern-gothic bestseller, is a fat, sweaty, overwrought race-relations saga set in post-WWII Georgia and dizzy with the audacity to cast Michael Caine and Jane Fonda as soulless, drawing Southern landowners (and 25-year-old Faye Dunaway as a destitute sharecropper!). Substantially less fair-minded in its depiction of evil Southern whites and righteous blacks than contemporaneous movies, the film suggests Preminger's attempt to conjure a fusion of *Duel in the Sun*, *In the Heat of the Night* and *The Chase*, and the results, pretensions of the time aside, are saucy, outrageous and so self-knowing (that phallic saxophone) that it seems due for a camp rediscovery.

At the other end of the spectrum, *Such Good Friends* may be Preminger's oddest career choice, a quasi-Woody Allen farce about Manhattan's smugly wealthy culture class, which is overwhelmed by Elaine May's

pseudonymously scripted zingers and structured queasily around the passive agony that insecure rich mom Dyan Cannon endures while her faithless husband slips into an accidental coma and never comes out. Packed with crusty New Yawk-Jewish character bits (plus Joseph Papp as himself) and loopy doses of subjective imagery (as a self-promoting author, Preminger buddy and fellow *Batman* villain Burgess Meredith dances naked with a placard over his crotch), the rather misanthropic film builds to James Coco's epic struggle with a corset, but also helplessly poses the question of why the utterly lovely and Swiss-timed Cannon wasn't the star she should've been.

Discs: The HD masters are sterling, the supplements absent. (MA)

Promised Lands

Susan Sontag; US/Poland/France 1974; Zeitgeist/Region 1 NTSC; 87 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: essay by Sontag, notes by critic Ed Halter

Film: Famous intellectual force that she was, Susan Sontag not only made movies amid the rest of her myriad output but also made a single documentary, a strictly observational journey through the fringes of the 1973 Arab-Israeli War. Apparently at a loss as a Jew about the conflict, Sontag landed in Sinai and Jerusalem at the tail end of the fighting, armed with a tiny crew and the bullheaded naivety required to venture blindly out into minefields, just to get a shot. The end result doesn't trumpet its political position; to some degree Sontag seems to be satisfied with her ambivalence, and lets her imagery do the talking, from the crowds praying at the Wailing Wall to the remnants of the war itself, including shattered tanks and putrefying corpses in the desert.

Promised Lands remains the only western documentary made about the conflict and it focuses almost entirely on Jews, represented in interviews by lefty writer Yoram Kaniuk and Zionist physicist Yuval Ne'eman, both exasperated by their nation's American-style appetite for violence and the Arabs' refusal to surrender. Both men predictably bemoan the conflict, but for the costs it inflicts on the idealism of the new state, not for the suffering paid out by Palestinians. It's hardly a shock when

Buddy movie: 'Such Good Friends'



Slingshot Brillante Mendoza's film has a ferocious handheld energy that barely lets up from the virtuoso opening, a torchlit police raid on a Manila slum

Ne'eman memorably compliments the Palestinians as being "the most intelligent" Arabs – due of course to their longtime proximity to Jews.

Why Sontag of all people chose such a passive, ostensibly objective approach is something of a mystery – in her accompanying essay, first published in *Vogue*, Sontag is aware of finding the situation in Israel "complex", and of being preoccupied by the film as a crafted thing that captured her muddy experiences, not a document of a political reality. Her visitor's catalogue of impressions has a subtle dialectic agenda, however, as scant glimpses of refugee camps are all but swallowed by crowds of Jews shopping and socialising. The soundtrack is a restless fugue, layering busy commercial radio broadcasts over everything, even the interviews, frankly insisting that the source well of Israel's jingoism is inextricably tangled up with its westernised wealth and consumerism. However unideological, the fugue was enough, despite Kaniuk's definition of the new society as "a democracy" in which "you can say anything", to get *Promised Lands* banned in Israel. Today this long-unseen

film can be frustratingly tentative, but it's indispensable to the Sontag legacy.

Disc: A lovely transfer and a superb if self-absorbed essay. (MA)



Slingshot

Brillante Mendoza; Philippines 2008; Peccadillo Pictures/Region 2; Certificate 15; 86 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1

Film: Shot in 11 days on a tiny budget, Brillante Mendoza's film has a ferocious handheld energy that barely lets up from the virtuoso opening, a torchlit police raid on a Manila slum which cunningly introduces us to its large cast of characters, usually catching them in various kinds of *flagrante delicto*. The resulting study of petty criminals scraping a living in a world so institutionally corrupt that the straight and narrow is only for the terminally naive doesn't quite match its Altmanesque ambition, but it's an honourable, memorably angry entry in a line that stretches back to *Shoeshine* (1946) and *Los Olvidados* (1950). Buñuel would have relished the scene in which a beauty queen's dentures fall into an open sewer, one of many seemingly off-the-cuff but clearly carefully planned moments that are pregnant with personal, political and sociological significance.

Disc: The video source has rough edges galore and the burned-in subtitles occasionally struggle for legibility – but most problems clearly derive from production circumstances. (MB)

An Unflinching Eye: The Films of Richard Woolley

Illusive Crime/Telling Tales/ Brothers and Sisters/ Waiting for Alan/Girl from the South

UK 1976-88; BFI/Region 0; Certificate E; 450 minutes total; Features: experimental shorts ('Kniefhofstrasse', 'Drinnen und Draussen', 'Inside and Outside'), interviews with Richard Woolley

Films: As a filmmaker Richard Woolley is nothing if not contradictory

– an upper-middle-class Marxist whose work combines an often self-reflexive narrative style with storylines and characters that could have been borrowed from soap operas or TV crime dramas. Occasionally his middlebrow Brechtianism can become grating; in *Telling Tales*, for example, the sudden lurches from black and white into colour and the scenes in which characters address the camera directly can seem heavyhanded. At the same time, the film – which looks at the strains in a wealthy industrialist's marriage from the point of view of their housekeeper (herself married to a shop steward) – is probing and insightful, and shot in a fascinating way. Woolley's framing is unusual: in close-ups, he'll often show the side of a face, and he uses elaborate pans and zooms, and homes in on totemic objects such as the wife's necklace or the ornaments that clutter the bourgeois family's household.

Some of Woolley's films can seem like self-conscious formal exercises. *Illusive Crime* contrasts bucolic imagery of a sleepy English village, accompanied by piano music, with awkward voiceover ("The demand to give up illusions about one's condition is the demand to give up conditions which need illusions – societal existence determines individual consciousness and not vice versa"). Woolley's Godardian tactics seem incongruous given the quintessentially English settings and often plummy-voiced characters.

His 1981 feature *Brothers and Sisters*, about two brothers who become suspects after a prostitute is murdered, is part crime-thriller, part polemic, with Woolley picking up on class differences and exposing the casual racism of the police. Certain elements of the film now seem very dated, however, including the conversations the characters living in a communal house have about sexual politics and male hypocrisy. *Waiting for Alan*, Woolley's 45-minute 1984 film, effectively captures the ennui and quiet despair of a wealthy housewife whose husband treats her with indifference, as if she exists simply to service his physical and emotional needs. Again, Woolley has the character telling her own story, direct to camera.

Also included on the BFI set is *Kniefhofstrasse*, an intriguing formal experiment rekindling memories of Patrick Keiller's work: made with a fixed camera looking at a West Berlin townscape over the course of several months, it purports to examine the effect of environmental conditions on the human psyche. "It's a typical cross-section of a modern town," the voiceover tells us as we look at two bare trees squeezed between a garage, a motorway flyover, a factory chimney and an office block. Jarring music, zooms, speeded-up imagery and sequences in which the frame judders make this a surprisingly lively and playful affair.

Discs: This box-set isn't as lavish as most BFI releases. The main extras are interviews with Woolley himself but there is no booklet to put his work in context or explain his background. (GM)

NEW RELEASES

Warner Archive Collection

You're a Big Boy Now

Francis Ford Coppola; US 1966; Warner Archive/Region 1 NTSC; 97 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1

Get to Know Your Rabbit

Brian De Palma; US 1972; Warner Archive/Region 1 NTSC; 92 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1; Features: trailer

Films: Courtesy of the 'on demand' Warner Archive label, two more hard-to-see early works by the now venerable movie brats Coppola and De Palma finally appear on DVD, in both instances representing their first flirtations with the major studios. What also connects the two films is how a new generation of filmmakers was keen to give expression to the growing counterculture of the 1960s, with *Easy Rider* appearing in between them to set the old guard really quivering with fear.

In the 1960s, De Palma made very low-budget films that flirted with the radical underground, topical satire and – taking his cue from Godard – visual experimentation. His move from New York to the West Coast resulted in an unhappy time at the hands of Warner Brothers before the commercial success of his venturing into the thriller and horror genres. The product of that hiatus, *Get to Know Your Rabbit*, follows the adventures of corporate dropout Donald (the ineffably bland Tom Smothers), carving out a new career as a dancing magician on the road. In spite of enjoyable cameos from Orson Welles and Allen Garfield, as well as the surreal presence of John (The *Addams Family*) Astin as Donald's desperate ex-boss, the film's overdetermined wackiness frequently falls flat, proving yet again that comedy is not De Palma's forte.

Coppola's self-penned *You're a Big Boy Now* – his graduation thesis from UCLA film school – has lasted better. The director has always been keen to stress that he conceived the film before seeing Richard Lester's comedies of the time, but he certainly plays many of the same tricks – fantasy inserts, jump cuts, mixing actuality with dramatisation. A junior New York librarian, 'Big Boy' is dominated by his possessive mother and domineering father, while facing that very 60s dilemma of choosing between the sympathetic, available girl and the impossible dream girl. Not all the comic dialogue still registers as such, and the supporting performances – Geraldine Page and Rip Torn as the parents, Karen Black and Elizabeth Hartman as the objects of desire – are more memorable than the serviceable Peter Kastner in the lead. **Discs:** Typically barebones Warner Archive efforts. (DT)

This month's DVD releases reviewed by Sergio Angelini, Michael Atkinson, James Blackwood, Michael Brooke, Trevor Johnston, Geoffrey Macnab, Patrick Russell, Kate Stables and David Thompson
Reviews in *Monthly Film Bulletin* and *Sight & Sound* are cited in parentheses

TELEVISION

The Goodies... At Last the 40th Anniversary

BBC/LWT/ITV; UK 1970-82; Network DVD/Region 2; Certificate 12; 955 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: audio commentaries, commemorative booklets, interviews, music videos, script PDFs

Programme: Twinkle the overgrown GM kitten gets to attack the BT Tower again in this anniversary celebration of unbridled *Goodies* silliness. It cherry-picks two dozen of the best episodes of the show, as well as the entire run made at LWT after the team was unceremoniously dumped by the BBC following a decade of dedicated anarchy. The Corporation has in fact continued to treat this zany comedy pretty shabbily in the intervening years, affording it little of the respect of its near contemporaries. This is despite the fact that the show had a virtually uninterrupted 12-year run, premiering while *Monty Python's Flying Circus* was making its debut and still on air the year *The Young Ones* crash-landed on to BBC2.

If the pratfalls and cartoon violence make the antics of upper-class milquetoast Tim, hairy working-class beast Bill and mad boffin Graeme seem both childish and funny, their disarming "Anything, Anytime, Anywhere" motto provides plenty of scope for satirising the fashions and fads of the day, as well as some much tougher subjects. The most notable of these is an attack on both the absurdities of apartheid and the BBC's perversely popular *The Black and White Minstrel Show*.

The LWT series may feel like a qualitative step down sometimes but it does include one truly delirious episode in which the trio have to repel advances from robotic pretenders to their throne via a behind-the-scenes retread of their past BBC glories; after more than 70 episodes this functions as a very succinct, if inadvertent 'That's All Folks' to a delightful kids' show for adults.

Discs: Sadly the extras from previous releases of the BBC series have been removed, but the LWT supplements remain intact and the set does come with detailed programme guides by Andrew Pixley. The images and sound are generally problem-free. (SA)

Hazell – The Complete Series

Thames/ITV; UK 1978-80; Network DVD/Region 2; Certificate 12; 1,100 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: Nicholas Ball interview

Programme: The idea of transposing Chandler and Hammett's wisecracking private eyes from America's mean streets to the East End of 1970s London proved fruitful when football manager Terry Venables and novelist Gordon Williams (using the pen name P.B. Yuill) co-authored a series of novels featuring James Hazell, a Cockney ex-copper and ex-drunkard trying to



The Goodies This zany comedy series has been treated pretty shabbily over the years, afforded little of the respect of its near contemporaries

make a go of it as a private detective straddling both ends of the class divide. The stories had zesty plots and even livelier dialogue ("He was thinner than a pound note at a slimming farm"), and the transfer to TV should have been easy, taking over the slot recently vacated by the long-running *Public Eye* and with Nicholas Ball making a likeable yet vulnerable and frequently fallible hero. But despite strong casts and scripts by the likes of Willis Hall, P.J. Hammond and Trevor Preston, *Hazell* would prove to be most successful as a transitional series. Like its predecessor, it was studio-based with a strong theatrical flavour to match its videotaped interiors, but its clear desire to be more in keeping with the gritty, dynamic and realistic style of *The Sweeney* moved it more and more on to film and on location, creating a pronounced stylistic gap as it tried to negotiate these conflicting approaches. This would pave the way for *Minder* as well as *Shoestring* and eventually *Bergerac*, which quickly left it behind in the ratings.

Discs: The transfers are perfectly good throughout. In the extras, Nicholas Ball reminisces about the show in a brief interview. (SA)

The Virginian – Season 1

Revue/Universal/NBC; US 1962-63; Acorn Media/Region 2; Certificate PG; 2,309 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: cast interviews

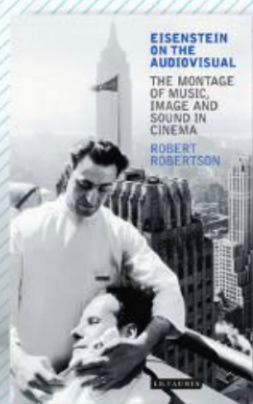
Programme: This is a western of genuine if somewhat scrambled genre pedigree, taking the title, characters and some of the situations from Owen Wister's classic 1902 novel. The setting is Shiloh, a Wyoming cattle ranch

owned by Judge Garth (top-billed Lee J. Cobb) and run by the nameless title character (James Drury) with his old friend Trampas (Doug McClure) and their sidekick Steve Hill (Gary Clarke). The show was made to fill a weekly 90-minute slot, and production pressures favoured assigning episodes to self-contained units frequently run by writer-directors such as Burt Kennedy and Sam Fuller and minor auteurs like Maxwell Shane and Douglas Heyes.

Roughly placed in the late 1890s, this debut season is thematically driven by nostalgia for a bygone era, as the coming of civilisation signals the end of the pioneering spirit of the Old West. Fuller's 'It Tolls for Thee' explores the ends of violence, with Lee Marvin as a malevolent and unrepentant criminal who kidnaps the judge, whom he considers to be a hypocrite for trying to ignore his own violent past. If Fuller's contribution is the set's star attraction, its themes resonate even more strongly in Heyes's 'West', in which a longing for the less complicated life of the old days leads Trampas to an ultimately tragic confrontation with modern 'civilisation'. Trampas also leads 'The Accomplice', in which Bette Davis gives a barnstorming performance as a seemingly meek bank teller who has dark and dangerous plans of her own – it is in this episode that Drury gets to utter his character's immortal, "Smile when you say that."

Discs: The quality of the film transfers is absolutely superb, consistently offering bold colours and sharp images. Extra include two hours of interviews with Drury, Clarke and Roberta Shore. (SA)

Read



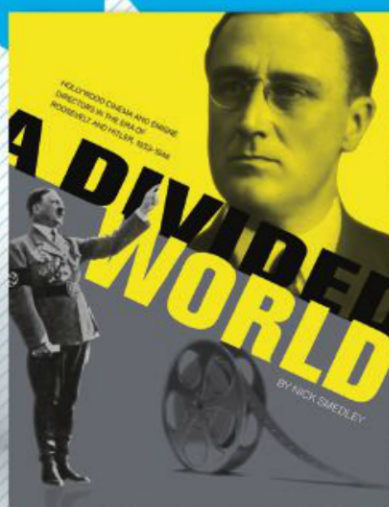
Eisenstein on the Audiovisual: The Montage of Music, Image and Sound in Cinema

By Robert Robertson, I.B. Tauris, 256 pages, paperback, £17.99, ISBN 9781848857315

Robert Robertson presents a lucid and engaging introduction to a key area of Eisenstein's thought: his ideas about the audiovisual in cinema, which are more pertinent today than ever before.

With the advent of digital technology, music and sound now act as independent variables that combine with the visual medium to produce a truly audiovisual result. Eisenstein explored this complex subject in his writings with more depth and originality than any other practitioner; this book is an accessible and original exploration of his ideas. *Eisenstein on the Audiovisual* won the Kraszna-Krausz Foundation's And/or Award for the Best Moving Image Book in 2009.

www.ibtaurisc.com



A Divided World: Hollywood Cinema and Emigré Directors in the Era of Roosevelt and Hitler 1933-1948

By Nick Smedley, Intellect Books, 208 pages, paperback, £19.95, ISBN 9781841504025

The New Deal introduced sweeping social, political and cultural change across the US, which Hollywood embraced. Then, in the paranoia of the post-war years, Hollywood became an easy target for anti-communists. *A Divided World* examines the New Deal and the subsequent response of the film community – especially in relation to social welfare, women's rights and international affairs. Smedley also provides an analysis of the major works of three European directors – Billy Wilder, Ernst Lubitsch and Fritz Lang. This new interpretation of an influential period in American film history is sure to generate further debate and scholarship.

www.intellectbooks.co.uk



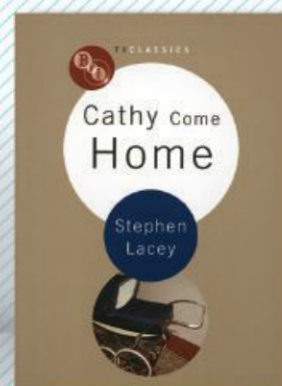
Film Moments: Criticism, History, Theory

Edited by Tom Brown and James Walters, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 192pp, illustrated, paperback, £16.99, ISBN 9781844573356

Film is made of moments. In its earliest form, cinema was mere seconds recorded and projected. Even today, it is the brief, temporary and transitory that combine to create the whole. Our memories of films are composed of the moments we deem to be crucial.

The 38 specially commissioned essays in *Film Moments* examine key scenes across a broad spectrum of national cinemas, historical periods and genres, featuring work by renowned auteurs such as Alfred Hitchcock, Jean Renoir and Vincente Minnelli, as well as important contemporary directors such as Pedro Costa, Jia Zhangke and Quentin Tarantino. *Film Moments* is both an enlightening introduction for students and a dynamic and vibrant account of key film sequences for anyone interested in enhancing their understanding of cinema.

www.palgrave.com/bfi



Cathy Come Home

By Stephen Lacey, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 144pp, illustrated, paperback, £12, ISBN 9781844573165

Cathy Come Home is one of the most influential and highly regarded UK television dramas of all time. Screened in 1966 in the BBC's *Wednesday Play* series, it was a controversy-sparking indictment of government policy on homelessness, as well as a formally innovative work – the first single UK TV play shot on film – directed by Ken Loach and produced by Tony Garnett.

Stephen Lacey provides the first book-length account of *Cathy Come Home* and offers a close textual reading. He analyses the film and its production history, placing it in its social and cultural context. Lacey also explores how it drew on filmic and dramatic traditions – from the French New Wave to contemporary documentaries and current-affairs programmes – and explores the anti-rhetorical style of 'non-acting' now associated with Loach.

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Season of the witch-hunt

Michael Atkinson on a masterly look at cold-war cinema in its historical context

An Army of Phantoms: American Movies and the Making of the Cold War

By J. Hoberman, The New Press, 408pp, £19.99, ISBN 9781595580054

Movies may have been seen at their outset as something like amber cubes of captured reality, but over a century's accumulation later, what they are in toto is history – not actual, real-life historical evidence so much as a torrential parallel history intersecting at haphazard intervals with reality as it's lived, while reflecting, opposing and infiltrating it in unpredictable ways. Much pseudo-scientific research has been performed on this dynamic in the pages of unreadable academia, but what remains when the airborne toxicities clear is the simple fact that it's a story, and no one tells the story better than New York critic and Sight & Sound contributor J. Hoberman.

A happy historicist amid underpaid platoons of would-be taste-makers, Hoberman has long pioneered the de-opinionated hyper-review, rarely inserting his own id into his writing as he unpacks a movie like an attic trunk. At the same time he has pursued his own battery of obsessions, which include the international Jewish legacy, the 20th-century Eastern European saga and the arc of post-war media life in general – mostly as he lived it himself, through the 1950s and 60s.

Nothing rocks Hoberman's clock quite like the romance-and-knife-fight relationship between history and pop cinema, and this new book, an idiosyncratic portrait of the Cold War's first decade and a half, is the second in a trilogy, prequel to 2003's *'The Dream Life'* (which took on the 60s and includes a chapter on the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago that's begging to be converted into a feature); it will be followed by an upcoming volume that will carpet the Reagan era and the fall of the Soviet Union.

Hoberman's strategy seems both simple and perverse: recount the twin histories of real politics and movies (both their production and reception), week by week, month by month, accreting the personality of the American era one pixel at a time as it emerged from the close of World War II and crept its way disastrously towards a bizarrely idiotic state of generalised paranoia and social turmoil. In Hoberman's version, the Eisenhower epoch was no bull-market bonanza and haven for indulgent youth culture, but a landscape on the verge of neurotic implosion. The concurrent madnasses of Red-hunting, UFO-sighting



Day of reckoning: in 'High Noon' and films of its era, ideological subtext was all

and hysterical pedagogic moviemaking dominate the narrative, fusing together in a sociopolitical whirlwind that survived, it seemed, perpetually on the brink of obliteration.

Reinspecting square mileage thoroughly raked over by previous histories, including Otto Friedrich's *'City of Nets'* and Paul Buhle and Dave Wagner's *'Radical Hollywood'*, Hoberman leaves virtually nothing out. His calendrical epic capitalises on voluminous research through publication archives and declassified correspondence, the compounded incidents and details linked in a rush of coincidences and parallels, including the Hamlet-like sagas of Elia Kazan and Edward Dmytryk, the public and private crucifixion of virtually every Hollywood Red from Dalton Trumbo to John Garfield, the rise of Nixon and the fall of Truman, the storm of backstage ideological bickering over well remembered films of the day (*'Crossfire'*, *'Viva Zapata'*, *'High Noon'*) and scads of then-worrisome movies that are now all but forgotten (*'The Next Voice You Hear'*, *'The Beginning or the End'*, *'My Son John'*).

In fact Hoberman, while stepping decidedly to one side, has a high time explicating the incredible degree to which the studio heads, the filmmakers and the Federal government parsed and dissected the often muddled political message beneath the epidermis of the silliest

In this version, the Eisenhower epoch was on the verge of neurotic implosion

of B movies – a farcical, mock-prototerrorist situation produced by anti-communist pressure that came to haunt every level of the industry like a body-snatching virus.

Often Hoberman wants to be little more than the tour guide here, strictly enumerating facts and unrelated occurrences that mark the timeline within days or even hours of each other. (Kazan returned to the House Un-American Activities Committee two days after *'My Son John'* had its New York premiere, we're informed, on "the thirty-third anniversary of Zapata's murder".) In this way he aggregates an entire maddened social moment into a free-ranging weft rapidly increasing in density as it's woven. The thrust, of course, is to suggestively track the development of the Cold War itself as a public state of mind, assisted and illustrated by movies but also actively running amok in people's lives. There are few authentic heroes, but an evil axis of perfectly loathsome villains: Ronald Reagan, Cecil B. DeMille and John Wayne are all so deranged by fearful small-mindedness we should be thankful that only one of them went into politics.

Critics of the day are amply quoted (especially David Platt, the forgotten-by-everyone-except-Hoberman film reviewer for the *Daily Worker*), and it's delightful to see how lavishly they shredded even Oscar-winners for their sentimentality and naivety. But Hoberman's curious voice – unpretentious but erudite, amused but not derisive, astonished but cynical, like a wry Wildean god recounting a strange race's plunge into psychopathy – governs the flow with wit and gravity, even as he dodges the avalanche.

Stanley Kubrick's 'Napoleon': The Greatest Movie Never Made

Edited by Alison Castle, Taschen, 1112pp, £44.99, ISBN 9783836523356

Speculating on the 'what ifs' prompted by 'greatest films never made' lists is the cinephile's equivalent to the historian's alternate-history exercise: irresistible fun, frequently revealing, but ultimately every bit as imponderable. What if Orson Welles had adapted Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* as planned, instead of a little picture called *Citizen Kane*? What would the reverberations have been for cinema history?

We can never know, of course, just as we can never know if Stanley Kubrick's unmade film on the life of Napoleon – which he began work on in 1967, and finally abandoned in 1971, after making *A Clockwork Orange* – would have been his 'masterpiece', as the jacket for Alison Castle's book confidently claims. But, just as the pre-production material for Welles's Conrad adaptation gives insights into his working methods, so the real fascination here is in losing yourself in the vast quantity of original material, mostly drawn from Kubrick's own archives – where it outweighed the holdings for many of his completed films. Among the material included here is correspondence between Kubrick and historian Felix Markham, interviews, costume sketches, the 'final' script, essays and more. You're granted a remarkable intimacy with Kubrick's thought processes, following him through his astoundingly thorough research (for example, over 15,000 location photographs and almost 17,000 slides of imagery related to Napoleon) and creative decision making.

This is a slightly more manageable and affordable edition of a book published in 2009, which came packaged as a box, with smaller books covering certain areas housed inside. This new edition organises the material in the same way, but reproduces the contents in one weighty volume. It's the result of an admirably obsessive thoroughness worthy of its subject. **James Bell**



On parade: a costume test chez Kubrick

Night and the City

By Andrew Pulver, BFI/Palgrave
Macmillan, 96pp, £9.99,
ISBN 9781844572809

When *Night and the City* came out in 1950, Americans looked at it askance because director Jules Dassin was about to be blacklisted as a communist, while British critics sneered because Dassin was a Yank who didn't care how long it would take for Richard Widmark to run from Waterloo to Hammersmith. In contrast the French (François Truffaut in particular), who loved leftists and Americans, hailed the runaway production as Dassin's best film to date, which probably predisposed the director to move to France a few years later, where his name was pronounced differently and he went on to make the heist classic *Rififi* (1955).

If it hadn't been for French critics – including Borde and Chaumeton who, as Andrew Pulver notes here, used a still from *Night and the City* on the cover of their influential 1955 book *Panorama du film noir américain* – it's possible *Night and the City* wouldn't even be considered an American *film noir*, despite its ex-pat director. (Few, for example, consider fellow exile Joseph Losey's 1950s British films part of the cycle.) Instead, it could be subsumed into the different, more socially observant British post-war crime mode of *It Always Rains on Sunday* (featuring Googie Withers, who gives quite the best performance in *Night and the City*) or *The Blue Lamp* (a film the



An American in London: Richard Widmark in Jules Dassin's *'Night and the City'*

British critics patriotically preferred, as much for its geographical accuracy as for its law-and-order stance).

In this brisk assessment of the film and its circumstances, Pulver also addresses the transformation of Gerald Kersh's 1938 novel into Dassin's film, noting what was lost in turning a work rooted in intimate knowledge of Soho

lowlife into a movie that embraces the more symbolic implications of its title. Dassin, who was assigned the movie by 20th Century-Fox head Darryl F. Zanuck as a way of getting him out of the country as the HUAC hearings started, claimed the deal came together so quickly that he didn't have time to read the book. (And filmmakers wonder why

novelists hate them! *Night and the City* is only 240 pages long, and Kersh might well have felt entitled to ask why the arrogant big-shot who was lucky to have a job at all couldn't have read it on the plane from Hollywood to London.)

Pulver locates Kersh's novel in its literary tradition (with asides about real Soho crime), and the film in its American and British genres. He also compares the radically different versions of the film in existence: a longer British film scored by Benjamin Frankel, with a rejigged, less downbeat ending, and a tighter American take with music by Franz Waxman. Pulver takes the American version – probably correctly – as definitive and the British as a compromised rough cut, but notes that Frankel's subtler approach is not necessarily inferior to Waxman's Hollywood melodramatics.

Pulver doesn't need to go into prose poems about Dassin's *noir* style, relying instead on a selection of well-chosen frames to tell that story. There is a slight feel of haste, though: some observations are repeated (the author is so amazed that you used to be able to pull up outside a Leicester Square club in a cab that it's mentioned three times). It's also not strictly true to state, as Pulver does, that Patrick Hamilton's 1929 novel *The Midnight Bell* "never became a feature film" – although admittedly it is hard to recognise the book in Peter Graham Scott's 1963 adaptation *Bitter Harvest*. **Kim Newman**

I Found It at the Movies: Reflections of a Cinephile

By Philip French, Carcanet Press, 292pp,
£19.95, ISBN 9781847771292

At a party more than a decade ago, the late literary essayist Lorna Sage once remarked to me of Philip French, film critic of *The Observer* newspaper since 1978, that his great gift – and curse – is that he cannot forget. Reading this first collection of a planned three volumes of French's writings on film and literature – this one dedicated to short essays on film – bears out the better half of Sage's fond suggestion. French's easy grasp of what seems like all of film history's most useful facts, quotes and anecdotes in their most concise form is immediate, and enviably impressive. You could call him the nabob of the nugget, were that not too trivial a title for such a formidable critic and journalist.

For instance, in this volume you can learn who invented the term 'kitchen sink school', at whose dinner table the London Film Festival was conceived, which film critic wrote the screenplays of *Goldfinger* and *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, who was spying for whom during the Cold War in Hollywood – and that Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish diplomat who saved thousands of Hungarian Jews from the Nazis, was inspired to do so by a screening of Leslie Howard's splendid piece of British propaganda *Pimpernel Smith*. The fact

that French is a one-man archive should be added to this list of polished and fascinating pieces of infotainment.

French is equally a master of the confident summary sentence. "Strictly speaking," he avers, "America is not the subject of any movie Chaplin ever made, only the setting." You feel you're in safe hands with every succinct statement. His writing is as crisp as fresh celery, as sharp as newly cut paper. A typical French essay will begin by finding an unusual connection between disparate facts or events. His essay on 'The Cold War and the American Cinema', for instance, begins with the coincidence that the town of Fulton, Mississippi was both the locale for Winston Churchill's "Iron Curtain" speech and the model for "the nasty Midwestern community" in the film *King's Row*, the 1942 vehicle for actor and future Cold War warrior Ronald Reagan. Having laid out the background of the McCarthyite era most vividly, French will then

offer the key questions – in this case, "Why did Hollywood capitulate so readily to HUAC?" and "What was HUAC so determinedly after?" – and answer them with careful acuity.

To read Philip French, therefore, is to read the best-informed and most

superbly schooled of liberal-minded working British newspaper critics. French's pre-eminence for me is that he is the best of

those whose criticism sits on the bedrock of principled journalism. But to say this still feels like a limitation. French's interests range widely across the arts and politics, and he has a particular fondness for poetry that may be the secret ingredient in his vivid clarity as a writer.

As someone who writes regularly on the state of British cinema, I was most intrigued by the 1966 essay for this magazine, 'The Alphaville of Admass', in which he attacks the 'swinging London' likes of *Darling*, *Morgan* and *Alfie*. Though the argument is effective, I couldn't help feeling there was a touch of envy to it – that here was a member of the National Service generation who had just missed the party and thought these films' directors, being 'down with the kids', were grotesque. I cite it only to demonstrate that French is a figure from a moral age rather admirably different from today's. His short essays here – whether on neglected film geniuses like Victor Fleming, the great Japanese double act Kurosawa and Mifune, or cinematic versions of the great metropolis New York – are all gems. It is a miracle of endurance that he's still a major weekly reviewer of the highest quality. **Nick James**

Straw poll: 'Oz' director Victor Fleming is reassessed by French



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Letters

Letters are welcome, and should be addressed to the Editor at *Sight & Sound*, BFI, 21 Stephen Street, London W1T 1LN
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One-man fan club

Thank you for Brad Stevens's excellent feature on Woody Allen (*S&S*, April). I was beginning to think I was the last man standing (or sitting), as I was the only person at a showing of *Whatever Works* in London last year. I thought of telling the staff not to bother with the adverts as I wasn't going to buy anything.
Spencer Leigh
By email

Head of the class

I don't usually disagree with those who know more than me about a subject, yet as I was reading Nick Roddick's insightful article about class in British cinema ('Mr Busy', *S&S*, March), my jaw dropped at "Nor with Chabrol's characters is class all that significant." While I agree that class war is generally less of a burning issue in France than it is in Britain, he could not have picked a worse example to prove his point than Chabrol's films, which are all about class war, one way or another (especially his films from the 1980s onwards). The man himself has said it over and over in interviews. Claude Chabrol has made the bourgeoisie (and its relationship with the 'lower' classes) his main target throughout his career; it fuels his storylines and the motivation of all of his characters.

Laurent de Alberti

By email

Haunting house

Thank you so much for Charles Burnett's evocative piece on Delmer Daves's almost forgotten rural noir, *The Red House* ('Lost & Found', *S&S*, April). I too saw it on television as a child in the 1950s. Although I was terrified, the strange poetry of this extraordinary film haunted me as a young boy in the same way that James Whale's *Frankenstein* did, and it has remained with me ever since. Criticism are the people to rescue this gem.

Mark Venner

Carbury, Ireland

Neglected star:
Lena Horne



LETTER OF THE MONTH

Cinematic crimes and misdemeanours

I've just finished reading James Bell's interview with Woody Allen (*S&S*, April). I was disappointed to discover that poor, deluded Woody (centre in pic) really believes that his latest crop of films are an improvement on career-defining classics such as *Annie Hall* or *Manhattan*. I think most Woody Allen fans would agree that he did improve on films like *Manhattan*, but with witty and poignant films like *Broadway Danny Rose*, *Hannah and Her Sisters* and *Crimes and Misdemeanors*, not recent films like *Match Point* or *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*. In fact, Woody enjoyed a rich vein of form spanning the early 1970s to the mid-90s. He hit a creative peak with *Manhattan Murder Mystery* and the understated and self-assured *Husbands and Wives*. The cracks began to appear after that.

He may have made a career out of exploiting his neuroses, but he also created some hilarious and sympathetic characters, and explored adult relationships, while with the help of cinematographer Gordon Willis he could switch seamlessly from intimate scenes of people speaking in a



room to grand vistas of the streets of Manhattan. His films were bookended by jazz and ragtime soundtracks that paid homage to his favourite musicians. He also made references to the Marx Brothers, W.C. Fields, Orson Welles and

his other influences. I am being nostalgic, but it's a shame to read that he is, with some conviction, pleased with his latest body of work.

Matt Humphries

By email

Bafta's race relations

In 2004, I received an apology from Amanda Berry, Bafta's chief executive, after I complained about the exclusion of Elisabeth Welch – the only black actress to achieve stardom in British cinema – from its obituary tribute in its awards ceremony. To add insult to injury, Bafta overlooked another great black star in its most recent obituary tribute: Lena Horne, who passed away last year at 92. In the 1940s, Horne became the first black artiste to sign a long-term contract with a Hollywood studio (MGM). For another, she starred in *Stormy Weather* (1943), and was the 'pin-up girl' for African-American GIs fighting in World War II. I find Bafta's 'oversight' unacceptable, and their inclusion of less famous names (Carol Marsh; Tura Satana, star of *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*) shocking and depressing. Ms Horne deserved better.

Stephen Bourne

By email

Lost in translation

The April issue does several disservices to the Japanese actor Matsuyama Kenichi ('Sensual sensibility', *S&S*). First, for reasons opaque, you write his given name as "Ken'Ichi", which follows no known rule of transcription from Japanese to English. A few pedants insist on dividing such names as Kenichi with a hyphen ('Ken-ichi'), no doubt to demonstrate that the syllables are 'ken' and 'ichi' rather than 'ke' and 'nichi', but it seems unnecessary and excessive. Second, you misidentify the actor in the still on page 70 as Matsuyama. The man in the still is in fact Tamayama

Tetsuji, who plays Nagasawa. Third, in the preamble to the Tran Anh Hung interview, James Bell refers to Matsuyama as a "pin-up". This seems, to say the least, disparaging. Would you have described the young Gary Oldman or Tim Roth the same way? Matsuyama is in fact one of the most ambitious and talented young actors in Japanese cinema. Two of my selections in the 2009 London Film Festival, neither picked up for British distribution, demonstrated his range: he starred in both Sai Yoichi's *Kamui*, a sombre and surprisingly serious-minded ninja movie made for a major company, and Yokohama Satoko's *Bare Essence of Life*, a low-budget indie in which he played a simple-minded farm boy. His excellent performance in *Norwegian Wood* strikes me as giving Tran's ultra-faithful adaptation of the novel the psychological core it needs.

Tony Rayns

By email

Detachment/attachment

In his review of Richard Dyer's book *Nino Rota: Music, Film and Feeling* ('Book of the month', *S&S*, December 2010), David Thompson takes Dyer to task for being too academic and for analysing Rota's style as characterised by "ironic detachment". At the risk of evoking what Thompson terms "the smell of the lecture theatre", I would like to point out that Dyer's – innovative and illuminating – central concept, carefully delineated over a whole chapter, is actually that of "ironic attachment".

GINETTE VINCENDEAU

By email

Ominous edition

Among the cost-saving proposals recently announced by the BFI, director Amanda Nevill plans to "review the editorial and production of our magazine *Sight & Sound*" in the context of competition from free online information sources.

I consider this an ominous statement.

Over recent years, readership surveys have mooted the migration of *S&S* from its physical to an online format, which I have resolutely voted against. Now I can settle down to browse the magazine at leisure, without the need to have my eyes dazzled by a computer screen, and then file it for reference with the others in my collection, dating back to 1982, when my membership of the BFI began.

I would like to state my position, for what it is worth: if *S&S* ceases to be published as a physical magazine, then, reluctantly, I will cancel my BFI membership. If others feel the same in sufficient numbers, then perhaps together we can influence the decision on the future of the UK's only serious film-analysis periodical.

Christopher D.B. Shaw

By email

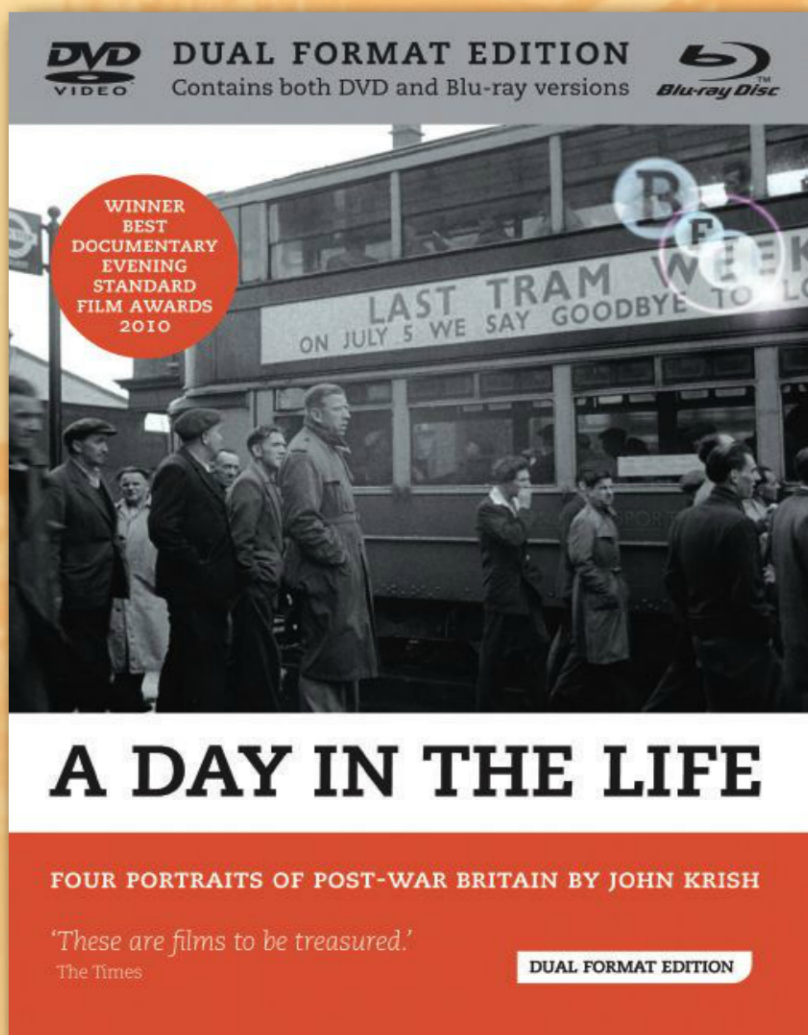
Additions & corrections

April p.47 *Anuvahood* Cert 15, 88m 43s, 7,984 ft + 8 frames; p.52 *Cave of Forgotten Dreams* Cert U, 90m 25, 8,103 ft + 0 frames; p.54 *Client-9 The Rise and Fall of Eliot Spitzer* Cert 15, 117m 42s, 10,593 ft + 0 frames; p.58 *Eleanor's Secret* Not submitted for theatrical classification, video certificate U, 73m 33s; p.60 *Essential Killing* Cert 15, 84m 24s, 7,596 ft + 0 frames; p. 71 *Oranges and Sunshine* Camilla Bray should be the first listed producer; p.82 *You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger* Cert 12A, 98m 25, 8,823 ft + 0 frames

READER OFFERS see page 18 for details

'Hail John Krish, and the BFI for rediscovering him'

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